



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1856.

From the North British Review.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.\*

THE late Thomas Noon Talfourd was a remarkable man in many ways. He had stood in the front rank of English advocates; he had occupied no mean place as a parliamentary speaker; he was raised to the judicial bench with the cordial approval of his profession; and (what he himself prized most of all) he had acquired undoubted eminence as a dramatic author. If his early connection with journalism, and his large acquaintance amongst the periodical dispensers of contemporary fame, occasionally led to his being extravagantly eulogized in his lifetime, this is no reason why he should be permitted to drop into comparative oblivion immediately after death; and believing that more than one pregnant moral, or valuable lesson, may be deduced from his career,

we propose to take a calm review of his life, writings, and character.

He was born at Reading on May 26, 1795. His father was by trade a brewer, and by religious persuasion a Dissenter—a circumstance which exercised no inconsiderable influence on the early habits and mental training of the son, who, however, from the time when he was at liberty to make an election, appears to have been an attached adherent of the Church of England. He was educated at the excellent grammar-school of his native town, under the Rev. Dr. Valpy—a name familiar to scholars—and he retained through life the deepest sense of obligation for the care his revered master had bestowed upon him. The first edition of *Ion* is dedicated to Dr. Valpy, “as a slender token of gratitude for benefits which can not be expressed in words.” The essentially Greek tone and coloring of this production afford the best proof of the author’s classical proficiency, and of the facility with which, thank, to good grounding, he was enabled in after life to extend his dramatic readings into regions which are rarely visited by modern play-wrights. What may be called the formal and regu-

\* *Tragedies; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses.* By SIR T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. London: Edward Moxon.

*Vacation Rambles; comprising the Recollections of Rome, Continental Tours, etc.* By SIR T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. Third Edition. London: Edward Moxon.

*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd, Author of “Ion.”* In one Volume. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1842.

lar part of his education began and ended with this school. After leaving it, he was abandoned to his own natural or acquired tendencies; for, instead of being sent to a university, he was entered at an earlier age than is usual of an Inn of Court, the Middle Temple; and, in 1813, he began studying the law in the chambers of the celebrated special pleader, the late Mr. Joseph Chitty.

The vocation of special pleader is an anomaly peculiar to England. In its origin it was exclusively and (we suspect) covertly pursued by students, who were willing to eke out a scanty income by doing what, in strictness, was the attorney's business, for lower fees than, according to professional etiquette, could be received by a barrister. There is a well-known story of Serjeant Davy, who, on being arraigned before the circuit mess for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a client, defended himself by saying, "I took all the poor devil possessed in the world, and I hope you don't call that unprofessional." But the learned serjeant was fined notwithstanding, and the rule has been invariably enforced, although the special pleader, not having undergone the ceremony of the call, is permitted to accept five shillings or seven and sixpence, and even to send in his bill of charges if he thinks fit. The advantages of the calling consist in the familiarity with practical forms which it teaches, and the connections to which it leads, whilst its respectability has been amply sustained by the number and reputation of the eminent judges it has sent forth. In illustration, we need not go farther back than to the last judge who has been raised to the peerage, now Lord Wensleydale, and to the two last English advocates who have been invested with the ermine, now Mr. Justice Willis and Mr. Baron Bramwell. At the same time it would be difficult to imagine a more dry and unattractive school, and a young man of Talfourd's imaginative turn of mind might have been excused if he had shrunk from so trying an ordeal, and occupied himself, like the majority of pupils, with the more congenial pursuits lying so temptingly within reach in a metropolis. But he set to work in right earnestness to master the science; and, after working three or four years under Mr. Chitty's guidance, he commenced practising as a special pleader on his own account. He was not called

to the bar till Hilary term, 1821; and considering his peculiar tastes and aptitudes, his fluent elocution, and his fondness for oratorical display, there can be little doubt that the *res angusta domi*, and the dread of circuit and session expenses, were the main cause of his persevering so long in an obscure and unexciting occupation.

One of the best things that Talfourd ever wrote was an article "On the Profession of the Bar," in the *London Magazine*. It so obviously refers to his own feelings and prospects as to be almost of an autobiographical character, and it comprises many hints and reflections which may be read with advantage by future aspirants for forensic honors, and their friends. We propose, therefore, to quote a few passages. After dwelling enthusiastically on the tempting bait offered to young ambition, on the stirring character of the career, and on the dreams of coming celebrity in which the embryo Scarletts and Follets may be supposed to indulge, he proceeds:

"But the state of anticipation cannot last for ever. The day arrives when the candidate for forensic opportunities and honors must assume the gown amidst the congratulations of his friends, and attempt to realize their wishes. The hour is no doubt happy, in spite of some intruding thoughts; its festivities are not less joyous because they wear a coloring of solemnity; it is one more reason of hope snatched from fate, inviting the mind to bright remembrance, and rich in the honest assurances of affection and sympathy. It passes, however, as rapidly as its predecessors, and the morrow sees the youth at Westminster, pressing a wig upon aching temples, and taking a fearful survey of the awful bench where the judges sit, and more awful benches crowded with competitors, who have set out with as good hopes, who have been encouraged by as enthusiastic friends, and who have as valid claims to success as he.

"Now, then, having allowed him to enjoy the foretastes of prosperity, let us investigate what are the probabilities that he will enjoy them. Are they in any degree proportioned to his intellectual powers and accomplishments? Is the possession of some share of the highest faculties of the mind, which has given him confidence, really in his favor? These questions we will try to solve. We may, perhaps, explain to the misjudging friends of some promising aspirant, who has not attained the eminence they expected, why their prophecies have been unfulfilled. They think that, with such powers as they know him to possess, there must be some fault which they did not perceive—some want of industry or perseverance; but there was probably none; and they may rather seek for the cause of failure in

the delicacy of feeling which won their sympathy, or in the genius they were accustomed to admire."

The solution of the mystery, as he goes on to explain, is to be found in the simple fact, that the distributors of briefs, the real patrons of merit, are not the people at large—not even the factitious assemblage called the public—not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply attorneys. When a barrister has risen to undisputed eminence, they have little choice in the matter; for, at least in important cases, the client will commonly insist on retaining the highest and best known talent. But they enjoy an unlimited discretion in the selection of juniors; and as Talfourd justly observes, by employing young men early, they may give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to others.

"From this extraordinary position," he continues, "arises the necessity for the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honor in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class. It is no small proof of the spirit and intelligence of the profession, as a body, that these qualities are able to preserve them in a station of apparent superiority to those on whom they virtually depend. They frequent the places of business; they follow the judges from town to town, and appear ready to undertake any side of any cause; they sit to be looked at and chosen, day after day, and year after year; and yet, by force of professional honor and gentlemanly accomplishments, and by these alone, they continue to be respected by the men who are to decide their destiny. But no rule of etiquette, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent a man who has connections among attorneys, from possessing a great advantage over his equals who have none. It is natural that his friends should think highly of him, and desire to assist him, and it would be absurd to expect that he should disappoint them by refusing their briefs, when conscious of ability to do them justice. Hence a youth, born and educated in the middle ranks of life, who is able to struggle to the bar, has often a far better chance of speedy success than a gentleman of rank and family. This consideration may lessen the wonder so often expressed at the number of men who have risen to eminence in the law from comparatively humble stations. Without industry and talent they could have done little; but perhaps with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favorite object, and whose

zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus, which to more elevated adventurers are wanting."

A remarkable change has taken place in the profession of the law in this respect. Prior to the eighteenth century, the rise of a man of low birth to its highest dignities was a rare occurrence; and we learn from Dugdale, that, so late as 1601, an order (countersigned by Bacon) was issued by the Crown, "that none should be admitted into an Inn of Court that is not a gentleman by descent." When, therefore, Mr. Foss, in his valuable little book entitled *The Grandeur of the Law*, stated, in 1848, that no less than 83 peerages had been founded by successful lawyers, he should have added, that a very large proportion of these belonged already to the hereditary aristocracy. During the last century and a half, however, the plebeians have carried off most of the highest prizes. To say nothing of living examples, we may name Somers, Hardwick, Thurlow, Kenyon, Dunning, King, the Scotts, Gifford, Gibbs, Tenterden, Shepherd, Romilly, Wilde, Follet, &c., as confessedly wanting in ancestral distinctions; and some of these certainly benefited by connections of a different order in the manner which Talfourd has pointed out. He himself must have had friends and connections amongst the provincial attorneys, who, from what they had known of him in early life, or from the opinion that had got abroad of his talents, were predisposed to give him a chance. He had also the connections which he must have formed as a special pleader; and we have good authority for believing that he had no occasion to complain of neglect or forgetfulness. Yet, for some years after he joined the Oxford Circuit and the Berkshire Sessions, he did not get on as fast as he had anticipated; and the essay from which we have been quoting, betrays a growing feeling of despondency, and occasionally sounds very like a premature apology for apprehended failure. Still his very impatience is instructive, and his satirical touches are all redolent of truth. Most of us could easily supply illustrations of the following passages from our own personal observation:

"When a man has nothing really to say, he is assisted greatly by confusion of language, and a total want of arrangement and grammar. Mere stupidity, accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables it

possessor to protract the contest long after he is beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments by which he has been answered. It is a weapon of defence, behind which he obtains protection, not only from his adversaries, but from the judge. If the learned person who presides, wearied out with endless irrelevanties, should attempt to stop him, he will insist on his privilege to be dull, and obtain the admiration of the audience by his firmness in supporting the rights of the bar. In these points, a sensitive and acute advocate has no chance of rivalling him in the estimation of the bystanders."

"Let no one, therefore, hastily conclude that the failure of a youth, to whom early opportunities are given, is a proof of essential inferiority to successful rivals. It may be, indeed, that he is below his business; for want of words does not necessarily imply plenitude of ideas, nor is abstinence from lofty prosings and stale jests conclusive evidence of wit and knowledge; but he is more probably superior to his vocation; too clear in his own perceptions to perplex others; too much accustomed to think, to make a show without thought; and too deeply impressed with admiration of the venerable and the affecting, readily to apply their attributes to the miserable facts he is retained to embellish."

There is a happy illustration of Swift's, to the effect that a finely-tempered pen-knife may ill supply the place of a blunter and coarser instrument, like a paper-knife; and there is a well-known story of Addison's incapacity, during his brief Secretaryship of State, to write, off-hand, a formal paper, which was finished and dispatched in ten minutes by a writing clerk. But it is a dangerous doctrine to inculcate or suggest that fastidiousness is a proof of ability; and we agree with Dr. Johnson when he lays down, in his sturdy, downright way, "The true strong and sound mind, is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. Now, I am told the King of Prussia will say to a servant, 'Bring me a bottle of such a wine, which came in such a year; it lies in such a corner of the cellars.' I would have a man great in great things, and elegant in little things." We would have him always equal to his work, be that work what it may—*par negotiis, neque supra*; and this Talfourd commonly was, whenever a sudden call was made upon his faculties, and when no time was allowed for mounting his imagination upon stilts, or for composing the ornate passages by which he too often marred the effect of his prepared speeches. For this reason, his reputation on his circuit, at least from the time when

he became its unquestioned leader, was always higher than in town: and there was as much difference between the humor and fancy with which he lighted up a common jury case at Reading or Oxford, and the ambitious flights of his printed orations, as (to borrow the felicitous metaphor of Lord Brougham) between sparks thrown off from a working engine and fireworks thrown up for display. The truth is, his taste was never of the severest order, and it was not likely to be chastened by the intellectual habits or literary associates of his youth. It was said of him, when about thirty, that he had written more than he had ever read; and it was then undoubtedly true, that his compositions afforded slight evidence of deep study, whilst they were flung off with dangerous facility, and amounted to hundreds of pages within the year.

With regard to reading, he belonged to the school of Charles Lamb, (Elia,) who, more than half in earnest, thus expounded his creed in this particular: "I can read any thing which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered at the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, the Statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Adam Smith, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without;' the Histories of Flavius Josephus, (that learned Jew,) and Paley's Moral Philosophy."

Talfourd's writings were of a most miscellaneous character; and he appears to have been simultaneously a contributor to the London Magazine, the New Monthly Magazine, the Retrospective Review, the Edinburgh Review, (occasionally,) and some of the leading newspapers. He was also, during many years, engaged as a law reporter of the circuit cases for the *Times*—a mode of earning money to which he resorted with reluctance, and which he subsequently admitted to be hardly reconcilable with the position of a fair and independent competitor for practice or for fame. The so-called dignity of the Bar had little or nothing to do with the question, which was discussed, about eight or ten years ago, with uncalled-for acrimony, between the profession and the press. The solid and almost unanswerable objection,



is the discretion vested in the reporter of giving undue prominence to cases in which he or his personal friends are retained, and the suspicion to which he will be constantly exposed of having made an interested or partial use of his opportunities. We would not answer for Talfourd where his friends were concerned, but we are convinced that, so long as he held this invidious office, his own name figured less frequently in the desiderated columns than it would have done had an indifferent person been employed to record the learning and oratory of his circuit.

Romilly's juvenile plan of future life, as he states in his Diary, was to follow his profession just as far as was necessary for his subsistence, and to aspire to fame by his literary pursuits. Talfourd's was the reverse, and he prudently refrained from attaching his name to any of the multifarious writings which he flung off to provide for the pressing wants of his family before he had secured the confidence of the attorneys. This is one reason why literature did not exercise on his prospects the same blighting influence which it has exercised on those of so many others. It is the notoriety of the thing rather than the thing itself that inflicts the injury. The attorney will seldom trouble himself about the incidental collateral pursuits of his counsel unless they are forced upon his notice, although he may be excused for entertaining an apprehension that the young lawyer who is openly aspiring to fame as an author, will bring only a divided or fluttering attention to his brief. The production of a law book is not open to the objection, and Talfourd advanced his professional interests by the publication of an enlarged and corrected edition of "*Dickinson's Practical Guide to the Quarter and other Sessions of the Peace*."

In 1832 he considered that his position on the circuit, with increasing business in London, justified him in applying for a silk gown, and his claim was submitted in the ordinary way to Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, who, for some unexplained reason, declined or delayed acceding to it, until Talfourd lost patience and (in Hilary Term 1833) accepted the coif. The rank of serjeant, although greatly lowered of late years by the carelessness with which it has been bestowed, gives precedence, in order of seniority, next to the Queen's counsel, and is highly respected; but it has been traditionally and absurdly asso-

ciated with images of cumbrous learning and solemn dulness.

"Each had a gravity would make you split,  
And shook his head at Murray for a wit."

It is customary for the Chancellor to consult the other members of the circuit of about the same standing as the applicant for rank, before putting him over their heads or alongside of them; and as Talfourd was on his way to Lord Brougham's to ascertain his lordship's final decision, he met one of his most formidable rivals, renowned for caustic wit, who thus addressed him: "I have been just saying of you the severest thing I ever said of any man—that you are in every respect fit to be a serjeant." This step proved a fortunate one, for, besides improving his position on his circuit, it led to his speedily obtaining a large share of the business of the Common Pleas, where he was confessedly second only to the late Lord Truro, then Serjeant Wilde. In 1835, he was chosen, under the most flattering auspices, to represent his native town, Reading, in Parliament; and although (like a popular and brilliant historian) he subsequently had a taste of the proverbial instability of popular favor, his constituents (like the electors of Edinburgh) repented in good time of their fickleness, made ample compensation for it, and eventually parted on the best possible terms with the member who had reflected back with interest the honor they had conferred upon him. He was reelected in 1837, but was compelled to retire in consequence of some local faction or intrigue at the next general election, and was out of Parliament from 1841 to 1847. He then regained his seat, and kept it till he was elevated to the Bench.

The soundness of the current remark that lawyers do not succeed in Parliament, has been contested by our great northern cotemporary; and, all things considered, we must admit that a fair average number of lawyers have succeeded, not merely during the days of Romilly, Sir William Grant, Plunkett, O'Connell, Follett, Pemberton, Wilde, Campbell, Brougham, and Lyndhurst; but still more remarkably at antecedent periods, as when Murray (Lord Mansfield) was the only antagonist whom the ministry could oppose to the "great commoner," or when Lord North is described by Gibbon as slumbering securely

on the Treasury bench, whilst "upheld by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one hand, and by the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other." If Talfourd did not succeed, that is, did not become one of the stars of the Parliamentary firmament, he certainly did not fail. He amply sustained the reputation he brought with him into this new sphere of exertion; and he effected what has fallen to the lot of very few legislators, professional or unprofessional, to effect, namely, the addition of two really sound and (so far as they go) eminently useful enactments to the Statute Book. We allude to the Custody of Infants Act, (2 and 3 Vict. c. 54.) and the Copyright Act of 1842, (5 Vict. c. 45.)

Prior to the passing of the first mentioned of these Acts, the English law gave the father unlimited power over his infant children, and instances had occurred in which it was barbarously abused for unjustifiable ends. In one case, (De Mannerville's,) a needy foreigner, married to an English woman, took away an infant daughter from the mother because she refused to make a will in his favor, and the mother was left without redress. In another, (Skinner's,) the effect of the decision was to leave a child of six years old in the custody of a girl kept by the father, who was in jail for debt. Talfourd's Act merely invests the superior courts with discretionary authority to modify this frightful oppression in extreme cases; yet it was opposed, (especially by Lord St. Leonards,) as if the smallest interference with marital rights would flood this devoted land with immorality. This is almost invariably the line of argument pursued by the technical lawyers, when it is proposed to legislate in opposition to their confirmed habits of thinking. Yet we defy them to name an instance in which their prophecies of coming evil from the abolition or mitigation of the harsh and repulsive portions of our jurisprudence, have proved true; and their groundless fears should be remembered to their discredit whenever fresh measures of law reform, in accordance with enlightened although unlearned public opinion, shall be discussed. The carrying of the Custody of Infants Act was mainly owing to the effect produced by "*A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor*," by Pearce Stevenson, Esq."—avowedly the production of the injured and gifted woman

who, in a pamphlet recently reviewed in our pages, contends with equal force for a radical amendment of the English law of marriage and divorce.

The Copyright Act, first introduced in 1837, met with the most vehement opposition, and its final adoption by the Legislature was the result of a compromise by which its scope was materially restricted. Its most formidable assailant was Mr. Macaulay, who by the combined force of eloquence and authority very nearly effected the complete defeat of the measure; yet, on a calm review of the controversy, impartial persons may doubt whether he had the best of the argument. A tangible possession like land, or even an intangible or incorporeal right over it, may be held in perpetuity, *i. e.*, to a man and his heirs or assigns for ever. Why should we refuse to recognize and protect the same extent of property in a book, one essential difference being that the land is appropriated out of the common stock, whilst the book may be compared to a new and fertile island which is made to spring up where all before was a barren waste of waters? The common law of England gave the author his copyright in perpetuity. Why should the Legislature interpose to limit it? Surely if the sacred principle of property was to be infringed at all in his case, the wiser and juster species of interference would have been a law to save him from the consequences of his own improvidence, by prohibiting the entire alienation of his works, as in the case of celebrated recipients of the national bounty. Unless military exploits so far transcend literary or scientific services as to exclude the parallel, there is no reason why Scott's Novels, or Burns' Poems, should not have been permanently entailed as well as Blenheim or Strathfieldsaye. Plausible, if not incontrovertible, as were such arguments, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Warburton, and Mr. Grote met and neutralized them, by dwelling on the great advantage to the public of cheapening standard books by deducting the author's profit, and by expatiating on the contingency that an heir might turn up bigoted or stupid enough to be ashamed of his literary progenitor, and anxious to suppress his works. Why authors should be plundered for the supposed benefit of the public was not very clearly shown, whilst the impossibility of suppressing a published book is notorious;

but Talfourd had laid himself under a disadvantage by claiming only an extension of the legislative term, instead of carrying out the principle of property to its legitimate consequences, and at the end of a five years' struggle he was obliged to rest satisfied with an addition of seven years.

In 1848, he was raised to the bench of the Common Pleas, and received the customary honors of knighthood. His promotion was justly due to his professional position and general character. He was a sound lawyer: he was the soul of honor and integrity: his judgment was clear, and his understanding excellent; nor did he in any respect disappoint the favorable expectations which those who knew him well had formed of his fitness to be a judge. The peculiar incidents of his death must be freshly remembered by most of our readers. He was struck by apoplexy in the act of addressing the Grand Jury from the judicial seat at Stafford during the Spring Assizes of 1854, and he died a few hours afterwards at his lodgings in that town.

We now turn back to the most eventful era in his life, considered with reference to his claims on posterity. His literary fame rests mainly on a single drama. It is as the author of *Ion* that he takes rank in the republic of letters; and this remarkable production was first printed for private circulation—i. e., for all practical purposes, published—in April, 1835, just after his election for Reading, and in the plenitude of his forensic celebrity. The circumstances under which it was composed are detailed in the preface. From boyhood he had been passionately attached to the drama; and his fondness for it had been naturally enhanced by its having been originally tasted in the tempting shape of forbidden fruit. "Denied by the conscientious scruples of friends an early acquaintance with plays," he enjoyed them with all the keener relish when he was at liberty to indulge his long-suppressed inclination; and the stage forthwith became in his eyes the grand centre of interest—the luminous point in the horizon, towards and around which (with the due reserve for professional duties) all his thoughts, wishes, and associations were to converge and cluster. During many years the dramatic department of the *New Monthly Magazine* was under his management; and he was required to

discuss the merits of every new play or performer of note—a task which he executed with spirit, with ability, and with as much impartiality as could be commanded by a critic who seldom summoned courage to pass a condemnatory sentence on the most incorrigible offender, and who rarely made a passing allusion to friends without praising them. He speedily got acquainted with the leading actors; and so completely did he identify himself with the varying fame and fortunes of those amongst them who best embodied his favorite characters, as to feel their occasional triumphs and successes as his own. His intimacy with Mr. Macready—in whom were combined the feelings and accomplishments of a highly educated gentleman with artistic qualities of rare and acknowledged excellence—obviously exercised a strong and durable influence on his studies and modes of thought; indeed, there can be little doubt that the part of the hero in each of his own plays was, consciously or unconsciously, composed with an especial reference to his friend; and when he was moulding *Ion*, *Thoas*, or *Halbert Macdonald*, into shape, the bodily image constantly present to his mind's eye was that of the familiar form with which all his liveliest impressions of scenic heroism, dignity, grace, and tenderness were mixed up. In his preface he thus alludes to the progress made by the drama during the preceding twelve years:

"It has happened to me to be intimately acquainted with all those who contributed to this impulse, and to take an immediate interest in their successes. I also enjoyed the friendship of the delightful artist to whom all have, by turns, been indebted for the realization of their noblest conceptions, and was enabled to enjoy, with more exquisite relish, the home-born affection with which these were endued, and the poetical grace breathed around them, by finding the same influences shed by Mr. Macready over the sphere of his social and domestic life. It will not be surprising that, to one thus associated, the old wish to accomplish something in dramatic shape should recur, not accompanied by the hope of sharing in the scenic triumphs of his friends, but bounded by the possibility of conducting a tale through dialogue to a close, and of making it subserve to the expression of some cherished thoughts. In this state of feeling, some years ago, the scheme of the drama of *Ion* presented itself to me."

The title, he had already stated, is borrowed from the tragedy of Euripides,

which gave the first hint of the situation in which the hero is introduced—that of a foundling youth educated in a temple and assisting in its services; “but otherwise,” he adds, “there is no resemblance between this imperfect sketch and that exquisite picture.” He did not appear to have been aware that the same resemblance might be traced between Ion and the Joas of Racine’s *Athalie*. It has been thought strange that an enthusiastic admirer of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period, and one, too, who had neither been bred up at a university nor lived much with professed scholars, should have chosen a subject from ancient mythology, and have elected to cast his thoughts in a Greek mould. He did not belong to that now extinct, or almost extinct, race of old Etonians and Oxonians, like the late Marquis of Wellesley or the late Lord Tenterden, who continued through life to be prouder of their hexameters and iambs than of their exploits as statesmen or judges; neither are his miscellaneous writings distinguished by classical illustrations, nor by that purity or peculiarity of tone which is supposed to be acquired by the assiduous perusal of the Greek and Roman master-pieces. But, as his circuit friends agree, he had long been in the habit of reading Sophocles and Euripides in the original; and he instinctively felt that his genius was better adapted for moving gracefully under certain restraints and within prescribed limits, than for floating free upon the wings of invention, or for soaring up into the dizzy regions of originality. A destiny play, on the Greek model, saves a world of trouble and anxiety to an author who is simply in search of a vehicle for his thoughts and sentiments. Fate, Fortune, and the Furies, are constantly at hand to account for any improbability of incident or inconsistency of character; and provided the turns and surprises be in keeping with the old superstition, and hang tolerably well together, neither readers nor audience will be over-rigid in enforcing the Horatian precept, that the knot should be worthy of the god.

If Talford made free use of this recognized license, it must be admitted that he did not abuse it. The plot, although its march is somewhat slow and funereal, is not devoid of interest; and the scene in which Adrastus discovers his son, and the catastrophe, are well contrived. The illusion is rarely broken by an incongruity,

and the blank verse is smooth, graceful, and flowing—indeed, too flowing, for the meaning is often clouded by a redundancy of harmonious sentences, which the author poured forth with a facility rivalling that of the gentleman (mentioned by Horace) who wrote standing on one foot. There are passages, too, instinct with deep reflection, as well as whole scenes of soft and winning sentiment; but still the *vis viva*, the creative touch, the inspiring power, are wanting. There are no thoughts that breathe or words that burn. Garrick complained of Johnson’s *Irene*, that declamation roared, whilst passion slumbered. In *Ion*, declamation rather murmurs than roars, and passion never actually falls asleep; but the critic, whether reader or spectator, sees that his proper business is to attend to a succession of rhetorical effusions, whilst passion is so controlled by destiny or decorum, that she is hardly to be distinguished from duty. It is difficult to imagine a soberer or better-behaved lover than Ion, who is equally calm and self-possessed whether he has to meet or quit his mistress, or whether he is ordained to stab his father or himself. Altogether, this play may fairly take rank, as the pleasing and blameless production of a refined and cultivated mind, amongst the best dramas that have been composed for the closet; but when the author’s friends proceeded to proclaim it as a decided work of genius in the highest sense of the term, they were clearly hurried into a palpable mistake.

Its unprecedented celebrity for a period was owing to a variety of concurring circumstances. In confining the circulation to a chosen set in the first instance, Talford was undoubtedly actuated by unaffected diffidence, yet he could not have adopted a more effective course for securing success. Every recipient of a copy is conciliated by the compliment, and is led by gratified vanity to talk kindly of the book. By the time it is regularly published, hundreds of influential persons have predisposed the public in its favor; and they must defend the judgment which they may have laid down hastily or inconsiderately.

In this instance, also, the author was a popular member of a numerous profession, and he had just entered the House of Commons, preceded by a well-earned reputation for talent and eloquence. Be this as it may, *Ion* rapidly acquired an extent of fame which will haply puzzle posterity,



and which has been already followed by a reaction equally disproportioned to the real merits of the poem. But the crowning triumph was to come. Mr. Macready selected it for his benefit night, and, on May 26, 1836, it was performed at Covent-Garden, with all the aids which scenic art could give it. Macready, of course, acted *Ion*, and, although he hardly looked the stripling, he did full justice to the essential beauties of the character and the poetry of the part. He was admirably supported by Miss Tree, (now Mrs. Kean,) in Clemanthe; and the audience—mostly composed of legal, literary, artistic, and fashionable notabilities—came prepared to allow for admitted deficiencies of plot and stage effect. Amongst the anomalies of the night was a stage-box entirely occupied by serjeants, some of whom, it was rumored, had never before risked their morals or their gravity in a theatre. This performance was eminently successful. The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause; and Talfourd found himself actually revelling in the intoxicating joys of a position which, we suspect, had been oftener the subject of the waking dreams of his matured ambition than the woolsock. The author who is present on such an occasion has the same evidence and feeling of triumph as the applauded actor; and John Kemble used to say that there was nothing in life equal to the electric sympathy of an excited pit—to that agitated sea of speaking faces and waving hands and handkerchiefs. The most admired writer, even a Macaulay, gets his praise by dribblets. The actor swallows it at a draught. It is only by a bold figure of speech that a patriot can "read his history in a nation's eyes," whilst to say that an actor, or an orator, reads *his* in the eyes of the spectators or audience, is the plain statement of a fact.

It was Hazlitt's ordinary advice to any friend who was absorbed by a subject or pursuit, "Write a book and clear your mind of it." We collect from Talfourd's preface that, in printing his drama, he meant to follow this prescription, but it completely failed in his case; his thoughts and wishes were constantly reverting in his own despite to the footlights, and he longed unceasingly for another taste of that public applause which he had enjoyed in its most concentrated and intoxicating shape. His favorite haunt was the Garrick Club, and he seldom missed an opportunity

of turning the conversation on the theatre. One would have thought that the House of Commons, if only by the novelty of the arena, would have effected a diversion; yet in 1838 we find him writing avowedly for the stage, with an immediate view to representation, from a conviction that he might thereby promote the interests of a friend. "The existence of the following scenes," he says in the preface to the *Athenian Captive*, is entirely to be attributed to the earnest desire which I feel to assist, even in the slightest degree, the endeavor which Mr. Macready has made this season in the cause of the acted drama." The best, honestest, and most clear-sighted of men, are too frequently self-deceivers, or some surprise might be felt how Talfourd could so soon have forgotten what he himself had said about the impossibility of moving a modern audience by characters and machinery copied or imitated from the Greek dramatists. Racine induced his patrons to sympathize with his classical heroes and heroines by giving them the conventional costume, manners, and language of his contemporaries. Shakspeare attained the same end by nobler means—by clothing his Greeks and Romans with the attributes which are independent of time and place, and by subjecting them to the springs of action which are inseparable from human nature all the world over. Talfourd requires his public to transport themselves to Argos, Corinth, or Athens, and to feel precisely as Attic readers or spectators might have felt 400 years *n.c.* This is too great a stretch for an English public; and the partial success of his pieces as acting plays was certainly owing to the peculiar circumstances of their production. Galled at this suggestion, although evidently half-conscious of its truth, he resorted to an experiment, which is thus mentioned in the preface to *Glencoe*:

"Since this play was prepared for the press it has undergone the ordeal of representation; and, having avowed myself its author, I feel it right to state the circumstances under which it was written and 'commended to the stage.' It was composed in the vacation of 1839, at Glendwyr, in the most beautiful part of North Wales, chiefly for the purpose of embodying the feelings which the grandest scenery in the Highlands of Scotland had awakened, when I visited them in the preceding autumn. I had no distinct intention at that time of seeking for it a trial on the stage; but, having almost unconsciously blended with the image of its hero the figure, the attitudes, and tones of the great actor, whom I had



## HALBERT.

Fancied! good mother, is that emptiest sound  
The comfort that you offer? Is my heart  
Fit sport for fancy? Fancied! 'twas clear  
As it were written in the book of God  
By a celestial penman. Answer me,  
Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these

walls,  
And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar  
Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes  
Were populous with agonies; with loves  
Strongest in death; with memories of long

years,  
Gray phantoms of an instant—as my arms,  
Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense  
Of feebleness to save—have you not known  
Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak  
In resolute contest, how sweet it were  
To die so linked together?"

His posthumous drama, *The Castilian*, manifests no enlargement of range, or improvement in execution, and is mainly worthy of note for an additional proof of his unabated passion for the stage. In fact, he watched every fresh competitor for the honors of dramatic authorship with a feverish anxiety, which not unfrequently caused one of the kindest-hearted and most generous of human beings to wear the guise of a jealous and carping rival. Although always ready in his writings to admit, or even to exaggerate, the merits of contemporaries, he was a perfect Sir Fretful Plagiary whenever a new play was discussed in his presence: and many a former object of his idolatry sank down into a commonplace or faulty writer from the time when he or she was perforce compared with the author of *Ion*. If he took up a newspaper, his eye wandered instinctively to the theatrical columns, and he may have been seen daily stopping to read one set of play-bills after another, on his way to and from Westminster Hall. The late Mr. Rogers used to relate that a literary friend, with whom he was walking on the sands near Broadstairs, happening to say that he should see Talfourd that evening, he (Rogers) asked: "Are you going to town, or is he coming here?" "Neither one nor the other; but I see that *Glencoe* is to be acted to-night at the Dover Theatre. I am sure he will be there; and as I wish to see him, I shall go over upon the chance." He did go, and the first object that met his eye on entering the theatre, was Talfourd in a stage-box, listening in rapt attention to his own verses.

Next in order to this mania, was his admiration for Wordsworth's poetry, "which," he maintained, "has exerted a purifying influence on the literature of this country, such as no other individual power has ever wrought." He was fond of telling an amusing illustration of his enthusiasm on this subject. During one of his visits to Edinburgh, he was dining with the late Professor Wilson, who professed the same taste, and when they were tolerably far advanced into the mirth and fun of a Nox Ambrosiana, a laughing dispute arose as to which recited Wordsworth best; and here we must be excused for suggesting, that, if the Professor did not recite better than Talfourd, it is fortunate for the poet's sanity that he was not there to arbitrate. A young Scotchman, who alone, of all the original party, had endured the pitiless pelting of the storm, having decided in the Professor's favor, the learned serjeant protested against this judgment as unfair, and seizing his hat, rushed out to appeal to the watchman, who was crying "past two," before the door. He could never recall the terms of the Scotch Dogberry's award; but he well remembered waking and finding himself, the next afternoon, in bed, at his hotel, his intention having been to start at 8 A. M. for Loch Lomond.

The effects of the constant study of Wordsworth may be traced in all Talfourd's metrical compositions; and some of his sonnets have a good deal of the elevating tone and practised hand of the master. The following, for example, "To Charles Dickens, on his *Oliver Twist*," is good:

"Not only with the author's happiest praise  
Thy work should be rewarded; 'tis akin  
To deeds of men, who, scorning ease, to win  
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze  
Which heedless ages spread around the ways  
Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin;  
Content to listen to the wildest din  
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze  
So they may earn the power which intercedes  
With the bright world, and melt it; for within  
Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where basest  
needs  
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call  
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads  
For infant suffering to the heart of all."

The best specimens of his composition, however, are to be found in his prose works, and the delineation of character was a department in which he strikingly

excelled. His sketches of Lord Brougham and the late Lord Abinger, in his essay on the Bar, are admirable; but we prefer quoting the following graphic portrait of the late Lord Tenterden, from the *Law Magazine* for February, 1833, because it has not been reprinted, and will be new to most readers:

"The elevation of Lord Tenterden to the highest judicial seat in the Common Law Courts of England, and the character which he sustained while he filled it, afford a vivid example of the truth, that men succeed as often by their deficiencies as by their endowments. He reached his place, and held it to the general satisfaction of his countrymen, not only without the aid of any great or splendid qualities, but by reason of his entire want of all. The sole judicial virtue of his mind was that of impartiality; not mere independence of external influences, but the general absence of tendency in the mind itself to take a part or receive a bias. How beneficial this peculiarity must prove in the judicial investigation of the ordinary differences of mankind, is obvious; yet in him it was little else than a remarkable absence of imagination, passion, and sympathy. In him, the disposition to single out some one object from others for preference, the power and the love of accumulating associations around it, and of taking an abstract interest in its progress, were wholly wanting. The spirit of partisanship, almost inseparable from human nature itself, unconsciously mingling in all our thoughts, and imparting interest to things else indifferent, is especially cherished by the habits and excitements of an advocate's profession, and can, therefore, seldom be wholly prevented from insinuating itself into the feelings of the most upright and honorable judges. But Lord Tenterden, although long at the bar, had rarely exercised those functions of an advocate which quicken the pulse and agitate the feelings; he had been contented with the fame of the nearest, the most accurate, and the most logical of pleaders; and no more thought of trials in which he was engaged, as awakening busy hopes and fears, than of the conveyances which he set forth in his pleas as suggesting pictures of the country to which they related.

"The very exceptions to his general impartiality of mind, partook of his passionless and unassuming character. In political questions, although charged with a leaning to the side of power, he had no master prejudices, no sense of grandeur or duration, as little true sympathy with a high oppressor as with his victims. On the greater trials of strength between the government and the people, he was rarely aroused from his ordinary calmness; and he never, like his predecessor, sought to erect an independent tyranny by which he might trample on freedom of his own proper wrong. He was not 'born so high' in station or in thought as to become the comrade of haughty corrup-

tion. If seduced by power, it was in its humbler forms—the immunities of the unpaid magistracy, and the chartered rights of small corporations, which found in him a congenial protector. If he had a preferable regard in the world, beyond the circle of his own family and friends, it was for these petty aristocracies, which did not repel or chill him. If he was overawed by rank, he was still more repelled by penury—the idea of which made him shiver even amidst the warmth of the Court of King's Bench, in which alone he seemed to live. His moral, like his intellectual sphere, was contracted; it did not extend far beyond the Decalogue: it did not conclude to the country, but was verified by the record. His knowledge, not indeed of the most atrocious, but of the meanest parts of human nature, made him credulous of fraud; a suggestion of its existence always impelled his sagacity to find it out; and if conspiracy was the charge, and an attorney among the defendants, there were small chances of acquittal, at least until repeated convictions set aside by the Court, had taught him to restrain his virtuous indignation within the limits of his ordinary prudence. On one of these occasions, when two solicitors were accused (wrongfully, as was manifested by a second trial) of conspiring with a young officer allied to an influential family, to sell a legacy which had been satisfied, a little passage strikingly contrasted the character of Lord Tenterden's morality with that of his successor. The young man had no counsel; the attorneys were defended by Mr. (the late Lord) Denman, who, adverting to the melancholy situation in which the principal defendant was left by his friends, deplored that 'they had not given even a single brief to some gentleman at the bar, who might see the ceremony of conviction decently performed upon him;' to which Lord Tenterden replied, with unusual emphasis: 'There is no proof that he ever applied to them to do so;' as if 'a special instance and request' were material to the affecting picture of desolation which the noble-hearted advocate had drawn at a masterly stroke!

"At Nisi Prius, Lord Tenterden generally presided with patience, which gave satisfaction to the suitors; but the occasional ebullitions of his temper were of a very provoking kind. His remarks on witnesses who had obviously no intention to prevaricate, but whose answers did not please him, were arrogant and coarse; and his pettish rebukes to counsel had more of the style of a village schoolmaster than of a judge. With this exception he was remarkably qualified to preside at the ordinary cases: not disgusted with the driest details; capable of unravelling a complicated account or tissue of facts with equal accuracy; and giving to the jury the benefit of a clear summary of the evidence as applicable to the issues, without seeking to invade their province, or unfairly to influence their decision. But for those higher occasions in which a judge may be called to estimate noble natures in their strengths and their weak-



nesses, to understand the deepest passions, and make allowances for generous infirmities, he had no capacity, no experience, no answering virtue or frailty. His classical knowledge alone cast a grace about his legal reputation; his only abstraction from facts was in recollecting and dwelling upon the study of words; and he left an annual prize to be awarded for Latin verse at the grammar-school of his native city, perhaps in gratitude for the most gentle and elevated thoughts which had softened his laborious life. He conciliated little personal regard; but he performed the duties of his arduous office without ostentation, and has left the common law of England more clear and better adapted to ordinary uses than he found it."

Many of Talfourd's critical essays are remarkable for the same refinement of observation and frequent felicity of phrase, but there is hardly one of them which is brought to a close without being partially impaired by that flux of words which was his bane. His clearest and subtlest trains of reasoning were so frequently overlaid by a succession of harmonious sentences, that many conceived him to be deficient in logic and judgment. Yet few excelled him in the faculty of analysing a complicated question or clenching a contested conclusion. His three principal Copyright Speeches, which he carefully corrected and published in a separate volume, afford apt illustrations of his bad and good qualities as an orator. He thus disposes of the assumed analogy between an author and the patentee of an invention:

"In cases of patent the subject is generally one to which many minds are at once applied; the invention is often no more than a step in a series of processes, the first of which being given, the consequence will almost certainly present itself, sooner or later, to some of those minds; and if it were not hit on this year by one, would probably be discovered the next by another; but who will suggest that if Shakespeare had not written 'Lear,' or Richardson 'Clarissa,' other poets or novelists would have invented them? In practical science, every discovery is a step to something more perfect; and to give to the inventor of each a protracted monopoly, would be to shut out improvement by others. But who can improve the masterpieces of genius? They stand perfect, apart from all things else, self-sustained, the models for imitation, the sources whence rules of art take their origin."

"The truth is, that the law of copyright adapts itself, by its very nature, to the various descriptions of composition, preserving to the author, in every case, only that which he ought to retain. Regard it from its operation on the lowest species of authorship—mere compila-

tion, in which it can protect nothing but the particular arrangements, leaving the materials common to all; through the gradations of history, of science, of criticism, of moral and political philosophy, of divinity, up to the highest efforts of the imagination, and it will be found to preserve nothing to the author except that which is properly his own, while the free use of his materials is open to those who would follow in his steps. When I am asked, why should the inventor of the steam-engine have an exclusive right to multiply its forms for only fourteen years, whilst a longer time is claimed for the author of a book? I may retort, why should we leave for fourteen years what the discoverer of a principle in politics or morals, or of a chain of proof in divinity, or a canon of criticism, has not the protection of as many hours, except for the mere mode of exposition which he has adopted?"

Equally convincing is his exposure of the sophism involved in Lord Camden's famous piece of rhetorical bombast, in which it was contended that genius is sufficiently rewarded by immortality.

"I reply at once, that the argument is at utter variance with the plainest rules of morality and justice. I should like to hear how it would be received on a motion for a national grant to one who had fought his country's battles! I should like to hear the indignation and the scorn which would be expressed towards any one who should venture to suggest that the impulses which had led to heroic deeds had no respect to worldly benefits; that the love of country and glory would always lead to similar actions, and that, therefore, out of regard to the public, we ought to withhold all reward from the conqueror. And yet the case of the poet is the stronger; for we do not propose to reward him out of any fund but that which he himself creates—from any pockets but from those of every one whom he individually blesses; and our reward cannot be misapplied when we take Time for our arbitrator and posterity for our witnesses!"

If the speaker had been asked to select his pet passage from these speeches, he would certainly have referred to the following tribute to the god of his life-long idolatry, yet this is precisely one of those subjects on which he was irresistibly seduced into excessive amplification.

"Let us suppose an author of true original genius, disgusted with the inane phraseology which had usurped the place of poetry, and devoting himself from youth to its service, disdaining the gauds which attract the careless and unskilled in the moving accidents of fortune, not seeking his triumph in the tempest of the passions, but in the serenity which lies above them,

whose works shall be scoffed at, whose name made a by-word, and yet who shall persevere in this high and holy course, gradually impressing thoughtful minds with the sense of truth made visible in the severest forms of beauty, until he shall create the taste by which he shall be appreciated—influence one after another the master-spirits of his age—he felt pervading every part of the national literature, softening, raising, and enriching it; and when at last he shall find his confidence in his own aspirations justified, and the name which once was the scorn, admitted to be the glory of his age—he shall look forward to the close of his earthly career as the event that shall consecrate his fame, and deprive his children of the opening harvest he is beginning to reap. As soon as his copyright becomes valuable it is gone! This is no imaginary case. I refer to one who, 'in this setting part of time,' has opened a vein of the deepest sentiment and thought before unknown, who has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, who, while he has detected that poetry which is the essence of the greatest things, has cast a glory round the lowliest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest—of one whose name will now find an echo, not only in the heart of the secluded student, but in that of the busiest of those who are fevered by political controversy—of William Wordsworth."

There is no record of Talfourd's best forensic speeches, for his best were those which he extemporized, and as he spoke with extreme rapidity, it was impossible for the reporters or short-hand writers to preserve more than the substance or outline. He had a strong sense of right and wrong, and when his indignation was thoroughly aroused, his invective was almost as scorching and crushing as Romilly's or Lord Brougham's. His reply in a celebrated libel case still lives in the recollection of his cotemporaries. The plaintiff had been a well-known spy and informer in the troublous and perilous days of Habeas Corpus Suspension Acts and Gagging Bills. Yet he had the audacity to come into a court of justice and ask for damages against the editor of a magazine, in which his former practices had been exposed and denounced as matter of history. The parallel drawn by Talfourd between the real and notorious infamy, and what he called "the parchment character" of this worthy,\* was as effective

\* The formal declaration or plaint in a libel case invariably sets forth that the plaintiff, "before the committing of the alleged grievances, was a person of good name, credit, and reputation, and deservedly enjoyed the esteem and good opinion of his neighbors and others to whom he was known."

as the famous burst against "that indescribable villain," by which Sir Charles Wetherell once demolished a witness of the same stamp in the Watson prosecution. When Talfourd had time to prepare for what he intended to be a great effort, he often forgot the end in the means, and thought more of the literary critics than of the jury or the judge. An Irish barrister, pleading before Lord Clare, thought proper to introduce an eagle, and after vainly trying to carry out and apply his metaphor, broke down. "The next time, sir," said the Chancellor, "that you bring an eagle into court, I recommend you to clip his wings." There were occasions when the same friendly counsel would not have been thrown away on Talfourd, for although he never broke down or got confused, his flow or flight of ornate phraseology frequently hurried him into regions where plain understandings toiled after him in vain. In illustration, we may refer to a publication entitled, "*Speech for the Defendant in the Prosecution of the Queen v. Mozon, for the Publication of Shelley's Works*," delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench, June 23, 1844, and revised by T. N. Talfourd, sergeant-at-law."

This prosecution was got up by a bookseller who had been prosecuted for selling low priced works of a blasphemous description, his object being to bring about an alteration of the law by showing how it might be abused. A worse application of it could not easily be suggested than when it was put in force against a publisher of the highest respectability, for publishing a collected edition of Shelley's works, necessarily and properly including *Queen Mab*. The obvious defence was the total absence of all evil intention, the blamelessness of the edition as a whole, and the danger to literature if complete editions of standard authors, like Gibbon or Pope, were to be suppressed because they contain passages which legal astuteness could prove offensive to the State religion or injurious to the public morals. If this defence had been stated in plain language, and the subject been carefully levelled to common apprehension, there was every reason to anticipate a favorable verdict. But Talfourd's imagination was on fire from the first glance at his brief. Here was a *cause célèbre* made for him. He might expatiate on his darling topics without departing from the record; and future generations of authors would

refer to his oration as second only to Milton's "*Speech for the Liberty of Uncensored Printing*" in importance and authority. The cause was postponed two or three times; and day after day, whilst it stood upon the trial paper, he might be seen wandering about the approaches to Westminster Hall, fevered with excitement, muttering, gesticulating, and mentally rehearsing his much meditated part. When the time arrived, he let off a series of rounded and rhetorical paragraphs which flew over the heads of the jury, bewildering instead of guiding or convincing them; and a verdict of guilty was the mortifying and embarrassing result. "Are we not, sir, now rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes?" was the quiet suggestion of Lord Ellenborough to an advocate who was digressing too far into pathos; and passages like the following would have warranted a similar check:

"It is not a sinful Elysium, full of lascivious blandishments, but a heaving chaos of mighty elements, that the publisher of the early productions of Shelley unveils. In such a case, the more awful the alienation, the more pregnant with good will be the lesson. Shall this life, fevered with beauty, restless with inspiration, be hidden, or, wanting its first blind but gigantic efforts, be falsely, because partially, revealed? If to trace back the stream of genius from its greatest and most lucid earthly breadth to its remotest fountain, is one of the most interesting and instructive objects of philosophic research, shall we, when we have followed that of Shelley through its majestic windings, beneath the solemn gloom of *The Cenci*, through the glory-tinged expanses of *The Revolt of Islam*, amidst the dream-like haziness of the *Prometheus*, be forbidden to ascend with painful steps its narrowing course to its farthest spring, because black rocks may encircle the spot whence it rushes into day, and demon shapes, frightful but powerless for harm, may gleam and frown on us beside it?"

The second and the junior counsel in the case were the late Sir William Follett and a gentleman who had published a translation of Goethe's *Faust*. The junior, who (as juniors are wont to be) was the most eager of the two, anxiously urged Follett to check this rhapsodical display of their leader and suggest a line of argument which the jury could comprehend. "Look at him again," was the reply, "and you will see that he is beyond control. By interrupting him we shall only spoil his train of thought, such as it is, without

enabling him to adopt ours." In a few minutes it proved that the junior might reasonably have been anxious to interfere on personal grounds; for he found himself, to the amusement of the court, suddenly apostrophized as an equally fitting object of criminal prosecution for having published an English version of Mephistophelean skepticism. "Shall this prosecutor," exclaimed the excited orator, after a glowing compliment to the translator, "call for judgment on that stupendous work, the *Faust*, with its Prologue in Heaven, and ask a jury to take it in their hand, and at an hour's glance to decide whether it is a libel on God or a hymn by Genius to his praise?" The corrected edition of the speech gives but a faint notion of its pristine peculiarities of thought and style.

In 1841 Talfourd came out as a writer of travels. His first essay in this line is entitled *Recollections of a First Visit to the Alps, in August and September, 1841*. The experiment was so far successful that he was encouraged to repeat it; and his collected impressions may be read in *Vacation Rambles, comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843*. A subsequent journey to Naples gave rise to a supplemental volume. None of his writings are more redolent of his peculiar genius, disposition and character. His first acquaintance with Continental life was formed during a brief visit to Lisbon in 1818, on a professional mission; but as he had reached the mature age of forty-six without seeing Paris, or (we believe) without again crossing the Channel, he seems to have had an instinctive consciousness that he was wanting in some of the essential qualifications of a tourist. He spoke no foreign language; and even his knowledge of French, as he has been heard to declare shortly before his death, was not sufficient for the full appreciation and enjoyment of a French author. He preferred English cookery, strong wines like port and sherry, and English modes of life. He knew nothing beyond what every educated man cannot help knowing, of painting, sculpture, or architecture; and his feeling for the fine arts was not much caricatured by the wit, who, on its being remarked that Talfourd had no taste, replied, "On the contrary, he has a great deal of taste, only, unluckily, it is bad taste." But he knew and frankly

avowed his deficiencies; he had no paltry affectation or small vanity of any kind; he was genial and impressible; he was an overworked lawyer bent on the enjoyment of a holiday, not a jaded man of pleasure trying to dissipate ennui; he delighted in natural beauty and sublimity; and he had the well-stored memory and the vivid fancy, which renewed and re-peopled for him every spot of ground hallowed by romance or history. His Recollections abound in personal details, which frequently provoke a smile by their minuteness and simplicity; yet there is not a particle of self-conceit, or anxiety for self-display, in his egotism; and when he finds himself falling short of the heroic standard in endurance, or of the conventional enthusiasm in connoisseurship, his inferiority is unreservedly confessed. He thus describes his first visit to the Louvre:

"We hurried through the first square room, one side of which is almost filled by the vast picture of the Marriage at Cana—that Divine miracle, before which Teetotalism should stand aghast, as unchristian as it is unkindly—to embrace, by turning to the right, the entire extent of the Palace of Art, a quarter of a mile in length, all hung with pictures of high pretension, more than half of them, at least, of great merit, and some of immortal fame. It is, however, impossible—at least it was so to me—to look along the narrow arched gallery, diminishing in the remote perspective, and to conceive of the walls as thus laden with the spoils of time: to blend in thought the details, worthy of life-long examination, with the outline of the whole. And this stunning sense of massed magnificence disturbs the pleasure of contemplating any one picture; you cannot forget for a moment that 'all are but parts of one stupendous whole;' and the phantom of the Louvre dazzles and distracts the mind, which would 'rest and expatiate' on one of its wonders. After you have passed through acres of canvas, blushing with the glories of modern French art, of which it would be ungrateful to speak, and which it is better not to examine, you enter the enchanted home of Claudes and Poussins, intermingled in their pomp, then are surfeited with the luxuriance of Rubens, and then approach the inner shrine of art, where Raphael, Correggio, and Titian keep their state. I can pretend to no distinct recollection of the grandeurs and beauties assembled and clustered there, except that Titian's portraits, in their tremendous reality, made Vandykes look like mere paintings, and actually induced me to turn away from works which at Warwick Castle I should have felt to be divine. All besides is confused as the saffron tints on a stormy western sky at sunset. After three hours' gorgeous

dreaming among the pictures we descended to the statues, but we had no eyes for them; for we had gazed ours blind above stairs, and 'could not quite forget ourselves to stone.' I was not sorry when we emerged into the fresh air and 'light of common day,' as from an enchanted castle. After all, I regarded the Louvre with more interest as a great chapter in Hazlitt's intellectual history, than as the richest gallery of pictures in the world. The intensity of his first admiration, the associations of the scene with the triumphs of his favorite hero, and the softened spirit in which he revisited it, when spoiled of its noblest trophies, and when that hero had been finally vanquished by what he regarded as the commonplace virtues and tyrannies of the world—gave to the place, in my mind, a personal interest, nearer, if lower, than its matchless treasures could inspire. Hazlitt's history was all within."

This may prove an instructive and useful, as well as honest and eloquent, piece of writing, should it help to save future tourists from the tiresome and foolish fashion of spending day after day in the contemplation of objects which give them no pleasure and leave their minds as blank as at the commencement of the task. Comparison and association are the chief, if not sole, sources of the pleasure derivable from the fine arts; and it was from a conviction of this truth that an excellent French critic recommended his countrymen to educate themselves for the Italian tour, by devoting three months to the careful study of the Louvre under a qualified guide. At the end of this apprenticeship, he continued, they will begin to discriminate between the styles of the principal schools and masters, so as to take interest in the occupation; and their perception of genuine beauty will be incalculably enhanced when they are no longer puzzled by technicality and conventionality. The untrained observer may be attracted towards a fine picture by the subject or the expression; but the domain of art has an atmosphere of its own, to which we must become acclimatized before we are able to relish, or fit to pass judgment on, its productions. Thus, although Byron and Moore were both startled into admiration by the Hagar of Guercino at Milan, the biographer owns that neither he nor his noble friend had much predilection for picture galleries, and justifies their want of taste by the examples of Tasso and Milton. In Rogers' *Table Talk*, the statement, so far as concerns Byron, is confirmed; and a note by the late Mr. Maltby supplies concurrent information as to Sir Walter



Scott: "During Scott's first visit to Paris I walked with him (and Richard Sharp) through the Louvre, and pointed out for his particular notice the St. Jerome of Domenichino and some other *chefs-d'œuvre*. Scott merely glanced at them, and passed on, saying, 'I really have not time to examine them.'"

Talfourd was more at home before Notre Dame and the Madeleine:

"I was disappointed at the size of the edifice, (Notre Dame,) having received a shadowy notion of an enormous building from Victor Hugo's great romance of which it is the scene, but abundantly recompensed by the sense of dim antiquity which it conveys, with more hoary power than any pile which I recollect, not in ruins. . . . The interior is naked and gloomy, and struck us with a vault-like chillness. How different from the pride of Paris, the Madeleine, which we visited the next day, elevated on broad platforms of steps—a huge Grecian building of white stone, like an Athenian temple without, like a gaudy music-room within! The interior is still unfinished, but all glowing with purple and gold, without shadow, without repose, shows that in its perfection it will be a miracle of French art, raised to French glory. For such a gewgaw as this do the Parisians neglect their own holy Cathedral, but no wonder! Self is ever rebuked before the embodied presence of ages! Notre Dame is the grave of vanity, the Madeleine will be its throne."

The following reflections on the remains of Napoleon at the Hospital of the Invalids are curious:

"Why this disturbance of the mighty dead in his eternal tomb? Why this real or pretended sojourn amidst the fluttering draperies of fame? Why this trophied mockery of mortal being? Is it all done for an idle show? No! It is the use which a dexterous man makes of all he possesses of a great man. Rarely are the uses of fame so tangible. The spirit here does for a kingdom, what Shakspeare makes the body of a great man do for a *task*. The wise politician, happily for the peace of Europe, monarch of the French, thus prolongs the influence of his wonderful predecessor, and stops the huge revolution's flaw—to say nothing of the flaw in his own title—by the prolonged observances to the cold remains of one whom the nation identifies with its glory, whose mere dates fill its imagination, and whose history is more romance than it can bear. Long may he be able thus to employ the very shadow of Napoleon's shade! Long out of the ashes of an imperial warrior may he extract the conservation of freedom and peace! Does not this use of a name show how indestructible and how plastic intellectual greatness is, how potent its shadows are to protect the substances of empire and how the pale reflection of its victories may still the world into peace?"

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. IV.

Little did the modern Ulysses imagine how soon his boasted sagacity would be at fault, or how blindly he was fostering influences which may prove fatal to the reëstablishment, if they did not contribute to the fall, of his dynasty. The view of the Trianon suggests a graceful thought:

"The form of Marie Antoinette haunts these groves and makes them sacred. I say 'the form,' because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell and moulds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion, that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing. It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life but in death; redeems or veils folly and crime, and sweetens the saddest passages of history!"

His most exciting narrative of personal adventure is the account of his attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, which, although unsuccessful, certainly shows that success depends rather on weather and the favorable concurrence of accidental circumstances, than on the possession of a more than average amount of resolution, fortitude, or physical strength.

Perhaps the most marked of the minor indications of character to be found in these *Rambles*, are the remarks on the various descriptions of wine which he tasted during his travels. Thus, one has the "fatal curse of sweetness;" a second is "a shade too sharp;" a third revives the ingrained longing for "dry old port." The merits and demerits of the dinners, also, are duly recorded with a minuteness, gravity, and correctness which would do honor to Brillat-Savarin, or the late Mr. Walker of Original memory. In fact, Talfourd was eminently convivial in all his tastes and habits; and he possessed and practised the virtue of hospitality in its highest perfection. He received and entertained his guests with that cordial welcome which, as Sydney Smith truly says, warms more than dinner or wine, and a large proportion of these guests were bidden from motives which did honor to his kindly disposition and his warm heart. Alongside of the author, artist, or actor of established reputation, the eminent judge, the distinguished advocate, or the parliamentary leader, might be seen the young barrister who had just joined the Oxford Circuit, the embryo painter, the rising poet, or the journalist yet unknown to fame but by no means reluctant to lay down the law upon any subject that might turn up. When sufficiently warmed with

wine and congenial companionship to enable him to get the better of his self-consciousness and consequent want of ease, the host was not unfrequently the most agreeable of the party. He had a fine perception of the ludicrous, and he told a humorous anecdote with felicitous brevity and point. He had lived familiarly with many choice spirits, and he could dash off their peculiarities with a graphic pencil and a discriminating touch. Even when he mounted a favorite hobby, like the drama or Wordsworth's poetry, he was entertaining and instructive; and although eager in the maintenance of his cherished opinions, he was the most candid and conciliating of controversialists.

His liberality in money matters was unbounded, and this was a dangerous virtue to practise amongst the set in which he acquired his first experience of literary life in London. More than one of the most famous of these were wont to regard their friends' purses as common property, and as Talfourd's was seldom quite empty, he was constantly laid under contribution, with slender chance of reciprocation or return. On one occasion Haydon, the painter, applied for pecuniary aid in what he represented as unforeseen and pressing distress. Talfourd had laid aside a sum for a holiday trip to Ramsgate with his family, but deeming a friend's necessities a paramount call, he at once handed over the whole of his reserve to the painter, who thanked him with tears, as for a deliverance from disgrace and misery. The credulous donor happening, a day or two after, to go to the Tower Stairs to see a friend's family (with whom his own meditated trip had been concocted) off by the packet, one of the first persons he met upon deck was Haydon, who having reasons of his own for wishing to spend a month by the sea-side, had got up his sad story and his rueful countenance to raise the required funds.

Talfourd was fond of relating another curious illustration of the improvidence of a man of genius who has largely contributed to the intellectual enjoyments of most of us. This gentleman had invited a large party to dinner, and nothing seemed wanting to the festivity, when it was observed that, although wine was served in profusion, there were no two bottles of the same. The mystery was explained without hesitation or compunction by the Amphitryon. "I have no credit with my wine-merchant,

nor, to say the truth, with any other man's wine-merchant; and I was sadly puzzled how to manage for you, when a fellow knocked at the door with specimens of Italian wines, or what he called wines; so I told him to leave a bottle of each on trial, and call again to-morrow." This announcement was far from reassuring, and as some of the company complained of incipient pains in the stomach, he was requested to send for some brandy by way of antidote. "With all my heart," was the reply, "but you must first club your sixpence apiece;" and the sixpences being clubbed accordingly, the threatened sickness was averted, and the half-empty bottles of wine were put aside to be returned to the composer.

In his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, Talfourd relates:

"He (Godwin) met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trusting simplicity which marked his course—he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when afforded, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honored and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed, that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. 'O dear,' said the philosopher, 'I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune. Don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere;' and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem."

These *Memorials* comprise recollections of a great many eminent men and extraordinary characters, some of whom have been permanently installed in the temple of

Fame, whilst others are gradually dropping into unmerited obscurity. There are portraits or sketches of Godwin, Hazlitt, George Dyer, Coleridge, Thelwall Barnes, (of the Times,) Haydon, Barry Cornwall, John Hamilton Reynolds, John Scott, and (the strangest of all) Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, to whom one eminent novelist is indebted for a plot, and another for a style. The adventures of this worthy, who was accused of poisoning his sister-in-law to defraud the insurance offices, and was actually transported for forgery, suggested the finest scenes in *Lucretia*, and his *James Weathercock* (in the London Magazine) was palpably the original of *Vivian Grey*.

A wager having once been laid touching Erskine's legal acquirements, one of the parties had the boldness to refer the decision to the ex-Chancellor himself. His reply was characteristic. "If you think I was no lawyer, you may continue to think so. It is plain you are no lawyer yourself; but I wish every man to retain his opinion, though at the cost of three dozen of port. To save you from spending your money upon bets you are sure to lose, remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer. The thing is impossible." Talfourd's claims to rank as a lawyer have been rested on the same argument, which was unjust to him, as well as fallacious in itself. No man can be a sound lawyer who has not devoted

three or four years to the calm study of principles and authorities, without reference to their immediate practical application. And this Talfourd had done; and his mind had much of the judicial element, despite of its poetical tendencies. He discharged irreproachably, at least without affording solid ground for reproach, his high functions as a judge, and he uniformly upheld his right to the motto of his first drama:

"I left no calling for this idle trade—  
No duty broke."

Indeed, when his life or character is contemplated as a whole, no one can fail to be struck by the harmonious blending of the component parts and qualities; and his reputation deserves to be especially and equally cherished by lawyers and men of letters; for his professional career was an honor to literature, whilst his authorship reflects back lustre on the law. We cannot conclude more appropriately than with the eulogium emphatically pronounced by a brother judge, Mr. Justice Coleridge, the day after Talfourd's untimely death at Stafford: "He had one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow creatures in his generation. He was eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity."

---

From the Leisure Hour.

## THE CITY OF THE INCAS.

ON the eastern side of the vast range of the Andes, far from the communicable sea-shore, lies Cuzco, the centre of the ancient Inca-Indian traditions. Few European travellers have visited it. The brilliant pens of Robertson and Prescott, it is true, have familiarized most of our readers historically with the cruel events

connected with the city and the country during its conquest by the Spaniards; but of its monuments and its people, we have scarcely any descriptions taken on the spot by eye-witnesses. Many have written on the subject of the shipwrecked Aztec empires, treading the worn paths round the mounds of Cholula, or through the

ruins of Tlascala, but the cyclopean remains of old Peruvian civilization were left almost without personal investigation till the present day.

Mr. Markham, a gentleman of great enterprise, and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, felt that what was really known respecting the history of this remarkable people was little in comparison with what might be learned by an intelligent traveller undertaking a journey over the perilous passes of the Andes, and visiting in person the ruined temples and palaces of Inca kings. Accordingly, from a pure thirst for information, and a desire to investigate the annals and traditions relative to this extraordinary race, he left England in August, 1852, crossed the Isthmus of Panama in October following, and, after a few days' steaming along the coast, arrived at Lima, the capital of the old Spanish power, and now the seat of an independent republican government.

From this point, his journey properly began. It is not our purpose to give a description of this most beautiful region, luxuriating in every variety of climate and scenery; abounding in mines of silver, gold, copper, lead, tin, coal, and mercury; rich in herds of cattle and flocks of alpacas and vicuñas, which yield an inexhaustible supply of hides and fleeces of silky texture. Our intention being to show what new light he has thrown upon the ancient capital of the Incas, we prepare at once to accompany our traveller along the sea-coast until he diverges to cross the Cordilleras and penetrate into the *punas* or table-lands of the interior.\*

From Lima to the seaport of Pisco is a journey of 120 miles, over a succession of sandy deserts at the foot of the mountains, studded with, or rather separated by, isolated fertile valleys. Our traveller seems to have preferred undergoing the labor and fatigue of a land-journey to a passage by sea, though the latter would have been effected with much less difficulty and expense. Doubtless, he wished to study the character of the rocky plains he had to traverse, and observe the manners and customs of the Indian peasantry who inhabited them and their oases. In some of the towns, the wealthier portion of the inhabitants—Spaniards of Peruvian birth

—possessed spacious houses, forming a grand square or *plaza* in the centre; but the poorer classes—principally negroes and half-castes—lived in streets composed of dwellings of very simple construction, being merely canes stuck in the ground, with cross-pieces at intervals of ten feet high, plastered with a thick mud or loam, whitewashed, and then roofed over. All the houses were low, in consequence of the numerous earthquakes to which the coast is subject, and which render houses of a solid construction extremely dangerous. Some of the villages consisted of only a poor collection of huts, surrounding a generally elegant church. The Valley of Mala is described as being exquisitely beautiful, and covered with plantations of cotton, oranges, vines, bananas, and fields of maize and barley. Occasionally—as at Canete—there is attached to each house a fruit and flower garden, ornamented with groves of the lofty and graceful *paita* or alligator-pear, orange, lemon, and citron trees, and the delicious *granadilla* or fruit of the passion-flower, which hangs over the boughs in rich profusion. Through each of these gardens runs a clear, cool stream from the mountains, the play of whose waters gives an inexpressible charm of melody and freshness to the soft blue skies of a Peruvian evening after the sultry suffocation of the noon.

From Pisco, striking into the interior, Mr. Markham arrived at Ica, at the foot of the Cordilleras, where he completed his arrangements previous to ascending the mountains. His first care was to provide himself with wine, chocolate, almonds, raisins, dulces, biscuits, and esprit for fuel; his second, to find a steady and trustworthy guide. He seems to have had no difficulty in this, a friend recommending to him a respectable muleteer employed in the trade of carrying *pisco* from the vineyards of Ica into the sierra or hilly districts. The wine and the spirits were conveyed on mules, in vessels made of goat-skin stripped off, according to the barbarous practice of the country, from the unfortunate animal whilst alive, under the impression that the skins thus procured are more durable.

When a full stock of provisions had been laid in, the ascent began. At first, the road lay through pastures on which fed groups of cattle, horses, and mules; then through an uninhabited defile, bordered by lofty stone terraces—the hanging gar-

\* *Cusco: a Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru and Lima: a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of Modern Peru.* By CLEMENT R. MARKHAM, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.



dens of the ancient Peruvians—strewn with gorgeous tapestry of heliotropes, verbena and scarlet salvia; now it wound along the crest of a hill, or entered some green and fertile ravine, overspread with fields of potato and lucerne, till at length it reached the alpine village of Tambillo, the first resting-place for the night of our traveller and his guide. Early the next morning, he was on his way, for the summit of the pass had to be gained before evening. He traversed spacious *pampas* covered with grass, and gradually rising one above the other. Down and across them torrents dashed in every direction. In these elevated wildernesses, if these high table-lands, green with vegetation, may be so called, the graceful vicugna roamed about in unrestrained liberty—the chamois of the Western world. As night approached, the scene became wilder and wilder. The *punas* or level spots, jammed in, as it were, between lofty cliffs, and covered with snow, succeeded rapidly each other. Rivers of water, swelled by a thousand falls, that broke up the plain at every step, burst down deep gorges, some towards the Atlantic, some towards the Pacific.

At length the goal of that day's labor was reached—not a cottage or a hut, but a cave, or rather overhanging boulder, projecting from the face of a perpendicular cliff, in a narrow ravine darkened by frowning masses of black rock capped with snow. When it was entered, the interior was discovered to be full of water, with drops dripping from the roof. The ground outside was covered with a long grass, wet with thawing snow. The night was dark, and, to add to the discomfort, no fire was to be obtained, the spirits refusing to ignite in that high region. A cold repast of almonds and raisins was therefore the only meal our traveller could procure that night; as for a bed or stone to lie down upon, there was none to be found that was not covered with the long wet grass, and half-frozen, half-melting snow. Accordingly, as his only resource, Mr. Markham patiently leaned his head against the neck of his mule, and in this standing posture strove to obtain a short repose; but to no purpose. As the night wore on, the wind rose, the snow fell thickly, the darkness deepened. The morning approached, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst forth, kindling the craggy peaks with flames of fire, or rattling among

them from pinnacle to pinnacle above, or booming in the valleys below. The appearance of the sun, however, dispelled the gloom, and as it continued to rise, the storm wore away.

The highest point Mr. Markham had to mount was gained. The descent on the eastern side of the Cordilleras now commenced, and this was even more perilous than the ascent. Precipices, 500 feet perpendicular, had to be skirted, where the pathway was as slippery as glass, and so narrow, that, while one foot grated against the rocks, the other hung over some fearful abyss. Sometimes the track—for road it could scarcely be called—ascended a stone staircase, each step of which was seven or eight feet high, with thin, narrow ledges, only sufficient for the sagacious mule to put the tips of her hoofs in. Sometimes the masses of projecting rock approached each other so closely, that only ten or twelve feet separated them, and then a few rough poles thrown across from side to side formed a perilous bridge, which had to be traversed; while a cataract, some 500 or 600 feet beneath, thundered and foamed over a bed of fallen and broken boulders. Descending further, vegetation again appeared; flowers of most exquisite color lined the rough sides of the paths, and deep green patches of potatoes occasionally checkered a more open space of table-land. Towards evening, our traveller entered a plain busy with rural life, and rested there for the night. As he left it in the morning, he passed by long files of Indian girls with their arms twined around each other's waists, tending their flocks and herds at pasture.

The first town of any importance on the road was Ayacucho, situated at the foot of a precipitous mountain, from the crest of which it looked like a flooring of red tiles, interspersed among a forest of fruit-trees. In the centre stood the plaza or great square, containing on one side the cathedral, cabildo or court-house, and the university. The other sides were formed of stately mansions, adorned with stone columns supporting semicircular arches, and surrounded on the ground-floor by long and shady colonnades. These were private residences. In this area the market was held, and on such occasions it presented an animated and picturesque appearance. Indian girls, clad in graceful dresses of the most brilliant colors—the

peculiar costume of the country from a time long antecedent to the days of Pizarro—seated themselves beneath huge parasols of matted grass. Before them, they exposed piles of merchandise, consisting of fruits, vegetables, cloths, and wearing apparel; whilst the citizens and peasants passed to and fro, examining the goods and making their purchases. Ayacucho boasts a brave race of patriots. In the plain on which it is situated was fought, in 1824, the battle between the soldiers of the revolution and the forces of Spain which decided the independence of Peru. The road between Ayacucho and Cuzco was similar to that already traversed, except that vegetation attested the greater temperature of the climate. We will not, however, detail the mountainous ravines, down which waterfalls and cataracts thundered; the beautiful plains, dotted with Indian villages and farm-yards; the fearful abysses, spanned only by a slender bridge of ropes, that Mr. Markham had to traverse. It is sufficient to know that at length he reached his destination.

When Manco Capac founded the empire of the Incas or Children of the Sun, in the eleventh century, the boundaries of his dominions scarcely exceeded eighty miles square. Lofty mountains, burying their giant summits in the region of perpetual snow, rose in every direction. On their lower sunny slopes nestled many a cool and fertile valley, and many an open patch of table-land; whilst still higher, on the grassy ledges of the rocks, thousands of silky vicuñas and alpacas grazed undisturbed. Eastward stretched the *montana* or forest districts, abounding in the finest trees and the richest products of the richest zone, and watered by the noblest rivers of the world. At the four extremities of this empire, facing the north, the south, the east, and the west, Manco Capac erected a palace, and defended it with a fortress, the bulwarks of his empire. In the centre of his possessions he fixed his permanent abode, and built around it the city of Cuzco. This was the capital; and at this seat of government ruled, for four centuries, that noble race of Inca princes who extended the boundaries of the kingdom till they reached from the equator to Chili, and from the Amazon to the Pacific, and filled it with that high and magnificent civilization, the remains of which still exist in the stupendous monu-

ments of the country, and the legends and songs of the peasantry.

Cuzco is placed high above the level of the sea, and is 2000 feet loftier than the Great St. Bernard. In any part of Europe or North America, hills at this great elevation would be perpetually covered with a mantle of snow, desolate and uninhabitable. The proximity of Cuzco to the equator, however, tempers the cold of that great altitude, whilst the altitude tempers the heats of the tropics; so that the inhabitants enjoy the softness and beauty of an Italian spring. The city itself, though long the seat of the Spanish rule, preserves many of its original characteristics. The houses are built of stone, with the lower story constructed of the solid and imposing masonry of the time of the Incas. The streets run at right angles, and present long vistas of massive buildings, rendered interesting by their air of antiquity. On the north side, the Sacshuaman Hill, divided from the mountain behind by a deep ravine, rises, like a gigantic staircase, abruptly over the city. Here stood the palace of the first Inca, and here now stand its magnificent ruins. On a terrace, faced with stones of every conceivable size and shape, fitting exactly one into the other, is a wall with eight recesses, a foot deep. In the centre of the lower wall, a mermaid or siren, now much defaced by time, is carved in relief on a square slab. In one of these recesses, a steep stone staircase leads up to a second terrace. Here are ruins of a similar description—parts of a very extensive building or buildings. They consist of a thick stone wall, sixteen paces long, and ten feet and a half high, containing a door and a window. The masonry is admirable. The stones are cut in parallelograms of equal heights, but varying in length, with the corners so sharp and fine, as to appear only recently cut, and without any kind of cement, so exactly fitting in, that the blade of a knife could not be introduced between them. The door-posts, of corresponding height, support a stone lintel, nearly eight feet in length, while another stone, six feet long, forms the step. The foundations of buildings may still be traced nearly thirty paces eastward, and behind these rise three terraces, built in the rough style of masonry used in the first wall.

In the thirteenth century, the great warrior, Inca Viracocha, (the Foam of the

Sen,) erected a stronger and more formidable fortress at the eastern end of the Sacshuaman Hill, and immediately above the Palace of Manco Capac. There are three stone-faced terraces, rising one above the other. The first, fourteen feet high, extends in a semicircular form round the hill; and between the first and second is a space some twelve feet wide. Above these, many carefully hewn stones lie scattered on the ground, supporting three crosses. In its days of glory, the citadel contained three towers, connected by subterranean passages, now blocked up or destroyed. On the south side, the position is so strong and impregnable that there was no necessity for interfering with nature's own handiwork; and on the north side, a steep ravine protects this fortress, except for a few paces, where a single stone breastwork—still in a good state of preservation—has been thrown up; but from this point to the western extremity of the table-land, a distance of 400 paces, the ground is open, and undefended by any natural bulwarks. From this point, then, the Incas constructed a cyclopean line of fortification—a work, observes Mr. Markham, which fills the mind with astonishment at the grandeur of the conception, and the perfect manner of its execution. It consists of three walls; the first averaging a height of eighteen feet; the second of sixteen; and the third, of fourteen—the first terrace being ten paces broad, and the second eight. The walls were built with salient and retiring angles, twenty-one in number, and corresponding witheach other in each wall, so that no one point could be attacked without being commanded by the others. The position is entered by three doorways, so narrow that they only admit one to pass at a time. But the most marvellous part of this fortification is the huge masses of rock of which it is constructed, some of them being sixteen feet in height, and several varying from ten to twelve. These are also made to fit exactly one into the other, and form a piece of masonry almost unparalleled in solidity, beauty, and the peculiarity of its construction, in any other part of the world.

About two miles from Lima-Tambo, on the western frontier of the empire of Manco Capac, are the ruins of another ancient palace of similar construction. They are situated on, or rather consist of, a lofty terrace faced with stone, commanding a

fine view of the plain and valley beneath. Two walls alone remain: they are of limestone, with the blocks of various shapes and sizes, delicately manipulated, as in the Sacshuaman palace. But the most curious and surprising specimen of ancient Peruvian architecture is the remains of the fortress of Ollantay, a little to the north of Cuzco, in the Valley of Vilcamaya. A ravine descends from the bleak pampas of the Cordilleras to the valley, and at the point of junction rise two lofty masses of rock. On the eminence on the western side is a small plateau, strewn with the abandoned material for building. Six huge slabs of granite, each twelve feet high, and, like the rest we have described, cut with perfect exactitude, stand upright, joined together by smaller pieces fitted between them. Near them, other blocks have already been arranged, so as to form the commencement of a wall, but all of them of amazing magnitude, and admirably dovetailed together. Behind this wall, and further up the steep sides of the mountain, numerous buildings, constructed of small stones, plastered over with yellow mud, still exist. These have gable-ends and apertures for doors and windows, and, westward, a flanking wall rises from the level of the plain nearly to the summit of the hill, thus defending the fortress on this side. On the eastern side succeeds a tier of terraces, the highest of which is approached by a handsome doorway with an enormous granite lintel. The wall of this terrace is built of polygonally shaped stones, fitted like the others, and containing several recesses. When the inner sides are tapped with the finger, a ringing metallic sound, it is said, similar to that produced by the rising sun on the statue of Memnon, is heard. In front of these works, a flight of well-constructed terraces, sixteen feet deep, and faced with masonry, leads down into the plain.

Nor are we less struck when we contemplate the skill and power exhibited in these remains by the vast magnitude of the blocks made use of, than by the distance from which they were brought. The nearest quarry, it is ascertained, from which the stones could possibly be obtained, is nearly five miles off, and on the other side of a river—a deep and impetuous stream. From this quarry, high up the face of the mountain, they were conveyed down to the brink of the river, across it, and then along its banks to the

foot of the fortress. On the road, two immense blocks still lie, which never reached their destination. One is nine feet eight inches long, seven feet eight inches broad, and four feet two inches deep; the other is twenty feet four inches in length, fifteen feet two inches in breadth, and three feet six inches in depth. It is difficult to determine, at this distance of time, the tools by which the Indians polished, or the machinery by which they moved, these masses of stone. The blocks having grooves three or four inches deep cut round them,

it seems a fair deduction that they were dragged by ropes, probably on rollers; and it has been suggested that the fine smooth surface was given to them by rubbing other stones with a powder upon them, and by means of a herb containing silica. Such, observes Mr. Markham, is the present state of these wonderful ruins—giant efforts of a race of men whom no difficulties could daunt, and whose half-achieved ambition it seems to have been to turn the Andes themselves into terraced pleasure-gardens and eyrie-like fortresses.

---

From Dickens' Household Words.

### ODDITIES OF TURKISH LIFE.

TURKEY is rich to overflowing; the population meek in all the poverty of indolence. The loveliness of every landscape is broken by the most hideous public misery. The climate is fine, for the air is fresh and soft; the temperature generally moderate. It is bad, because it is both cold and wet, foggy and rainy.

The Turk proverbially loves his ease; yet he lives in the most inconvenient manner. He smokes his chibouque or nargilly on sofas without backs; he uses his knees for a writing-desk, and the floor for a dinner-table. He is fond of riding, and has no roads. He is fond of visiting his friends in state, but has no carriage; his streets are neither named nor numbered. Turks are both clean and dirty. They are always dabbling with water, but they eat with their hands; they heap intolerable garbage before their doors, leave dogs to do the office of scavengers, and allow dead carcases to putrefy beneath the windows of their palaces. They are both quick and slow in business, for they have few formalities; yet they have always got a score of opposing interests in everything. They neglect the most important affairs in endeavoring to satisfy everybody on some occasions, and jump at conclusions with a

simplicity and good faith almost affecting, upon others.

The Turk's wives are so muffled up that they cannot see where they are walking; and they roll about like barrels, from the length of their dresses and the largeness of their shoes. He veils and imprisons, yet allows them to go where they please unaccompanied. Turks are never seen in public with their wives. On the one hand they appear to consider ladies as Nature's choicest handiwork; for they can imagine no present more grateful to the Sultan, on the great festival of the Bairam, than a young maiden. On the other hand, they deny women any place or influence in society; and, while they refuse them a soul, insist that they shall be transported bodily to paradise. In Turkey a girl seldom brings a portion to her husband; but the husband pays a sum of money to her parents. Turkish women are lively, gossiping, restless; the men are calm, taciturn, and apathetic. A Turk considers it shameful to look at a lady passing him. He never suffers the name of a wife to pass his lips, and would consider it an insult if you asked after her health. Yet he is a polygamist, and has children by his slaves.



The Ottoman is compassionate and cruel; he will leave a legacy to a horse, and support an army of beggars; but he would roast a Christian with great zest, and bastinadoes his slaves without a squalm. He is at once splendid and mean. Ostentatious in servants, horses, pipe-sticks, and houses; but his servants are ill-dressed, his horses are worthless, his houses are kept in such bad repair that the rain often comes into his drawing-room, and pigeons build in the hall of audience of his sultana. He always reminds strangers of the Hungarian noblemen, who have but one spur. Nothing about him is complete. A saddle of cloth of gold will be girt about his steed with an old rope; and, while the mouth-piece of his pipe may be worth five hundred pounds, the bowl is not worth a half-penny. He is a democrat, though he lives under a government nominally despotic. He is a democrat because he can hardly understand any real difference of ranks in a country where a whim of the prince has often made a minister of a coffee-boy or a water-carrier. Most governments are supposed to examine affairs with some view to their settlement; at the Porte they are usually investigated with a view of avoiding it. In other countries promotion is slow, and business is managed comparatively quickly. In Turkey business is conducted slowly, and promotion granted quickly. Elsewhere, thanks are usually returned for a present; in Turkey it is customary to thank the receiver. A guest invited to dinner is also thanked for coming.

In Turkey superiors salute inferiors: elsewhere the reverse is the fashion. In Europe we uncover our heads as a mark of respect; in Turkey people take off their shoes to show deference. A Turk is brief of speech, and seldom exaggerates; but he is amused by interminable stories, and the most improbable freaks of imagination. He suffers evils without complaint; because he says they are written on the book of fate, and he considers them as part of the scheme of Divine Providence. He has a great contempt for ancestry, and concedes to the descendant of Mohammed no other advantage in life than a green turban. He has even a stinging proverb always ready for those who claim merit on account of their forefathers; and tells them that they are like the dogs who prowl about tombs

and live upon old bones. I wonder how a gentleman of their opinions would get on at a fashionable evening party in Mammoth Street West (number 1 A), Brobdingnag Square?

A real Turk cares little for politics, most of the persons mixed up in public affairs in his country being Greek or of Greek descent. He is brave and sensitive, but he never dreams of a duel, nor have the French been able to inoculate him with their entertaining ideas on this subject. I can recall no single instance of a Turk who has committed suicide. He will tell you, indeed, that the hour of his death is written, and that he can neither hasten nor retard it. Persons who are fond of theories usually recoil with instinctive prudence from all practical tests; and it never occurs to a theoretical Turk to try the soundness of his doctrine with a razor or a pocket-pistol. The conduct of the Turks in this respect may be therefore held up as a model for polite imitation. The police of Constantinople have much more to do with the Christians of Pera and Galata than with the Mussulmen of the whole adjoining city. Murder or robbery is rare in the Turkish quarter; elsewhere it is of daily occurrence. Indeed, the Turks are a great deal better than the institutions under which they have hitherto lived; and they are accustomed to say, with no less truth than good-humor, "We like our government best when it neglects us most."

I once asked a Turkish gentleman with whom I had the good fortune to be on terms of great intimacy, whether he did not admit that Mohammedanism was in itself opposed to what the Western Franks are pleased to call progress? His reply was just and spirited. He referred me at once to the splendid story of the Spanish Arabs, and enlarged with much dignity and good sense on the notorious fact that they were for some centuries perhaps the most learned and enlightened people in the world. The Egyptians and Syrians also, he added, not to mention the Persians, had at several periods of their history made notable advancement in science; but their government had been unfavorable, and they had necessarily retrograded. A Turk can hardly speak long without saying something quaint and sententious; so that I was not surprised when my friend, looking demurely at me, concluded thus: "Since, also, the Christ-

ians are often avaricious, selfish, intemperate, and unjust—qualities which, I am informed, are much condemned by your Sacred Writings—do you not think it possible that a Mohammedan of our age might take example from them, and break

through those precepts of the Koran which have been misinterpreted to counsel us an eternity of ignorance?"

I bowed my head to the ingenious reproach, and sought refuge in the cloud of smoke which our pipes charitably emitted.

---

From the British Quarterly Review.

## CURIOSITIES OF THUNDER-STORMS.

Who has not watched the approach of a thunder-storm? Far away in the sky a dense cloud appears, small in bulk when it first lifts its head above the horizon, but rapidly expanding like the genius in Arabian story, as it seems to climb the heavens. The lower surface is dark in hue, but level in outline; whilst above it swells out into arched masses which sometimes assume the aspect of dome-shaped mountains whitened with snow. This is the giant of the storm. His advent seems to be the signal for the appearance of numerous jagged and shapeless cloudlets, which come trooping from their hiding-places, and move to and fro in confusion, as if angry at the presence of the phantom, yet constrained to answer its summons, and attend it on its mission of destruction. These vapory myrmidons\* generally recede from each other as if repelled; but at length, yielding to the attraction of the master mass, they hasten towards it, and are soon absorbed in its huge bulk. Sometimes, however, these ministering clouds are not called in and united with the phantom of the storm, but may be seen travelling beneath it with a hurried and bewildered motion, as if bent on some terrible errand they would gladly eschew. When the giant has thus mustered his forces, and spread his vast form over many a rood of sky, he prepares to launch

his darts upon the expectant earth. The lower surface of the shape, which has now become ragged and irregular, flings out long limbs of vapor towards the ground, or seems to sink down bodily, darkening as it descends, until its feet almost touch the soil. Meanwhile, the atmosphere is sultry and stagnant. The head aches, and the frame is enfeebled by a nameless languor. The very brutes become living electrometers, and feel that some elemental convulsion is impending. Even the

—'tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.'

Gloomier and gloomier grows the scene. At length the big drops begin to descend. The wind comes and goes in feverish gusts, or fetches those huge melancholy sighs which seem to bewail the approaching strife. Suddenly the cloud is rifted, and a red bolt is hurled from the giant's arm, shattering some tall spire, splintering some stubborn tree, or piercing some proud man, and in a moment reducing him to a mere cindery corpse. Then the lips of the phantom part in thunder, and the firmament rings with the wild laughter of the spirit of the tempest, as if in mockery of the mischief he had done.

In order, then, to prepare a thunder-storm, the first requisite is a mass of vapor in a state of electrical excitement.

\* The *ascitiell* of Beccaria, whose description of the formation of thunder-storms is the classic account for electricians.

There have been occasions on which peals are said to have proceeded from a cloudless sky. Seneca asserts it. We object to Seneca. Anaximander insinuates as much. We object also to Anaximander. Suetonius speaks to a clap from a serene atmosphere in the time of Titus. We object to Suetonius as well. Volney is further quoted, but, unfortunately, in the case he attests, the sky was covered with enormous clouds in little more than an hour after the peals had been heard, and hailstones as large as a man's fist were copiously precipitated. Without, therefore, resorting to the supposition that the classic explosions in question might possibly be due to *aërolites*, or to subterranean noises (such, for example, as those which used to terrify the inhabitants of Santa Fé de Bogota), or to other agencies not duly understood, it is more natural to ascribe them to distant clouds which had escaped the scrutiny of the observers.

But will a single cloud suffice, or must there be two, if not more, to breed a genuine electrical tempest? Some have insisted that a couple at least were essential. One cloud could not produce a storm any more than one swallow could make a summer. Descartes, indeed, supposed that thunder was occasioned by one set of clouds striking hard blows upon another, so that two strata were necessary to make the sky bellow with their beatings. Franklin maintained, that when a solitary mass appears to be concerned, the spectator, if obliquely placed, so as to rake the scene with his glance, would discover a succession of smaller masses interposed like stepping-stones for the lightning between the lower part of the storm-cloud and the surface of the earth. Saussure drew the same conclusion, for he remarked that during his stay on the Col du Geant no thunder ever sprang from a solitary clump of vapor; but if two layers of clouds existed, or if the vapors from the plains, collecting into clouds, rose up to attack those which clung to the summits of the mountains, then a fight came off, accompanied by gusts of wind, hail, and rain, with other fierce meteorological manifestations.

But though an electrical tourney requires at least two combatants, as much as a mortal duel below, it will be readily conceived that the battle may lie between a cloud and the earth. Some philosophers

have asserted that lightnings are almost invariably elaborated in the ground, and that they have actually seen them rise into the air like rockets. But without acceding to this conclusion, it must be admitted that the discharge frequently occurs between the heavens and the earth, and for the purposes of such a fray there seems to be no reason why a solitary collection of vapor should not suffice. Even very small clouds appear to have inflicted serious injuries, if these again are not to be referred to *aërolitic* descents. An Academician, of the name of Marcolle, describes a case where a mere cloudlet, 'about a foot and a half in diameter,' murdered a poor woman by dropping a thunderbolt on her head. On the strength of this, and certain other instances of a more mitigated character, Arago (unconscious of the verbal infelicity into which he falls) expresses a hope that "small clouds may be definitively reinstated in their rights"—as if the power of slaughtering a female occasionally were a privilege of which it would be unjust that they should be dispossessed. There is nothing surprising, however, in the supposition that a small body of vapor should issue lightnings of murderous potency, since it has been shown by Faraday that the electric fluid contained in a single flash might perhaps be supplied by the decomposition of one grain of water alone.

A storm-cloud, then, being formed in the atmosphere, let us see what will be its action on the earth. In the Leyden phial, when the internal coating of tinfoil receives a charge, say of positive electricity, it operates through the glass inductively, and attracts an equal quantity of negative electricity to the external lining of the jar. But as glass is a non-conductor, the two fluids—assuming the duality of this mysterious agent for the time—however anxious to amalgamate, can take no steps to that end unless some pathway is provided, or unless they can succeed in rupturing the vitreous barrier which lies between. Should either result accrue, a vivid spark is seen, a small quantity of artificial thunder is heard, and the electric equilibrium is straightway restored. So when the knuckle is brought into the neighborhood of the prime conductor of a machine, electricity of the contrary sign to that which is engendered by the apparatus is accumulated in the joint, and when the fluids are able to break through the intervening

stratum of air they do so with a mock flash and explosion.

Suppose, then, that the lamp hanging from the ceiling of an apartment represents a storm-cloud, and the table beneath it the surface of the earth. If this lamp (which of course is presumed to be insulated) should be charged with positive electricity, it will act inductively through the air, and compel a counter collection of negative electricity in the piece of furniture below. These two convocations of fluid would gladly effect a union, but should the distance be too great to permit them to force a path through the intermediate space, no discharge can ensue. If, however, the lamp be lowered, or some object be set up on the table, so as to lessen the interval, the electricities will overcome the resistance of the intervening particles of air, and rush together with a spark and a detonation. The lamp may then be said to thunder and lighten.

In other words, a cloud of many thousand acres in extent, impregnated with positive electricity, will produce by induction, whilst hovering over a spot, an opposite accumulation of negative electricity in the ground beneath; the particles of the interposed stratum of air are assumed to be thrown into a peculiar polarized state, which they will be compelled to maintain until the neutrality of the terminal plains (the cloud and the underlying earth) can be restored; and then, when the disturbed fluids have acquired sufficient intensity, or are brought into sufficient proximity to effect what is called a "disruptive discharge," the electric equilibrium will be forthwith established amidst a blaze of light and a hideous crash of thunder. It is obvious that the same results may arise in the case of two clouds. These, floating at different altitudes, and forming, with the included layer of air, a kind of atmospheric sandwich (if we may so speak), will constitute an electric arrangement capable of producing a storm.

These points being premised, we are now ready for the lightning. The Etruscans believed in three sorts. The first was incapable of doing any injury, and Jupiter might therefore launch it at pleasure; the second was more mischievous in its character, and consequently could only be issued with the consent of the twelve gods; the third carried destruction in its train, and for this a regu-

lar decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Arago, too, has divided lightnings into three classes. The first includes those where the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple, or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it occasionally divides into two branches before reaching the earth, as if anxious to double its damages. It has also been seen to sever into three. Charpentier supplied Arago with a case of tricuspidate lightning, where the southern fork set fire to a house in the suburbs of Freiberg, the middle struck a building near the cathedral at the distance of 3921 feet from the first point of descent, and the northern division of the flash wreaked its fury on a cottage in a neighboring village situate 8531 feet from the cathedral. The same individual speaks of another instance, in which five trees, standing at some distance from each other, were smitten, though not more than a single peal of thunder was heard. Still more numerous furcations have been reported, for it is said, that during a tempest at Landerneau and Saint Pol de Leon, twenty-four churches were struck, though three distinct claps only were heard. This was hot work! Eight churches apiece for the three explosions! Without, however, being assured that the observers had exhausted all probabilities of error, it would be premature to assert the existence of many-branched lightnings to anything like the extent implied in this anti-ecclesiastical storm.

The second class differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused. From this circumstance, the discharge is designated sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply gilds the margin of the cloud from which it leaps, but at others it floods it with a lurid radiance, or else suffuses its surface with blushes of a rosy or violet hue. As this species of meteor, however, makes its appearance in every ordinary storm, it is too popular a phenomenon to require any description.

Turn we to the third class of lightnings. These are not only remarkable for their eccentricities, but they have been made the subject of considerable contention. They differ so widely from the vernacular sorts of flashes, that many meteorologists have denied their right to be treated as



legitimate lightnings. They neither assume the form of long lines on the one hand, nor of sheets of flame on the other; but exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire. They are not momentary apparitions, but meteors which take their own time, and travel at such a slow rate that they might not improperly be styled the government class of lightnings. It is this circumstance which gives them such a dubious character. An electrical bolt is supposed to be one of the leading emblems of celerity. From Professor Wheatstone's ingenious experiments, it has been shown that an ordinary flash, although darting, as it may seem, from horizon to horizon, does not occupy the thousandth part of a second in its transit. Nay, it has been calculated that the spark obtained from an electrical machine comes and goes in the millionth part of a second. Yet, spite of this characteristic velocity, lightnings of the third order have been seen strolling along at a leisurely pace, or traversing the air at an easy trot, such as the eye might readily follow, or the foot positively outstrip.

A striking illustration occurred to a M. Butti, at Milan. One summer's day, whilst a terrible thunder-storm was raging, this individual was seated in his apartment, when his attention was withdrawn from the commotion in the heavens to a little human hubbub in the street below. *Guarda! guarda!* cried a number of voices. On looking out of the window, he perceived a globe of fire moving along the middle of the street, at some distance from the ground, but with an upward slant in its course. Eight or ten persons were in chase of the meteor, and by advancing at a quick step they were enabled to keep up with its motion. It glided quietly past M. Butti's window. Anxious to know a little more of the strange traveller, he ran down stairs, and joined the hue and cry. On it went for about three minutes more, still sauntering along at the same cool pace; but at length it came in contact with the tower of a church, and vanished with a moderate detonation. Here, then, was an instance in which a man might easily have overtaken, shall we say a thunderbolt, and, if necessary, have beaten it hollow!

Still more singular is the story of a globular apparition which presented itself to a tailor in the Rue St. Jaques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace,

about the year 1843. M. Babinet was commissioned by the Academy of Sciences to investigate the facts, and reported substantially as follows: "After a loud thunder-clap, the tailor being finishing his meal, saw the chimney-board fall down, as if overset by a slight gust of wind, and a globe of fire, the size of a child's head, come out quietly and move slowly about the room, at a small height above the floor. The tailor said it looked like a good-sized kitten, rolled up into a ball, and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, but he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, like a young cat that wants to rub itself against its master's legs; but by moving them aside gently, he avoided the contact. It appears to have played for several seconds about his feet, he bending his body over it and examining it attentively. After trying some excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head, which he threw back to avoid its touching his face. The globe, elongating a little, then steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantelpiece, which hole received a stove pipe in winter, but was now pasted over with paper. 'The thunder,' he said, 'could not see the hole;' but, nevertheless, the ball went straight to the aperture, removing the paper without hurting it, and made its way into the chimney. Shortly afterwards, and when he supposed it had time to reach the top, it made a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney, and threw the fragments on the roofs of smaller buildings, which they broke through. The tailor's lodging was on the third story; the lower ones were not visited at all by the thunderbolt."

Here there is something quite piquant about the conduct of this suspicious visitor, if its proceedings are correctly narrated. The circumstances read like a romance. The entrance of the flash quietly into the poor man's dwelling, as if to make a mere morning call, the attempt to play with his feet, the tailor prudently declining its advances, the detection of the veiled aperture by the cunning meteor, the delicate unpasting of the paper, and then, after indulging in this sportive behavior, the terrible explosion with which the fire-phantom signalized its departure, all this appears so anomalous that we might readily suppose the lightning to

have been wandering about in a state of bewilderment, or rather of positive insanity.

It will be needless, however, to multiply illustrations. They are too numerous and too well authenticated to admit of lawful skepticism. Any attempt to explain them in the present state of electrical knowledge must be merely provisional. The likeliest solution is that Sir W. Snow Harris, who conceives that the phenomenon arises from a species of "glow" or "brush" discharge, such as takes place, under certain circumstances, from the extremity of a conductor upon the nearest particles of air, these molecules being compelled in turn to transmit their electricity to the adjoining atoms, so that the fluid is propagated to a distance with comparative slowness because with comparative difficulty.\* It is not, properly speaking, an ordinary flash folded up into a ball, but a mitigated discharge (perhaps analogous to the well-known St Elmo's fires) which precedes the restoration of the electric equilibrium by other and more legalized means. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that this explanation bristles with difficulties; and though, with Arago, it may be necessary to admit these globular apparitions into the fraternity of lightnings, yet, with Arago, too, it is necessary to regard them as "one of the most inexplicable phenomena in the range of physics."

After this slight disquisition on the various classes of lightning, let us inquire into the conduct of a bolt when hurled to the earth by the strong arm of the cloud-compeller. Foremost amongst the qualities of the electrical discharge we should

\* This eminent electrician, however, expresses an opinion from which we cannot but dissent, viz., "that the greater number of discharges described as globular lightning are most probably nothing more than a vivid and dense electrical spark in the act of breaking through the air, which, coming suddenly on the eye and again vanishing in an extremely small portion of time, has been designated a ball of light." If this "spark" had rapid motion, it could not leave the impression of a mere ball on the retina, but would be drawn out into a long line like an ordinary flash, which is probably nothing more than a mere fiery point traversing the sky with such rapidity that it appears to be in all parts of its path at once. Whilst, on the other hand, if the spark had no apparent motion, it could not answer to the description which is given of the globular lightnings in question. But, if it had a moderate progress through the air, then the third class of Arago is virtually admitted.

notice the explosive power which it exhibits. When the fluid happens to meet with some obstruction in its course, it frequently evinces its dissatisfaction by shattering the non-conducting object. It is not guilty of mere linear violence, like a cannon-ball, but exerts a radiating force, like a bomb-shell, bursting substances asunder as if they had been charged with gunpowder. In 1762 the south-west binnacle of the church at Breag, in Cornwall, was demolished by a stroke of lightning. Amongst the fragments, one stone weighing 3 cwt. was hurled southwards over the roof to the distance of 60 yards; another was sent to the north for the space of 400 yards; whilst a third was projected in a south-west direction. In the forest of Nemours a tree was smitten in the year 1723: two pieces were rent from its trunk; the smaller—one which four men could not have raised, was tossed by the thunderbolt to the distance of about 50 feet; the larger, which a team of eight men could not move, was flung 16 feet on a contrary tack. In 1838 the top-gallant-mast of H.M.S. *Rodney* was hit by a flash, and literally cut up into chips, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had been sweeping their shavings overboard. The action of lightning on wood, indeed, is specially worthy of notice. In striking a tree or mast, it will sometimes slice it into long shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like a huge broom or a mere bundle of laths. Some of the rafters of the Abbey of St. Médard de Soissons, which was damaged by a flash in 1676, were found to be cleft from top to bottom to the depth of 3 feet, "into the form of very thin lathes; others, of the same dimensions, were broken up into long and fine matches; and some were divided into such delicate fibres that they almost resembled a worn-out broom." When H.M.S. *Hyacinth* fell under the displeasure of Jupiter in 1833, and was punished with a thunderbolt, her top-masts, for about 40 feet in length, were literally shaken into a mere fagot of sticks; and when the *Thetis* underwent a similar visitation in Rio harbor, Captain Fitzroy described the fore-top-mast as a mere collection of long splinters almost like reeds.

Whence, then, comes this enormous explosive force, shivering trees, bursting the iron hoops from masts, whisking huge stones through the air, and projecting

fragments to every point of the compass? Arago suggests that it may be due to steam. If lightning, as we shall presently see, can instantaneously raise the temperature of thin iron wires, so as to render them incandescent, or even to fuse them entirely, that will be its effects on the sap which it finds in trees, or the moisture which lurks in the interstices of stones? The sudden conversion of water into vapor at a temperature of 500° F.—less than that at which iron melts—would develop steam with an elasticity equal to 45 atmospheres. There is much to be said in favor of this suggestion. The action of lightning upon trees is happily explained by assuming that, when struck, a fiery current dashes through the veins of the vegetable, and tears it into fibres by the action of the high pressure steam thus produced. It is possible, also, that the humidity contained in more solid objects may supply vapor of sufficient force to account for many of the ruptures which lightning effects. But there would be difficulty in applying this solution to all cases of electrical explosion; because there are many where no sensible amount of moisture can be presumed to exist, and others where the injury is on too extensive a scale to admit of resort to this agency. What is done to the green tree can hardly explain what is done to the dry. We can scarcely suppose that steam is responsible for the damage inflicted on the church of Guesnon, near Brest, where a stroke of lightning blew off the roof of the building, and laid its walls level with the ground; nor can we charge it with lifting up the deck of the revenue cutter *Chichester*, not less than six inches, in Kilkerran Bay. Besides, there is no proof that steam really exists itself in connection with these catastrophes. It will, therefore, require more extensive observations to determine the accuracy of Arago's surmise; but we think that some of the expansive effects of lightning may be ascribed to the mere propagation of the shocks which it inflicts upon air or water, when interrupted in its course, or constrained to follow too contracted a route—pressure being conveyed in all directions through fluid media.

The progressive force of lightning will seem more natural and intelligible than its radiating powers. But here, also, its doings are extremely remarkable. Some bolts will dash through resisting objects by tearing great openings, as was the case in

a Cornish church, mentioned by Smeaton, where apertures were made in the solid wall of the belfry, one of which was "fourteen inches square and six inches deep, and as truly regular as if cut out by art." In other instances, lightning drills small holes, which are not less surprising for their perfect circularity of form. It bores them as cleverly as if it were a human artisan working with gimlets or augers. Window-panes have been frequently pierced in this fashion, without cracking or affecting the rest of the glass. "Some years ago, a gentleman at Poole was writing at a desk before a window, when a flash of lightning passed before him, accompanied at the same moment by a loud clap of thunder. The lightning cut out from one of the frames a perfectly circular disc of glass, which fell upon the paper on which the observer was writing."\*

All juvenile electricians are in the habit of making holes in cards by passing discharges through them; and if philosophically disposed, the operators request you to observe that a burr or projection is left on both sides of the aperture. This double protrusion, they tell you, with the look of sages, is supposed to prove the existence of two electrical fluids, because a single agent passing through the card need only drive the resisting material before it in one direction. And whatever may be said in favor of the one fluid theory, and though some electricians are willing to ascribe the effect in question to the expansive or disrupting force of which we have already spoken, yet this explanation may be checked by the fact, that a single discharge sometimes produces two holes in the card, each puncture appearing to be distinguished by a single burr, one on the upper, and the other on the under side of the card, as if the positive fluid had travelled one way and the negative the other. Jupiter makes burrs also. In 1821, he launched a shaft from Vulcan's smithy against the church of St. Gervais, at Geneva, and, amongst other perforations, produced two neighboring holes in a sheet of tin upon the roof. They were nearly circular in shape, and about an inch in diameter, but in the one the edges of the metal were turned outwards, and in the other inwards; and this so distinctly, that no one could mistake the opposite set

\* *The Thunder-storm*, p. 198, (from information communicated by Thomas Bell, Esq., F. R. S.)

of the projections. In some instances the results are such as to suggest that a flash may be slit up into several fiery filaments before it strikes an object. From the top of a church at Cremona, the angry god hurled a weathercock of tinned copper, in the year 1777. This meteorological implement was found to be pierced with eighteen holes; in nine of them the burr was conspicuous on one side, and in nine it was equally prominent on the other; in all, the slope or inclination of the protruded matter was nearly identical. There was no evidence that these openings had been made by several lightning-strokes; and to suppose that they had been thus produced, Arago thinks would involve us in a venturesome assumption that the flashes—hunting in couples, as the two-fluid theory requires—had alighted in pairs on different occasions upon the same piece of metal with the same inclination, though coming in opposite directions. Or if, adopting the single-fluid hypothesis, we should hold that not nine but eighteen discharges were necessary to riddle this mysterious weathercock, then we must be prepared to believe that a small object, placed equidistant between Sebastopol and the late besieging lines, would be found with nine Russian holes, all piercing it in parallel routes, and with exactly nine contrary burrs, exhibiting a corresponding inclination, but equitably produced by the allied balls. Such compound coincidences are scarcely to be presumed, though, as will be afterwards seen, lightning does sometimes repeat its strokes in a singular manner, as if bent upon copying its previous performances to the very letter. We would not wish to speak disrespectfully of the skill of the Thundering Jove, but we humbly doubt whether, practised as he is in this flaming archery, he could have hit the weathercock of Cremona eighteen times running, under conditions such as the circumstances seem to prescribe.

If the apertures thus made in bodies may be said to indicate the *breadth* of the lightning when it strikes—to afford a kind of cross section of the meteor—there are occasions when it stamps its form in the soil, so as to leave longitudinal evidence (if we may so speak) of its transit. Fulgurites are tubes which the lightning constructs when it falls upon a siliceous spot, by fusing the sand. They show us how the electric fluid comports itself when

it reaches the ground. They may be called casts of thunder-bolts. Some of the finest samples were discovered in hillocks of sand, near Drigg, in Cumberland. They consist of hollow tubes, with a diameter varying from one fiftieth of an inch to upwards of two inches, and frequently tapering as they descend, until their extremities are reduced to a mere point. At first there may be a single tube only; but at some little depth beneath the surface, this will, perhaps, separate into two or three branches, and these, again, sometimes throw off twigs a few inches in length, so that, taken as a whole, the thunder-sheath appears something like the skeleton of an inverted tree. The entire extent of the tubes may amount to as much as thirty feet, but usually they break up into short pieces of less than six inches in length. Internally, they are lined with glass, as smooth and perfect as if it had been manufactured in a glass-house. Outwardly, they are composed of grains of quartz or sand, exhibiting decided traces of fusion, and glued together so as to form a rind or crust, which has been compared to the bark on the stump of an old birch tree. The appearance of the tube, however, will be determined by the nature of the soil in which it is formed, being nearly white where the sand is extremely pure.

When these singular productions were first examined, they afforded fine themes for speculation to ingenious minds. Some supposed them to be stalactites; others the stony sheaths of roots which had decayed; and others again imagined that they might be the cells of ancient worms; but the modern, and still more the moveable nature of the hillocks in which fulgurites were discovered, dispelled these conjectures, and most people now treat them as the scabbards of spent thunder-bolts. Nature, indeed, as Arago intimates, has been caught in the act of fabricating them. In 1823, the electric fluid struck a birch tree near the village of Rauschen, on the shores of the Baltic. Two holes were immediately observed, one of which, notwithstanding the falling rain, was still hot. They were examined by Professor Hagen, and found to be true fulgurites. Further, these interesting creations have been mimicked in the laboratory by means of artificial electricity. Sand has been operated upon in such a way as to show that it is capable of answering the ap-



pearances presented by the genuine lightning tube, and bolts discharged from ordinary batteries have moulded powdered glass into imitative fulgurites.

From what has already been stated, the power of fusing substances—another prominent property of lightning—will be readily inferred. Rocks have been scathed, and their surfaces vitrified by this terrible meteor. Metals have been reduced to fluids when its furious march was interrupted by refractory objects. An American packet, the *New York*, was attacked by a storm on her passage to England, in April, 1827. Several links of an iron chain were melted, and, descending in glowing drops upon the deck, set fire to everything they touched: part of the chain is even said to have burnt 'like a taper.' Connected with this power of fusion there is one circumstance which has excited much curiosity. If certain narratives are to be implicitly received, it would seem that lightning can develop sufficient heat to liquefy metallic bodies, without damaging or even singeing the more fragile materials with which they may happen to be associated. Aristotle says that copper has been melted off a shield without the wood being injured. Seneca affirms that money has been fused in a purse without burning the latter; and that a scabbard may be left unhurt though the implement of valor within is reduced to a fluid by the lightning flash. To explain this incongruous behavior, Franklin temporarily adopted a supposition which was just as incongruous in itself. He concluded that electricity might sever the particles of metals in such a way as to render them liquid, without producing any sensible manifestations of heat. Hence the process was designated *cold fusion*. This was certainly blowing hot and cold with a vengeance; but then the difficulties of the case might well have excused a wilder surmise than that of the American Prometheus. Lightning is unquestionably a most capricious meteor, and the pranks it plays are sometimes perfectly inexplicable. A man in Cornwall was once struck by a bolt, which burnt the sleeve of his shirt, and also of his coat *to tinder*, without frizzling or even damaging the outside of the coat at all. Balls of electrical matter, capable of firing combustible objects, or melting metals like wax, have been seen to issue from the sea, or to drop into sheets of water, without producing any hissing

sound, or occasioning any symptoms of ebullition. So, artificially, sparks which will ignite inflammable substances may be drawn from an icicle. But it is clear that when lightning fuses metals, it does so by augmenting their temperature, for where bell-wires, as frequently happens, have been destroyed by the electric fluid, the wall is found blackened by the process, and the floor is sometimes dimpled with the globules which have burnt themselves into the wood. "We saw it rain fire in the room," said a servant who had seen a wire thus dissipated by a lightning-stroke in a house at Southwark. Instead, therefore, of resorting to so enigmatical an explanation as the cold fusion of Franklin, it may be more natural to assume, that where liquefaction takes place without injuring susceptible substances in the immediate vicinity, the melting of the metal must be extremely superficial. Done in an instant, and limited to a thin layer of the body, the heat produced by the stroke will be discharged before any further act of incendiarism can be performed.

These are a few scanty examples of the mechanical effects of lightning. It works chemically as well. It has the power of developing a peculiar odor, which some have compared to that of phosphorus, others to nitrous gas, but most observers to the fumes of burning sulphur. Even in the open air this emanation has sometimes proved almost intolerable. Wafer mentions a storm on the Isthmus of Darien, which diffused such a sulphureous stench throughout the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarcely draw their breath, particularly when the party plunged into the woods. And on another occasion, when, to use his expressive language, it seemed as if "heaven and earth were coming together," and every minute was marked by a terrible clap of thunder, the perfume attained such diabolical pungency that the men expected to be suffocated. In the year 1749, the British ship *Montague* was struck by globular lightning, which left such a Satanic savor behind it that the "vessel seemed nothing but sulphur." This odor has been known to cling to a place for several hours together. "Both kitchen and chamber," says the reporter of a Norwich storm about a century old, "smelt as strong of sulphur for some hours after as if fumigated with brimstone matches." Persons

struck by lightning have been said to retain a strong taste of sulphur in their mouths and throats for several days after the assault. Nor does the electric fluid on these occasions always play on the olfactories alone; it sometimes raises a thick vapor, which appeals just as inconveniently to the eye as its fragrance does to the nose. Stricken ships have been filled with an exhalation of such opacity that it was impossible to perceive any object through it. And in 1819, a church at Châteauneuf les Moustiers (Basses Alpes), after receiving a bolt, was pervaded by a dense smoke, through which the people groped their way as if enveloped in Egyptian night.

Various causes have been assigned for this unsavory phenomenon. Schönbein ascribes it to the formation of ozone by the electrical decomposition of the air. Faraday has attributed it to the production of nitrous acid. De la Rive, with many more, is of opinion that the lightning sweeps along with it various particles which may be floating in the atmosphere, and heats or affects them, so as to produce impressions of smell. Others have referred in triumph to a feal ball, nearly an inch in diameter, and consisting principally of sulphur, which was deposited in a meadow in the Isle of Wight (1793), after a night of almost incessant thunder and lightning. The sources, however, of this peculiar odor, are still too subtle to admit of any positive explanation; but the lingering scent which a bolt sometimes leaves behind it shows that its aroma, whatever it may be, is widely and pertinaciously diffused.

That lightning may produce chemical modifications in the atmosphere, Cavendish's well-known experiment has sufficiently shown. By transmitting electric sparks through a quantity of air confined in a glass globe, this old philosopher developed the red fumes of nitrous acid gas. But what is the discharge of a puny battery to the fierce flashes which are ploughing their way continually through the atmosphere in a storm? Have these no chemical operation? We are aware that Liebig's analyses have been modified by subsequent researches; but it is a striking circumstance that, having collected seventy-seven samples of rain-water, seventeen which had fallen during thunder-storms were found to contain nitric acid in greater or smaller quantities,

whilst the remaining sixty, drawn from the clouds in times of peace, exhibited no traces of this virulent liquid, except in two instances, and then so scantily that its presence was scarcely worthy of remark. Arago intimates that further investigation on this point may possibly lead to some inferences respecting the "supply of those natural deposits of nitre, the existence of which in certain localities where no animal matter was to be found, has been so difficult to explain." There would be something particularly curious, he adds, "in showing that lightning, or thunderbolts, prepare or elaborate in the upper regions of the atmosphere the principal element of that other thunder-bolt (gunpowder) of which men make such prodigious use for mutual destruction."

Lightning can also produce magnetic effects, as common electricity is well known to do. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks, and other cutlery, was once struck in the house of a tradesman at Wakefield, and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance: "he had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers, and knife, from the nails, needles, and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench." The poor fellow, who was of course no philosopher, was compelled to relinquish the use of his bewitched implements. Sometimes the consequences of these irruptions of magnetism are very provoking. If lightning gets into a clock or chronometer, it will impregnate the works with this mysterious principle in such a way as to vitiate their operations completely. Still more dangerous is the power which thunderbolts possess of altering, or even destroying, magnetism where it already exists. Nearly two centuries ago, a couple of English ships were sailing from London to Barbadoes. On the voyage a flash of lightning fell upon one of the vessels, but inflicted no damage on the other. Suddenly the captain of the suffering ship was observed to alter his course, and turn his prow, as if making for England again. His consort inquired the reason, but found that the whole crew were still proceeding to Barbadoes, as they firmly believed! A careful inspection of the compasses proved that the poles had been completely reversed by the light-

ning. Had this event happened to a solitary ship, what would the captain have thought when the shores of the Old World rose up before him, whilst engaged in a fruitless search for those of the New? Arago himself was acquainted with a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning amongst the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north when he was really driving towards the contrary quarter of the globe.

Many other effects have been attributed to electrical commotions, but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are known to pour out copious streams even in times of drought, when Jupiter *mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ fulmina molitur dextrâ*. Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up columns of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills, or from fissures in the soil. Franklin even supposed that, as a shock from a mere jar will make a person start, so the discharge inflicted on "many miles' compass of solid earth must needs be an earthquake."

Again, silent lightnings are alleged to break off the ears of corn when ripe. Bark which has been stripped from oaks with difficulty under ordinary circumstances, has been said to peel from the trunk spontaneously during a tempest. Divers small charges are often brought against the Thundering Jove. Says the dairyman, you have curdled my milk! And soured my beer! continues the brewer. And turned my fermented liquors! chimes in the publican. And tainted my fresh meat! cries out the irritated butcher at the close of a storm. For these accusations, however—whimsical as they may seem—it would be difficult to say that there was no foundation, when we remember that nitric acid is formed in troublous times; that the electric fluid develops a peculiar and inexplicable effluvia, and that the loosing of the lightnings must inevitably produce some effect upon the air and the substances it may hold in suspension. Many wonderful stories, also, are told of the physiological effects of thunderbolts.

One man was unable to digest for a fortnight after the attack. Another lost his hair, the lightning having polled him effectually. Three hundred persons in Charlestown Prison were smitten by a flash and robbed of much of their muscular strength. At the same time cures are also said to have been performed. Gouty men have been enabled to walk freely. Epileptic persons have been healed. Amaurosis has been removed. Rheumatism has been dispelled by a flash. Paralytics have obtained the use of their limbs after a shock, and even grown fat and healthy upon the strength of a lightning-stroke! But we dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt a thunderbolt in the hope of experiencing its curative powers.

The mischievous propensities of lightning have, of course, compelled mankind to inquire whether something may not be done to avert or disarm this devastating meteor. Here is a ship, with a valuable cargo and a numerous crew, suddenly struck by a bolt, and sunk in the open sea, without leaving a soul to tell how its inmates died battling with fire within and water without. Here, again, is a church, whose towering steeple has drawn down the angry matter from above, and sent it like a discharge of artillery through a crowded company of worshippers. And yonder, perhaps, there is a powder magazine, containing, as was the case with one at Brescia, upwards of one hundred tons of explosive material, which is fired in an instant, overthrowing one sixth part of the town, and destroying three thousand lives at a stroke.

It is only in recent times that the true philosophy of protection has been understood. Superstition, however, had something to say, though science might be silent. To the Romans she whispered, "Try seal-skin, and you will be safe in the wildest storm." Accordingly, tents were frequently constructed of this substance for the benefit of those who had weak nerves but strong credulity. Augustus himself took care to keep a seal-skin cloak in his wardrobe; but when practicable, hid his imperial body in a cave or vault whilst a storm was raging. His successor, Tiberius, mounted a crown of laurel when a tempest was impending, under the notion that the leaves of this tree would keep the lightning at bay—a sage provision

which would be rivalled in efficacy were a man to wear a padded nightcap in a siege like that of Sebastopol under the belief that it would render him perfectly bomb-proof. The Emperors of Japan were said by Kœmpfer to repair in thunderous times to a grotto hewn out under a cistern of water, where it was expected the celestial bolts would be quenched. It is still a common opinion that beds are places of safety. Lightning has been known to injure them, whilst it has respected its occupants; but, on the other hand, there have been several instances in which it has struck its victims there as mercilessly as on the open floor. In modern times, too, people have tried to dissipate storms by various expedients. According to Arago, the firing of cannon has been extensively practised with this view by agriculturists in France. The Marquis de Chevriers was accustomed to fight a tempest by discharging ordnance, in doing which he consumed two or three hundred weight of powder per annum. Many communes kept mortars on purpose. Ridiculous as we should deem it were British farmers to arm their premises with artillery, and to run to their guns as soon as a thunder-cloud appeared, we must remember that the south of France suffers heavily from hail-storms;\* and military men had led the public to believe that hail was unknown in beleaguered towns. There is proof, however, that places which are laboring under a severe cannonade are by no means exempt from electrical attacks; and Arago found that artillery practice in the Bois de Vincennes produced no effect upon the meteorological register, except that it appeared, if anything, to increase, instead of dispersing, ordinary clouds. Another plan for disarming excited vapors may have a more philosophical foundation, if it is considered that wreaths of smoke rising into the air may serve to a certain extent as conductors of the fluid. There is a parish in Romagna where the inhabitants place heaps of straw and brushwood at distances of about fifty feet, and set them on fire when a tempest is at hand. During the three years of which Arago possessed any information, this district had never suffered from hail or thunder-storms—till then

old enemies—whilst the unprotected villages in the neighborhood had been mauled in the usual fashion. We should like to receive further intelligence from this bolt-proof parish.

Fortunately, science has at length taught us how Jove's darts may be blunted; and if men were all wise and wealthy, a city might be so guarded that though the Thunderer were to empty his arsenal upon it, his shafts might fall as harmlessly as straws. The principle adopted is not that of repelling the enemy. If lightning is prepared to strike, it is idle to think of deterring it from the descent. Ajax might just as well have thrust up his shield, or the "unprotected female" unfurled her umbrella, to intercept the flash. Yet, strange to say, it was once the practice to fasten a puny glass ball to the top of masts and lighthouses for the purpose of repelling thunder-strokes; and the vane rod of Christ Church, Doncaster, was tipped with one of these helpless articles, until a bolt fell and shattered half the spire. On the contrary, it is now found to be the safest policy to treat with the enemy, and to receive his advances courteously, in order to deprive them of their virulence. Let him be provided with an easy route, and he may be prevailed upon to make a mild journey from the skies instead of darting explosively to the earth. Eccentric as lightning may appear in its movements, there are some circumstances under which its proceedings are reported to have been marked by singular uniformity, when a definite series of conducting stepping-stones was presented. In 1763 the electric fluid fell upon the steeple of a church at Antrasme, near Laval. In its course to the ground it blackened the gilding of some pictures and decorations; then it partially fused two small pewter cups (employed in the mass) which were standing upon the top of a closet; and afterwards it pierced two small holes in a credence-table, executing this last little operation in the most workmanlike fashion imaginable. Next year, another storm burst upon Antrasme, in the same month, and nearly on the same day. The gilding, meanwhile, had been restored, the paintings retouched, and the two holes stopped with plugs. The lightning took the same route, apparently, to a hair. It damaged the same gildings, blackening them where formerly blackened, and scorching them where formerly scorched; it attacked the

\* One storm alone, on the 13th July, 1788, devastated 1039 communes, inflicting damage which was officially assessed at 26,000,000 francs.



identical pewter flasks, and left its fiery signature upon them as before; and what was still more striking, it drove out the plugs which had been inserted in the two holes, and took its departure by the same channel as at first. This account was communicated to the Abbé Nollet in July, 1764, so that we are unable to say whether the place was subject to a yearly visit from the meteor, or whether the same operations were repeated on every anniversary. Here, too, as in the case of the Romagnese parish, a little information from the oldest inhabitant would be highly acceptable.

Further, it was observed whenever damage had been done by lightning, and philosophical inquest was held over the catastrophe, that the electric fluid uniformly seized upon metals, if it could find them, in order to facilitate its progress to the earth. It has been known to burst through a wall, making a large breach in the masonry, with the view of moving along a gun-barrel which was accidentally leaning against the other side. It has sometimes found out masses of metal buried in stonework, and employed them, as far as they would serve, to promote its impetuous rush. Its shrewdness in this respect is marvellous, and many curious illustrations might be given of the adroitness with which it detects and unearths its favorite material. When, therefore, the power which metals possess of conducting electricity harmlessly was understood, and when Franklin, in America, and D'Alibard, Buffon, Romas, and others, in Europe, had shown how lightning might be dragged down from the heavens, and even bottled in Leyden phials, the true plan of training this formidable meteor was propounded.

A plain copper rod, with its top peering above the roof of a house, and its other extremity sunk in the ground, may seem to be a very simple contrivance; but the philosophy embodied in this apparatus is the result of much thought and protracted discussion. This will be understood if we refer for a moment to the deliberations of a storm-cloud when hovering over a spot and preparing to discharge a bolt to the earth. A question of considerable complexity must first be settled. *Imprius*, it must determine which is the loftiest point at its disposal; and this, in cases where the cloud is of great extent and the objects beneath it are numerous and of pretty equal altitude, as in the

spires and chimneys of a city or the trees of a forest, must render the work of selection a task of some nicety. In the next place, the decision on this head must be controlled by the inquiry whether the object to be favored is the best, or the least interrupted, conductor at hand; for if a more perfect one should offer its services, then the electricity must weigh the advantages of an easier path against the claims of more elevated objects, and, after coming to a fair conclusion, must act according to the equities of the case. But, thirdly, it must also take into account whether the route selected will upon the whole prove the briefest as well as the best. Hence, therefore (without alluding to other important points), it will be seen that there is much matter for meditation; and if a cloud had to stand balancing the inducements here and the impediments there—the advantages of this route and the difficulties of that—we might expect it to consume a week in making up its mind where to strike. The electricity must, in fact, feel its way in advance, and absolutely mark out the course it is about to take before the explosion occurs. The entire route of the lightning, as Sir W. Snow Harris observes, is not left to accident, but is already “fixed and settled before the discharge takes place.”

But though these and other perplexing questions are all solved in an instant, and with unerring sagacity, by the fiery bolt, yet it has cost men a prodigious amount of controversy to decide on the precise merits of the thunder-rod. What reader will not recall, for instance, the charming fray which arose about the superiority of pointed to knobbed conductors? Rarely has science been concerned in a more diverting fracas. What fun Butler would have made of our electricians, as he did of their predecessors of the Royal Society in his *Elephant in the Moon*! What savage wipes Swift would have given them had they existed when his Academy of Lagado was invented. Indeed, except for the gravity of the interests involved in lightning-conductors, the dispute respecting points and knobs might be supposed to be prophetically satirized in the Lilliputian controversy between the ‘Big-Endians’ and the ‘Little-Endians.’ Franklin, as is well known, maintained that rods with sharp extremities were the correct thing. Some of our British savans stoutly affirmed that they must be rounded at the top to insure our

habitations against *tela fabricata manibus Cyclopum*. The fray assumed a political significance. Franklin was [an American, and America had revolted! His Majesty George III. entered into the controversy with his usual blundering patriotism. He who gloried in being the last man in his dominions to yield to rebel pretensions, was the last man to submit to rebel philosophy. As the struggle between the rival electricians grew furious, his Majesty watched it with considerable anxiety. He waited its issue as he might have done the result of the famous naval duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. The memorable little anecdote which is related touching the royal pertinacity, carries with it such a stinging moral, that it ought never to be forgotten either by kings or philosophers. Alluding to this controversy, his Majesty told Sir John Pringle, the President of the Royal Society, that the English electricians must not "let those rascally Americans beat them." "Please, sire," said Sir John, who had himself voted in favor of points, "we cannot alter the laws of nature." King George, however, was not the man to give in to nature if she sided with his alienated subjects. The palace of St. James had been fitted up with sharpened rods at a time when their revolutionary tendencies were unperceived. In his contempt for the Franklinian philosophy, his Majesty ordered them to be removed, and resolved to brave all risks by crowning the building with rounded conductors! Had he lived in a country where a bit of tyranny might have been safely practised, who knows but that he would have issued an edict prohibiting points, and ordering his subjects, as a test of their loyalty, to peril themselves by erecting knobs? We are almost disposed to believe that when the dispute was at its height his Majesty would have allowed his kingdom to be blistered with thunderbolts from end to end, rather than have succumbed to the science of the insurgents.

Prejudices of a different stamp have frequently been displayed in reference to these safety-rods. Frederick the Great allowed them to be affixed to his barracks, arsenals, and powder magazines, but nothing could induce him to employ them at his palace of Sans Souci. At Sienna, the citizens were thrown into a state of consternation when their cathedral, which had been repeatedly smitten,

was armed with one of these contrivances. The act was held impious, and the rod was denounced as a "heretic rod." Fortunately, a thunder-storm of sufficient severity to brush up the memory of the oldest inhabitant soon afterwards occurred: a flash struck the tower, but instead of doing damage, in imitation of its predecessors, it was conveyed away so harmlessly that the orthodoxy of the scheme was completely established, and the rod was received into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church.

The object, then, of a conductor is to provide a route for the lightning, in traversing which it will meet with the least possible resistance. It should be elevated above the building to be protected, in order that it may avert, as far as practicable, a descent upon any other portion of the edifice. It should be a good transmitter of electricity, and for this purpose copper is the most eligible of metals. It should be of sufficient diameter to carry a good cargo of lightning without melting under its fiery load; and Sir W. Snow Harris is of opinion that a rod three quarters of an inch in diameter would withstand the heating effect of any discharge which has yet come within the experience of mankind. It should also be continuous, for it must be remembered that whilst brazen walls are perfectly porous to the electric fluid, space is a barricade which it can only pass by violent means, and non-conducting objects are barriers which must be dislodged by a furious explosion. Spite, too, of his Majesty George III., the rod must terminate in a point, in order that it may begin to "drain off" the electricity from a cloud (to the extent of its ability) as soon as a charged mass of vapor comes within hail of the apparatus; for when a slight break is made in the conductor—and a very slight one it must be—a stream of sparks will be seen to flash across the interval for hours together, if the storm-clouds continue to pass along. Rods, indeed, are really sewers for the lightning, as much as spouts are channels for the rain; and though, of course, it cannot be pretended that a tempest capable of shrouding the whole of Yorkshire would be subdued as it approached from the ocean by a few conductors stationed on the east coast, yet these would certainly deliver the West Riding from many a bolt, and if sufficiently numerous would disarm the

vapor of its virulence before it could get amongst the clothiers and wool-merchants of that district. In fact, clouds have been tapped of their electrical contents, as was done by Dr. Lining and M. Charles; and Arago suggests, that if captive balloons, furnished with wires, were sent up to attack the enemy in his own native skies, it would be possible to dissipate "the most violent thunder-storms," and to preserve the vine districts from the terrible ravages which hail inflicts.

For full practical directions, however, respecting the construction of thunder-rods, we must refer the reader to the pages of Sir W. Snow Harris, to whose skilful labors in this particular the navy of our country is immensely indebted. It is enough to say that whatever discrepancies of opinion exist on minor points of detail, the general efficacy of conductors has been signally and repeatedly demonstrated. Vessels without rods have been struck and damaged, whilst others properly supplied have escaped in the same harbor. Ships duly armed have been hit without sustaining the slightest injury. Buildings once subject to periodical attacks now bid defiance to the fiercest flashes and to the surliest rumblings of the storm. A curious calculation made by Arago will show that this simple im-

plement is one of the most beneficent gifts which science has proffered to man. Referring to the conductors erected by Beccaria on the Valentino palace at Turin, he concludes from the number of sparks darting across certain gaps in the apparatus, that each rod transmitted a quantity of fulminating material capable of killing 360 men in an hour! There being seven points on the roof, he inferred that this one edifice took from the clouds in the short space of sixty minutes as much lightning as would have sufficed to kill upwards of 3000 persons. Conjectural as this estimate must be, Mr. Crosse's observations on the torrents of electricity poured from a mere fog, when no tempest was on foot, afforded no mean corroboration. All honor, then, to the invention which can shield the gallant ship at sea, and the stately building on shore with equal effect from the deadly bolt—which can guide the hissing shaft from the sky and bury it deep in the soil a powerless and extinguished thing—which can strip the burdened cloud of its perilous freight and carry its lightnings in silent and unseen streams to the earth—and which, plucking the fiery sting from the spirit of the storm, can leave it to pursue its course muttering a few empty menaces, or dissipating its wrath in harmless fulminations.

---

From Dickens' Household Words.

## BOND AND FREE.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

UNDER the murmuring limes of Trinity, in the radiant May term, two students, Gray and Persey, walked, now backward and forward; now beneath the fragrant avenue; now on the path that fringes the stream from Cam. The evening was as warm as July; the sky-colors which

tinged tree and turret, seemed a fit herald for midsummer. Over the old town the never-failing music of its bells clashed cheerily; from the earth-shaking peal of St. Mary's to the tinkle of the College Chapel, that was calling the white-robed students, sitting ghostlike, under corridor and arch, to prayer. Upon the water lingered yet a fairy fleet; and the light dip

of the feathered oar, full on the open stream, sharp under the little bridge, touched the ear pleasantly and dreamily.

"How can you talk so mournfully, my dear fellow?" said Gray, "amidst these beautiful sounds and sights? I do believe if you were amongst the blest you would find something to make a grievance of. Your voice sounds discordant."

"Ah! Gray," returned the other, "as for the glory and the beauty, it is glory and beauty I bewail. That is the pity of it. How cruel that this gate of life should be made so fine, but that when we have passed through it, behold for us—who have an experience of dreamland—nothing but the pitiless world. I have youth, I have health. I have money here. I have dear friends—you, Gray, the chief—and there is not a single duty in this college life which can be called distasteful."

"Morning chapel?" suggested Gray.

"I have taken as high places in the examination as I expected."

"Well, then, what is the matter? What in the Fiend's name, are you coming to?"

"This, man: that it must all end, and I know not how soon. How can I enjoy the noontide, when perhaps I may never see another sun? If Sir William withdrew his protection, I should be a beggar to-morrow."

"Indeed? But I knew one once who reminds me of you very strongly. He was a prudent youth who never would touch pudding in vacation time for fear he should miss it when he got back to school: and I remember he died (and serve him right) the very last day of our Christmas holidays. Think of the good things that poor boy must have lost for a whole six weeks; and take warning. Seriously, what right have you to be discontented? Compare your fate with mine; and reap a horrid joy. I have no rich patron to help me even for a little time; and, though I be a scholar, a fellowship is too wide a leap for me. Old Doctor Wild is my poet, and has sung my song before:

"In a melancholy study,  
None but myself,  
Methought my muse grew muddy;  
After seven years' reading  
And costly breeding,  
I felt but could find no pelf.  
Into learned rags I've rent my plush and satin,  
And now am fit to beg in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;

Instead of Aristotle would I had got a patten;  
Alas! poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

'Cambridge, now I must leave thee,  
And follow fate;  
College hopes do deceive me;  
I oft expected  
To have been elected,  
But desert is reprobate.

Masters of colleges have no common graces,  
And they that have fellowships have but common places;  
And those that scholars are, they must have handsome faces.  
Alas! poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?"

"Nay, my good friend Leonard," said the other,

"I have hit it:  
Peace, good man, fool;  
Thou hast a trade will fit it;  
Draw thy indenture,  
Be found at adventure,  
An apprentice to a free school;  
There thou mayest command,  
By William Lily's charter,  
There thou mayst whip, strip,  
And hang and draw and quarter,  
And commit to the red rod  
Both Will, and Tom and Arthur;  
Ay, ay! 'tis thither, thither wilt thou go?"

"I should never have given you, Persey, credit for knowing that old song; I'll wager there's no other Trinity man who does. But you're right, I must take to tutoring."

"I wish, for my own part," said Persey, mournfully, "that I had never left it."

"You a tutor? Why, what do you mean, Brook?"

"Sit down on the sloping grass here under cover of the bridge, and I'll tell you a tale, my friend, which will astonish you:

"Where I was born I cannot accurately state, but it must have been some nineteen years ago, or by'r Lady, inclining to a score. My parents—Heaven forgive me for so speaking of the authors of my being—interested themselves about me to the extent of ringing the gate-bell of a certain workhouse in Hampshire, and leaving me outside with an insufficient provision of flannel. In that stately and well-swept mansion I spent my earliest years: my dress was of a similar color to this present Trinity gown, but of a coarser material."

"What happened to you at the workhouse?"



"My skin was kept very clean and my hair cut remarkably close, but otherwise I had little to complain of. There is no bullying to speak of among your workhouse brats—nothing like your public school despotisms, for instance—but there is also no play. For my part, I liked the school-hours as well as any of my time there, except perhaps when I was in the old men's ward. When I could get in there upon the sly, and listen to their stories of the great world without, I suppose I was as happy as I then could be. I had to skim across a little paved court like a swallow, in order to escape the eyes of the master and his wife, who seemed to be always watching out of the four windows of their sitting-room at once. If caught, I was shut up and kept on bread and water; if otherwise, I was well repaid for all risks. Imagine a little unfurnished dusky bed-room, smelling of old men and bad tobacco, being a sort of Paradise to me! Each upon the edge of his truckle-bed, sat smoking, blear-eyed, misshapen, toothless. The oldest man's constant topic of conversation was the American war; he was a church-and-king man of very obstinate character, and defended the most despotic and illegal acts. He had been a soldier, and had received a terrible wound (on Bunker's Hill, I think). He was intensely proud of the scar which he constantly displayed to the minister, or whomsoever else might visit him. I don't remember his name, and indeed I doubt whether he remembered it at that time himself; but we called him Crutchy, because he walked with a couple of sticks. Biller, who was the next oldest man, was leader of the opposition, and a red-hot radical. He had been imprisoned, when already in years, for his republican principles at the Peterbro' period; and the way in which he disposed of the king and the lords and the bishops beat Tinkler at the Cambridge Union. He would look round furtively; make sure there was no spy in the camp; hobble to the door to see the master was not outside even; and then, in reply to some aggravating statement of Crutchy's, would assert in a loud whisper that those three dignified classes were "a pack of rogues as ever was." These contests were immensely interesting to me; and I confess I sided with the fiery Biller. Crutchy sat alone, with a certain dignity, like one of the early gods, lamenting the new order of things upon

the earth. If anybody woke him upon a sudden to ask him any question, no matter what, he would reply without hesitation, "They should send out a fleet, sir;" which, as was generally understood, was a plan of his for the recovery of the American colonies.

"Next to this parliament, as I said, I liked my school-times. At eight years old I was a great scholar, and the pedagogue's favorite. He mentioned me to the parson, and his reverence was as pleased with me as he; the parson's wife, too, Mrs. Parmer, fell in love with my eyes, and my hair that would have curled if the relentless shears of workhouse destiny had permitted it; and after some consultation with the squire, Sir William Persey, I was removed to a higher sphere—the village-school. My workhouse name was Edward Brooke; but here I got all sorts of nick-names expressive of my pauperism. I was the social footstool upon which they mounted with a complacent satisfaction, surprised to find themselves so high: poor simple rogues, if they had only known what was likely to befall me, they would have treated me well enough, as my master did. I was going to say that he perceived I was a protégé, and played his cards accordingly; but you will think that I am too bitter upon all these good folks. Well, then, he was a benevolent person, erring on the side of kindness, if at all, and he gave my patron such astonishing accounts of my progress. He even taught me privately, and made believe I had learnt all in school-hours. Young ladies who came to teach us on Sundays, were enraptured with the way in which I disposed of the kings of Judah; the rector dared not ask me a question in arithmetic for his own credit; and, crowning success! Sir William himself came down to the school in the twelfth year of my age, and presented me with a Euclid and a pat on the head. How my master worked me at that distressing volume! I wished myself a hundred times back at the workhouse with Crutchy and Biller; for, although I was a sharp boy, I was not a miracle, and stuck at the asses' bridge as long as any Etonian. Nevertheless, when the great man next visited us, I bore his kindly but searching examination in the earlier books, with great steadiness and success.

Then it was that I became pedagogue. I was made monitor over the other boys,

and assured that my advancement would not cease there if I continued as I began. I had now plenty of spare time, and read hard at all sorts of subjects. The master could assist me with Latin; but Greek I had to get up by myself in a mournful manner; nor did I learn for a length of time even how to pronounce the words. Mr. Parmer and Sir William were once disputing about a passage in Virgil, in the school-room, as to whether a certain word was *longus* or *latus*; the baronet was of the former opinion, and I was fortunate enough to be able to corroborate him; but "nevertheless, sir," said I to the parson, "it's as broad as it's long;" a most courtier-like reply, which, in a few days, bore ample fruit. Good Mr. Parmer came one morning to prepare me for a great preferment. He wished me well, he said, and had himself agreed with the squire upon my merits and their reward. "I know Sir William well; perhaps better than any other man. When he takes a liking there is no knowing what length he will not go, to serve its object. I consider," he finished, "if you only take ordinary pains to please him, your fortune's made."

"The next day I was sent for to Hilton Hall; I had hitherto only seen its turrets above the mighty elms from the upper windows of the workhouse; its owner himself I had seen rarely, for he went but little abroad, had grown—on account of having lost a beautiful wife years ago, it was said—almost a recluse. He took but little interest even in his broad lands and glorious home, and I noticed, as I pushed open the Lodge-gates—for the keeper, seeing whom I was, did not trouble himself to help me—how rusty were the hinges, and that the leaves in the great avenue were lying where the last night's winds had left them; the mansion was on very high ground, and as I emerged from the elm-tree drive, on the sweep before the door, I saw half Hampshire lying beneath me. There was much pasture set with oaks, and undulating gently to the level corn-lands; on each side were enormous woods, on which the fiery finger of autumn had been laid; and on the right more upland; a tower or steeple stood here and there, and one white windmill. Upon the horizon gleamed a silvery line, which I had never seen before; it was the sea. I ascended the great stone steps, —why I did not enter at the back-door I

have no notion—and pulled the quaint bell-handle not too gently. I felt envious and somehow aggrieved; not to have even known of such sights as these before, and yet to have been within a mile of them my life long, seemed very strange. I was ushered into the library, and found Sir William at his desk, over a parchment. A stained-glass window threw a flood of colored light about his pallid forehead, and surrounded as he was with such un-~~car-~~el-for pomp, and matter-of-course magnificence, it was no wonder, perhaps, that he seemed to me almost a superior being.

"Mr. Brooke," he said, and it was the first time that the workhouse boy had ever been dignified by such a title,—“I like your manners, I like your appearance, and I perceive you have considerable talent. Do you think you should be pleased to reside in my house here, and pursue your studies under a fitting tutor? You will find me a kind and good-natured person, and—” he seemed to be weighing words here—and a powerful friend; but you must take care not to cross me.”

“I was fourteen years old, Gray, and the honest bread of labor looked coarse and unpalatable beside the cake and wine of dependence. I murmured, ‘Yes, Sir William,’ with gratitude.

“‘Come nearer,’ said the Baronet, and I approached until I could perceive the object of his studies; it was a fantastic sort of tree of great height and many branches, from which hung pendulous medals, with names and dates upon them.

“‘Do you know what these are, boy?’

“‘Kings,’ I said; thinking of my table of the kings of Judah.

“‘Not far out,’ he said; he pointed to his own name hanging alone; ‘I am the last, you see, boy, of all the Perseys; the rotting branch that shall never put forth a leaf.’

“Although of course entirely unable to appreciate the pride of ancestry, I gazed upon him with an unaffected pity, and he perceived it.

“‘You, parish workhouse boy,’ said he, as if annoyed, ‘would you not change places with me to-morrow, if you could, for all this and more?’

“‘No, indeed, sir,’ I replied, naïvely, ‘you are too old.’

“I knew that I had spoken ill the moment after, and crimsoned to the forehead; but, with calmness and no trace of displeasure, he said: ‘Right, boy, right.’

He then added: 'Who is your father, sir? Brooke, Brooke, I remember no such name in these parts.'

" 'I never had one,' I said, mournfully.

" 'Nor I a son,' answered he, in the same tone. Then, after a pause, he said: 'We will fill, henceforth, those places for one another,' and, kissing my brow, bade me go home, and make my preparations for removal.

"So little a box that I could carry it on my shoulders, contained all my scanty stock of books and clothes; and, with this, I left the schoolmaster's cottage—where I had boarded for nearly six years—for the house of my adopted father.

"The tumult that occurred in the village was very great; and its circling eddies extended, with diminished force, over all the country round. The most popular opinions on the subject were, firstly, that Sir William had gone mad; secondly, that a designing boy, of the name of Brooke, had flattered him into adopting him; and thirdly, that the baronet had taken the tardy step of acknowledging an illegitimate offspring of his own.

"My own belief is, that the promise of adoption was a mere momentary impulse of my patron, and that he had intended nothing further, when he sent for me, than to give me a good education. His natural generosity, aided by some vanity, perhaps, had urged him to do this; and afterwards, the opposition of distant relatives, and the obstacles to my advancement he met with on all sides, no less than his increasing partiality to myself, decided him still more positively in my favor. He was the most self-willed person, I should think, who ever breathed. Woe be to that man within his power, who dared to thwart him! It was with the utmost difficulty that I could save the hoary-headed butler from expulsion, for having once omitted to show me a customary mark of respect. 'The slightest want of respect to Mr. Brooke,' the baronet said to his whole retinue, 'will be visited by instant dismissal.'

"A university gentleman came to be my tutor within a week, and I settled down to my new course of life without much difficulty. I had no very gross vulgarities to get rid of; and Sir William's conversation was as good an antidote to anything of the sort, as can be conceived. He had read extensively, had travelled far, and had benefited largely by both experiences.

His talk was of that rare and courteous sort which seems to acquire information, while in reality it is imparting it; and presented a striking contrast to his stubbornness and almost savage will. I advanced readily in classics; and, from a desire to please my benefactor, worked hard at the mathematics; which I detested, and ever shall detest.

"I seldom visited the village; it had become hateful, from the unpleasant remarks and curious questions that I was sure to be there subjected to; but the park was a world wide enough for me. My patron seemed to grow better pleased with me daily—and indeed he had nothing to complain of; albeit I purchased his favor at great cost. I had no feeling towards him warmer than gratitude; and the perpetual guard I had to keep upon my speech and actions was very irksome. I could not choose but see how unjust, and even cruel he could be, when displeased; and was always in terror lest it should be my turn to excite his wrath. It is not meet, Gray—it would be painful to myself—to narrate any of the many instances of this; but you must take my word for it, and remember it, in case any quarrel should happen between Sir William and his adopted son. You look shocked at what I have already said, and think me an ingrate! If this man, then, has in truth bought over my soul to silence, as well as made me the automaton of his will, I do not think he has paid too much for it. Do I not please him? Am I not a standing boast to him; the advertisement of his virtues; the object through which his enemies delight to pierce him; the envy of my inferiors, the scorn of my equals, the pity of such as you? Is there nothing due to me? Have I not a right to have been born as self-willed—as violent—as he?"

"Certainly, my good friend," said Gray, calmly, "and as unjust, also, and as cruel!"

"You shall know what it is I have to bear. Not a year ago, when I was coming up to this college, at Sir William's wish, he said to me, of a sudden: 'Brooke, you must now take my name.' I knew this would anger his few relatives to the uttermost; that it would provoke endless misapprehension of my own position; that it would make me more his goods and chattels than ever. I said, respectfully: 'Sir, I would much rather not.' Not liking to

mention my real reasons, I mumbled something about destroying all chance of my being found by my parents. He broke forth with, 'What, sirrah, do you want to be a beggar's brat again?' He took down a walking-stick, and I half-suspected that he was going to strike me with it, in which case I should have left his house that instant, and shaken the dust from my shoes before his face; but he only pointed to the handle, which was of ivory, and very ill in keeping with the poor hazel staff. 'The top of this was once brown also, sir,' said he; 'but it did not suit my fancy. The man who made it remonstrated at my wishing it to be changed. But changed it shall be, quoth I; for I do what I will with my own; and changed it was. I wish you, too, to have a fine handle; and you will be henceforth Mr. Brooke Persey.' Nor was this the first or the last time within a score, that I have been brought to a knowledge of my precarious place. You know, then, all my history—my low beginning, my perilous height, and the unreliable reed on which I lean. The night is growing chill, Gray. Let us go in."

## CHAPTER II.

Brooke Persey was a fellow-commoner; Leonard Gray, the son of a plain yeoman, was a sizar. They had formed an acquaintance in the lecture-room, which had soon ripened into friendship; but their companions and pursuits were far different; the rich protégé kept his couple of horses and had a dinner-party at least once a week; the scholar dined in the hall, and had enough to do apparently to keep himself. He made no use of his rich friend whatever; "not through pride, be sure," said he, "but because I cannot afford to spend much time in pleasure of any sort; foot-exercise is best for me, and your wines would only incapacitate me from working; like you, Persey, I have neither father, mother, nor relative (save one dear little sister); nay, and I have a patron, too, if I chose, in my tutor; who, for all his donnish ways and personal grandeur, is as kind a man as breathes. He offered to lend me money to keep me up here, in a manner I shall not easily forget; but, having got so far without a crutch, I must make shift to finish my journey by help of my own legs."

It was the season now at Cambridge when the quaint college-gardens are filled with lovers and sisters and friends—when the gownsman evinces sudden interest in chapel and museum, and plays the Cicerone, not without the reward that he most loves—when the father comes to visit the scenes of his youth, and recognizes his former self in the complacent Freshman son—when the sister thinks she never saw such handsome youths before, and one whom she forgets to name seems to her to be the king of all.

So came Sir William Persey from his town-house; and, by the same train—in a more humble class, came Gray's little sister, Constance, from Audley End. Not that she was one hair's-breadth shorter than she ought to have been, or the least less plump; but so much round the fairy wrist, and so much round the graceful neck, and so much round the dainty, dainty waist, in the perfectest proportion that could be, as I should have liked to have proved by measurement, but she was called little from endearment, by everybody. There was a strange old person with her, who seemed to have no particular virtue beyond that of loving her and of extolling Leonard, and who must have been the orphan's foster-mother, and to see the two (after they had left their boxes at some humble lodging) in the scholar's attic was a pleasant sight. Such a charming little dinner they had, there, with audit ale—of which Constance drank one thimbleful to please her brother—and ices at dessert, which rendered the old lady speechless for some minutes, and made her observe, subsequently, to the bedmaker (with whom a confidence, founded on Leonard's excellencies, was soon established), "that they would lay cold at the pit of her stomach for days;" then the Cambridge coffee, that is equalled nowhere else, and the anchovy-toast, which is a special wonder of its own—and it is time to go to chapel. Gray's tutor takes fair Constance's rounded arm and puts her in the best seat to hear the anthem; and, not without a sigh, I hope, he thinks of his celibate state when he finds his eyes involuntarily wandering from his book to her. The two hundred young men in white surplices opposite, too, find their eyes, not at all involuntarily, doing likewise, and especially Mr. Edward Brooke Persey was smitten through and through. His patron, Sir William, sat on the



master's right hand resolving many things in his deep mind; he thought, perhaps, of the days long since when he had sat in those high seats, in youth, among the spangled gowns; delighting in the present, believing all who foretold of his brilliant future, and contrasted the past time and its prophecies with the stern reality, with his sad childlessness, and few, gray hairs; or looked beneath him upon the fine face of his adopted son, and seemed to gather comfort and almost a father's joy; perhaps, too, his heart was stirred at the sight of Constance; and the wondrous mystic music began to talk to him of the happy dead, who was once as fair as she.

While the organ was yearning its last, and the great throng was pushing to the doors, Brooke whispered: "Did you see that girl, Gray? I could scarcely keep my eyes off her all the service."

"She is my sister," answered Gray, quietly; and he took her out without introducing them.

When Brooke visited his friend's rooms the next morning, he found the door closed. This was the more deplorable because he had devoted an unusual attention to his dress. Moreover, he could hear voices discoursing through the double doors, which convinced him that his banishment was intended; he had missed the note which was then awaiting him at his own rooms:

"However ridiculous it may seem, my dear Persey, I feel it my duty, after your confession of last evening, not to suffer my sister to meet you. In our widely different positions anything serious must be out of the question; and I cannot permit her happiness to be risked by a flirtation with so gallant a cavalier."

Brooke knew at once, or thought he knew, that Leonard meant more than he wrote. Something told him that his own impatience of dependence was slight compared with Gray's abhorrence for that condition.

"It is not the workhouse, but the hall," thought Brooke, "that makes me thus unfit for Constance Gray."

Impulsive, headstrong, he had fallen madly in love with her, and made up his mind to ask Sir William that same day what he might expect of him, and know the best or worst at once and for ever.

So, when the company of high-bred youths were gone, whom Brooke had asked to meet the baronet, and the patron and

the protégé were left together alone, this talk came out of the former's question:

"Why, Brooke, did you not ask this Gray to meet me of whom you have written so much?"

"He does not mix with this set at all, sir; he is a poor man—a sizar, in short!"

"That is not well, boy! you should choose your companions a little more exclusively—you must separate."

"Sir!"

"Politely, and without injury to his feelings; but it must be done; he will be, doubtless, well content if you offer him Appleton. He is going into the church, I suppose—it is some hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the incumbent is of very great age."

Sir William yawned at the notion of such longevity, without reflecting how near seventy he was getting himself.

"You mistake my friend, sir, believe me! he would not take a shilling as a gift from me or any man; he is the most independent fellow in the world!"

"Why do you talk to me of independence?" interrupted the baronet. "You and this sizar seem to be birds of a feather; do you know why you are not a sizar? Why not a village schoolmaster? Why not—"

But despite his self-willed fury, the patron was shamed and checked by what he read in the young man's eyes.

"Why not what? Why not go on, Sir William?" said the boy in a voice in which contempt had quite overmastered prudence. "Here under my own roof, which you have bestowed upon me."

"Brooke," said the old man generously, and after a pause, "you have spoken truth; but not too respectfully. Give me your hand."

"I do, sir," the other readily replied; "but unless you comply with this request of mine, it will be to bid you farewell." He hesitated a moment, as if in doubt whether to continue his sudden passionate love, and then added: "It seems to me not unreasonable that I should ask you, who have been so munificent to me, what further favor you intend to grant: I wish to have the power of proving myself fully sensible, sir, of what I owe to you."

The transient feeling which had prompted his confession had quite passed away from the baronet's mind. He was sorry for it even, when his protégé dared thus to address him.

"What!" he broke forth, "do you wish me, then, to live in furnished lodgings, and to give up the Hall to you?"

"I want, sir, only to be permitted the choice of a profession, and, moreover, to have something guaranteed to me to reckon upon as my own."

"An ambassadorship and five thousand pounds a year for life, perhaps. You are very modest for an adopted son, upon my word. What do you say, now, to my bid of one hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

"I say, Sir William, that I should accept it with eagerness."

"Then, by Heaven, you shall have it, and not a shilling more," answered the patron. He took up his hat and gloves, and put them on with teeth set and lips closed, suppressing the anger that raged within him. He left the room without another word.

#### CHAPTER III.

There were no candles alight that evening in Leonard's room; for he sat at the open window with his sister, looking out into the moonlit night, and on the sleeping court beneath, where the silver fountain never ceased to plash and sing.

"I fear, dear brother, still that I am a heavy burden to you—I and dear Dame Roberts; how free you would feel, Leonard, if you did but have your little income to yourself, and how happy I, if I could earn something with my hands."

"You will earn something with your tongue, which shall not be a reward, if you talk so," said Leonard playfully; "what do you mean by speaking of my little income in that disparaging way? One hundred and fifty pounds per annum, besides my scholarship—which, I can tell you, is an enormous source of profit, although we are bound to secrecy as to the exact amount—should, I think, be enough and to spare for us three; not to mention putting by a something for your marriage-portion when you have made up your mind as to the particular nobleman."

Constance laughed a little laugh, and blushed a little blush; but the laugh ceased and the blush grew deeper as Dame Roberts's voice came out to them from the room:

"That may be a nearer matter than you

think, Master Leonard; for she has fallen in love already with a young duke or a lord, as I believe; and in church too, of all the places in the world."

"Ah!" said her brother, rather seriously. "What is this young lord like, sister?"

"Nobody, Leonard; and I wonder at your being so foolish, dame."

But the old lady was not to be so put down. "I can't say for certain," she said, "never having seen him myself, sir; but as he was described to me, he is tall and dark, with restless eyes, and beautiful curling hair."

This short description of a lover at first sight would have been given in extenso but for a knock at the outer door. It was a gyp with a letter for Leonard; and, when he had read it, he sighed, and said:

"The young gentleman in question—he has no title—is coming to breakfast with us to-morrow at his own invitation."

Leonard gave in to the passionate entreaty of his friend to be introduced to Constance, in consideration of his altered circumstances, and of the sturdy behavior which he believed to have induced them. Gray was sincerely pleased to hear of his independence, but his hope was that, through this meeting, the charm which seemed to have enthralled both boy and girl would be dissolved, by each finding out something distasteful in the other. They were as dissimilar as any two young beings could be; the one proud, impetuous, and brilliant, and the other serene and sensible.

Love, however, who takes delight in setting at naught the calculations of the prudent, decreed that its first impression should be confirmed. Before the six days of Constance's proposed visit were over, the young couple were as good as engaged. With no father to talk of finance, and no mother to investigate genealogy, it was not a difficult business. The six days were prolonged to a fortnight.

"But, my friend," Gray said, "you must work. I have no marriage-portion worth mentioning to give my sister."

And he was firm against Brooke Persey's desire to marry immediately and to put his trust in Providence; and Constance went back to her cottage home at Audley End, making up her mind, as the young ladies say, to a very long engagement.

The lover vacated his apartment the next term for one more suitable to his new position, beneath the attic of his friend, and set himself resolutely to his college duties. Leonard was trying for a fellowship, and Brooke for a scholarship. Both failed.

Gray, indeed, was not eminent either in classics or mathematics; although he took a good double degree. Persey had still too many expensive acquaintances, whom he wanted firmness to utterly shake off: too much liking for the piano-forte, and too much trust in cramming and extempore genius. His three letters, and one ride a week to the little cottage at Audley End, did not help him; neither did his morbid thoughts upon his altered condition. He could not master himself sufficiently to forget the splendors and comforts of Hilton Hall, despite its accompanying servitude. He hankered after the flesh-pots, notwithstanding the Egyptian bondage. Living with what he considered exemplary economy, he far exceeded his income while he remained at college; and although the proceeds of his furniture and the sale of his two horses—which Sir William would not hear of receiving back—amply covered that expense, there seemed no great likelihood of his making both ends meet for the future.

Leonard had been readily appointed one of the assistant masters at the High School of Chiltern, through the recommendation of his tutor: but Brooke, although by no means a bad scholar, had no such influence, even had he been inclined for a like position; the other alternative of wise old Doctor Wild he would not take:

"Into some country village  
Now I must go,  
Where neither tithe nor tillage  
The greedy patron  
And parched matron  
Swear to the church they owe;  
Yet, if I can preach and pray too on a sudden,  
And confute the pope at adventure without  
studying,  
Then ten pounds a year, besides a Sunday  
pudding;  
Alas! poor scholar, whither wilt thou go?"

Brooke decided upon authorship. He published, on leaving college, an unfinished poem of some merit, but great bitterness, entitled "Dependence, a Satire," and it had a little success—that is to say, for a poem.

A considerable number of copies were bought by his college friends, a score of them sent to the reviews, and a good many given away.

One of these, in red morocco, was sent to Constance Gray, we may be sure, with an extra sonnet, by way of dedication, in the poet's own handwriting; and one of them, through the intervention of a good-natured friend, got down to Hilton, and was regarded by the fierce old baronet as a personal lampoon; which, despite appearances, it was never meant to be. No letter nor the slightest communication had been received from Sir William, since the interview in Brooke's rooms, save a deed, which had been forwarded by the family lawyer, securing to him his hundred and fifty pounds for life. The gap seemed never likely to be healed.

From Granta the poet removed to lodgings in town, and sat himself down in a more systematic method than might have been expected to his new work. He gave up, in the first place, writing verses, having soon discovered that, even in the happy chance of an editor printing them, poetry, like virtue, was its own reward. He concocted, principally, strange, weird-like tales, enough to frighten the very printers' devils; but Editor "declined them with thanks." He then tried those smaller deer with illustrations, which have such incredible circulations at one and fourpence apiece with a reduction when bought by the dozen. In these he generally succeeded. Under the name of the Modern Brutus, he produced one or two startling sketches of our social system. With the exception, however, of one pound fourteen and sixpence in silver—brought in an envelope by an editor himself, for fear of accidents—he received nothing for his services. It was something, indeed, to be puffed and placarded in staring colors at railway stations and steamboat piers, but still it was not enough to marry on. The letters to the little cottage grew shorter and rarer; their phrases began to have a warmed up character. The charming little notes in answer, were suffered to remain unopened for hours; and, when read, they lay about the table unsealed. Squarish envelopes with vulgar wafer-seals, seemed, on the other hand, to possess an increasing interest. These he answered sometimes on the instant, and always with great pains. His constant visits to all places of amusement—for professional purposes, Brooke

declared, in order to make articles out of them—dipped considerably into his scanty purse; his extravagant habits were generally little changed, and, in short, neither love nor money were now in great abundance with him. For all these misfortunes he did not become less proud, and was boastful enough, poor fellow, upon what few hits he made; nay, when Leonard Gray, in the course of a few years, was elected head-master of Chilton, and had it in his power to offer Brooke the position he had himself quitted, the proposal was rejected rather scornfully.

One day, a long tale of his, in which, as he thought, he had put forth his best powers, came back to his lodgings from a magazine office, rejected. It was the drop that filled his cup of bitterness to the brim; and at night he left the house, and strode out into the roaring streets, with rage at his heart. Although he had taken *nil desperandum* as his motto, he was not made of such persevering stuff as young authors should be, who would grow to be old ones. He had written anew after each failure, but he had written worse. Easily inspirited, but quite as easily depressed, the encouragement he met with was small, and the snubs very many. As he waited a moment at a crossing, to let a string of cabs go by, the gas-light lit up his haggard face.

"Brooke, Brooke Persey," said a friendly, well-remembered voice, "Why, it is you, surely, though you are so white and thin? Come along with me, boy." And the good Parson Farmer of Hilton, who had first taken him out of the workhouse, led him with a gentle violence into his hotel. At first, in answer to manifold questions, Brooke enlarged upon the effect his genius had produced, rather than complained of its not having been recognized, but the unaffected kindness of his benefactor soon broke down the barriers of pride, and swept away all deceit before it.

"I do not succeed," he said, "in the least, and I do not now think I shall succeed, for I have neither heart nor head to write anything more," and before they parted, he confessed, "I am in debt, too; and there is no one I can call my friend in all this town."

Quietly, and as if by accident—for the good clergyman knew the young man's character—Sir William and his circumstances became the topic of their talk; he told how the kind-hearted baronet yet bewailed

the estrangement of his adopted son, that though there was now a far distant cousin (a young lady) at the Hall, that he missed his namesake still; how the bedroom Brooke used to occupy was never slept in, and the books he had studied in were never taken down; moreover, how old age was creeping on apace, and that it was our duty to forget and to forgive. Believing himself swayed by these last reasons in particular, Brooke leaped at this chance of reconciliation, and Mr. Farmer promised to do all he could to bring it about.

Within a week from that night—spent by the young author in a flutter of hope—a new sort of letter came to his door, with arms upon the seal, and words, if not of affection, yet of dignified forgiveness within; within, too, was inclosed a check for more than two years' income. Alas! by the same post, also, one of those loving notes of Constance, urging him, not without tender complaint of his long silence, to patience and fresh endeavors. Brooke did not answer this last quite directly, but came down by the coach, as soon as he had paid his bills, to Hilton.

It was early in the merry month of May when he reached the old lodge gates, and strode up the avenue. When the well-known prospect once more broke on him, a prophecy, such as that which greeted the Scotch Thane, seemed through the clear air to whisper, These shall be thine. At the door stood his ancient patron, gray enough now and bent, with a stick in his right hand, suspiciously like a crutch, and a young woman with hard eyes, and the haughty Persey forehead.

"My cousin Gertrude, Brooke; you must love one another," said the baronet, sentimentally, after having embraced the prodigal. The young lady shook hands promptly, though without feeling, as though at the word of command.

It was a full week before the young man brought himself to understand that sentence as a matrimonial decree; but by that time matters had gone too far to admit of any doubt of it. The lady and he were sent out on long walks together; were seated next one another at table; were continually spoken of by Sir William as his two children, whom he hoped to see, shortly, one. Gertrude Persey would have had no objection, notwithstanding her pride, to have married any human being for an adequate remuneration; but to accept the adopted workhouse boy seemed



a bitter degradation. She hated him, as having supplanted her own family in the baronet's favor. Nevertheless she was the first of the two to preface a remark, in one of their solitary rambles, with "When we are married, Brooke," &c. &c. She never by any accident called him Persey; that being the one omission she permitted herself to make in her systematic observance of every whim and prejudice of her relative.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the mean time, Leonard Gray, the head master of Chilton High School, and Constance, his sister, dwelt in a quaint old brick mansion that had once formed part of a royal palace. The humorous questions he had been wont to ask of her in past times, concerning the bard, or the author, or the organ of public opinion, were now heard no more. In the evening, when the toils of the day were over, and they sat by the firelight, there was little conversation. Night after night, indeed, she had said nothing, but remained with a book before her whose leaves were never turned, or shading her face with her hand, as though she could not bear to be looked upon. On a sudden, and without Brooke's name having been mentioned, Leonard observed, dryly: "He is gone back again to Hilton, Constance."

"I knew it. I knew it must be so, poor fellow," she answered; "I should have sent this before." She produced from her bosom a letter in her own handwriting, and handed it to her brother to read. When he had done so, he rose quietly, kissed her on the forehead, and said.

"Right, right, dearest!" and took the letter with him into his own chamber. It contained a renunciation of her claim upon Persey's hand. "If, as I must believe," she wrote, "this chain is beginning to gall . . . We have been both foolish, perhaps, and if so, I the most to blame." And so finished, with an expression of sisterly affection and good-will.

Leonard had his part to do. He was by nature of a friendly although firm disposition. His letter was more decided than that of Constance, openly hoping that the

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. IV.

match which would have connected him and Brooke so closely would now be broken off; but he wrote it with sorrow and not harshness, and there was a lingering kindness towards his unhappy friend from the beginning to the close; the knowledge that his sister's happiness depended on what should come of this, alone made him stern.

He might have spared himself this delicacy, and Persey the humiliation which attended it, had he waited another day. The letters from the two houses crossed; one from Hilton Hall, inclosing another from Sir William, arrived the very next afternoon; Brooke's set forth that his marriage with Miss Gray was absolutely interdicted by his patron, and the baronet's contained a simple forbidding of the banns; passionate declarations of love, the coolest calculations of prudence, extenuations of himself, entreaties for pardon, complaints of too much having been expected of him, made up the strange sum of the young man's farewell.

"Pitiful!" Leonard exclaimed, when he had read it. "It is better so," sighed poor Constance, as she wept for the lover that was worse than dead. And it was better so. Her heart in time recovered from the first storming of its citadel. Perhaps, it was only the outer works that were ever injured; for in later years, she was beloved, if not so rapturously, yet far less selfishly, by another, whom she married.

Brooke himself became the possessor of almost all the Persey lands—for Sir William died immediately after his marriage; to him and his heirs for ever he left the old Hall, and the park-land, and the corn-land, and the pastures towards the sea; but, alas! he never had a child to inherit them. He dwelt with his bitter, barren wife a while, in grandeur and great wretchedness, and afterwards, when driven from his home by her sharp words, lived as hard as the Perseys of the olden time. Like more than one of them, too, he met his death in hunting—dragged at his horse's stirrup over his own fields, with his fine features not to be known by the most loving eyes, had there been such to look on him.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CHATEAU OF ST. GERMAIN, AND ITS LOVE-SCENES.

ST. GERMAIN is reached from Paris by railway, the trains leaving every hour, passing through a broad plain, watered by the Seine, which meanders to and fro, amid the rich and highly-cultivated tract, as if it longed to dwell among those sunny and gently-rising hills, dotted with gay-looking towns and villages, standing out white and fair in the sunshine. It is impossible not to gaze with pleasure on this happy landscape. The interminable windings of the river, spanned by bridge after bridge, which we rapidly crossed, gives the country the appearance of a series of islands, the background being closed by a range of hills, covered with vineyards, villages, and country houses, presenting a series of most pleasing views.

The town of St. Germain stands on the highest elevation, and on approaching presents a striking appearance, backed by the dark masses of its forest. The railway penetrates the hill by a tunnel, and on this ascent the atmospheric engines are in full and successful operation. I cannot, therefore, account for their failure in our country, where such vast sums have been uselessly expended in the trial.

I must console myself by giving a look into the past, and recalling what St. Germain once was, to make amends for its present want of interest. Let us take a peep back some two hundred years and see what was passing then, and endeavor to shut out this ghost of a palace standing before us.

Poor La Vallière, she might have remained unsullied in her life, as she was ever pure and good in her inmost soul, had she not unconsciously betrayed to Louis the mingled admiration and love with which he had inspired her—a knowledge no sooner obtained by him than but too surely taken full advantage of. It chanced at Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, Mademoiselle de

la Vallière being one of the maids of honor of Madame Henriette, d'Orléans, that love'y daughter of our own lovely queen Henrietta, whom we have already spoken of as connected with the Palais Royal.

It was a cool, delicious evening, after a day of unusual heat, when a merry party, consisting of four of the maids of honor, had ensconced themselves in a thick arbor covered with honeysuckles and roses, among the thickets of flowering shrubs that skirted the gay pastures of flowers before the château. It was already dark, but their gay, laughing voices attracted the attention of the king, then quite a young man, who had also stolen out on the terrace to enjoy the delightful evening, unattended by all except the handsome, mischief-loving Lauzun, fated hereafter to exercise such all-conquering power over the heart of the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

The king, hearing the voices, was seized with a sudden curiosity to know what was the subject of the conversation, and signing to Lauzun to follow him, he softly approached the arbor. The tongues of the pretty maids of honor were going like so many cherry clappers, the subject of conversation being a ball given the night before by Madame Henriette, and particularly about a ballet, in which the king had danced in company with some other gentlemen of his court. The king and Lauzun, favored by the increasing darkness of the night, and well intrenched behind the shrubs, did not lose a syllable.

The question was, which dancer was the handsomest and the most graceful, and each pretty lady had, of course, her own predilection. One declared for the Marquis d'Alençon, another would not hear of any comparison with M. de Vardes, and a third stoutly maintained that the Comte de Guiche was by far the

handsomest man there and everywhere else (an opinion which, *par parenthèse*, Madame herself took every opportunity of showing she quite acquiesced in—a taste, moreover, displayed somewhat too openly by her, notwithstanding her designs on the heart of the king himself, whom she fancied, and others declared, was, or had been, her devoted admirer). But to our story. The fourth damsel was silent. Upon being called upon to give her opinion, she spoke, and in the sweetest and gentlest of tones—or rather in “a voice soft and low, an excellent thing in woman”—she thus expressed herself:

“I cannot imagine how any one else could have been even noticed when the king was present. He is quite fascinating.”

“Ah! then you, Mademoiselle, declare for the king. What will Madame say to you?”

“No, it is not the king nor the crown he wears that I admire; it is not his rank that makes him so charming. On the contrary, to me it ought rather to diminish his attractions, for if he were not the king I should positively dread him. His position is my best safeguard. However—” and La Vallière dropped her head on her bosom and fell into a deep reverie.

On hearing her words, the king was strangely affected, and, forbidding Lauzun to mention their adventure, they retired silently as they came, and reentered the château. The king was in a sad dilemma. If he could only discover who the fair damsel was who preferred him to all others with such *naïveté* and such sincerity—who admired him for himself alone, and not for his rank—a preference as flattering as it was rarely the lot of a monarch to discover. All he knew was that it must be one of the maids of honor attached to the service of Madame Henriette, his sister-in-law, and he could not sleep all night, so haunted was he with the melting tones of that sweet voice, and so anxious did he become to discover to whom it belonged. In the morning, as soon as etiquette allowed of his appearing, Louis hurried off to the toilet of Madame, whom he found seated before her mirror of the rarest Dresden china, lopped up with lace and ribbons, her face and shoulders covered with her beautifully long hair, about to undergo the frightful process of powdering.

“Your majesty honors me with an ear-

ly visit,” said she, coloring with pleasure as he entered. “What plans have you arranged for the hunt to-day? When are we to start?”

Louis, with his usual politeness—shown, be it recorded to his credit, towards any woman, whatever might be her degree—gallantly replied that it was for her to command and for him to obey. But there the conversation dropped, and the duchess soon observed that he appeared absent and preoccupied, which at once chagrined and dissatisfied her. Piqued at his want of *empressement*, she turned from him abruptly, and began conversing with one of her attendants.

Louis was now at liberty to use his eyes as he chose, and he hastily proceeded to survey the group of lovely girls that, like a garden of bright tulips, stood behind the princess’ chair. One standing a little apart from the rest riveted his attention. Her pale and somewhat melancholy countenance imparted an indescribable air of interest to her appearance, and the graceful *tournure* of her head and neck completed as lovely a creature as could be conceived.

“Could this be she?” He hoped—he feared (he was young then, Louis and not the *débauché blasé* he afterwards became)—he actually trembled with emotion, suspense, and impatience. But, determined to ascertain the truth, and regardless of the furious glances cast at him by Madame, who evidently neither liked nor understood his wandering looks, directed evidently to her ladies, and his total want of attention towards herself, he approached the fair group and began conversing with them, certain that if that same soft voice was heard that had never ceased to echo in his ears, he should at once recognize it. He addressed Madame du Pons, but his eyes were fixed on the pale face of La Vallière, for it was, indeed, she he so much admired. She cast down her eyes, and blushed.

The king advanced towards her and addressed her, awaiting her reply with indescribable anxiety. She trembled, grew still more pale, then blushed crimson, and finally replied to him in a voice tremulous with timidity; but it was *the* voice! He had found her. This, then, was the unknown, and she loved him; her own lips confessed it. Delightful! He left the apartments of Madame abruptly, in speechless delight.

From that day he saw, he lived for, but La Vallière. Ever in the apartments of his sister-in-law, it was evident to her that he did not come to seek her society, and her rage and jealousy knew no bounds; for she had indeed previously had ample reason to believe that the attachment the king felt for her exceeded that of a brother. With all the spite of a jealous woman, she soon discovered how often the eyes of Louis were fixed with admiration on the timid and downcast face of La Vallière. She was not, therefore, long in guessing the object of his preference, and in discovering the cause of his frequent visits to her apartments. From this moment she hated poor Louise, and determined, if possible, to ruin her on the first favorable opportunity that chance might afford.

Louis, on his part, unconscious of the storm he was raising about La Vallière, was delighted with all he saw, and with all he heard of her character. She was beloved by all; her goodness, her sweetness, her sincerity, were universally acknowledged, and the account of her various good qualities naturally tended to enhance her merit in the eyes of the king.

When the court returned to St. Germain (now, can one fancy a brilliant court within those dingy walls?—but so it was), Louis was desperately, head and ears over, in love. A party of pleasure was arranged to take place in the forest under a tent formed of boughs and flowers. The ladies resorted to this sylvan retreat habited as shepherdesses and peasants, forming charming groups, very like Sèvres china. On their arrival, the most delicious music was heard proceeding from the recesses of the leafy groves, which, as it played at intervals, now here, now there, among the trees, was the signal for the appearance of various groups of satyrs, fauns, and nymphs, who, after dancing certain grotesque figures, and singing verses in honor of the king and the court, disappeared, to be quickly replaced by another detachment, who presented flowers, and also sang and danced as no nymphs or fauns had ever dreamed of in classic bowers, but in a style quite peculiar to the age and taste of le Grand Monarque, who liked even nature itself to appear as artificial and formal as he became himself. This agreeable *fête* had lasted all day, and the company was

about to return on foot to the château, when—conceive the alarm—a violent storm came on, thunder began to roll, the sky was suddenly obscured, and a heavy rain descended with remorseless violence to drench the whole court. How every one scudded hither and thither like a flock of terrified sheep! The thickest trees were eagerly seized on as a slight protection against the storm; and, spite of the rain, the ladies at last began to vote it rather an agreeable incident on the whole, when they found their favorite cavaliers beside them, placed, perchance, somewhat nearer than would have been *comme il faut* in the court circle. For although the ladies might really at first have been a little terrified, the gentlemen, certainly, were not likely to be attacked with any nervousness on account of a thunder-storm, and had preserved *sang-froid* sufficient to select each his fair lady-love to protect from the tempest. Thus it chanced that Madame Henriette found herself under the care of the Comte de Guiche; the fair Mancini, once so beloved by the king, now Comtesse de Soissons, was under the protection of her dear De Vardes; and Mademoiselle d'Orléans—la grande Mademoiselle—was completely happy, and forgot the thunder, rain, and, more wonderful still, her own dignity, at finding herself *tête-à-tête* with Lauzun!

The king, nowise behind his courtiers in gallantry, had at once offered his escort and his arm to support poor La Vallière, who, naturally timid, was really terrified at the noise, the bustle, the surprise, and accepted his assistance, and clung to his arm with a confidence that enchanted him. All the world knows that she was a little lame, a defect which in her was said to become quite a grace. On the present occasion she did not, perhaps, regret that this infirmity prevented her walking as quickly as the rest, prolonging the precious moments with the king. Louis placed her under a tree, where they were both protected from the rain and shrouded by thick boughs which fringed the grass beneath and entirely concealed them from all impertinent observers.

The king seized on this happy opportunity to declare his passion, and acquainted La Vallière with the love she had inspired ever since that evening at Fontainebleau, when he had overheard her conversation. Poor Louise, who had never



dared to imagine that her love was returned, had well-nigh fainted as the king proceeded. Her heart beat so tremendously it was quite audible, and she was actually on the point of rushing from under the tree, when the king, laying hold of her hand, retained her.

"What!" said he, "do you fear me more than the storm? What have I done to terrify you—you whom I love, whom I adore? What is the cause of your hatred of me? Speak, I implore you, Louise."

"Oh, sire! say not hatred. I revere you—I love you—as my king, but—"

"Sweet girl, I breathe again.—But why only love me as your sovereign—I who cherish your every look, and seek only to be your servant, your slave?"

Saying which he fell on his knees before her, and swore he would never rise until she had promised to love him, and to pardon the terror his declaration had caused her.

At this sight Mademoiselle de la Vallière could not control her emotion. She implored him to rise.

"You are my king," said she. "I am your faithful subject. Can I say more?"

"But promise me your love. Give me your heart; that is the possession I desire," cried Louis.

Pressed by the king to grant him some mark of her favor, La Vallière became so confused she could scarcely articulate. Louis became more and more pressing, interpreting her emotion as favorable to his suit, when in the midst of the tenderest entreaties the thunder again burst forth, and poor Louise, overcome at once by fear, love, and remorse, fainted away. The king naturally received this precious burden in his arms, and began hastily to rejoin the other fugitives and his attendants, in order to obtain assistance. Ever and anon he stopped in the openings of the forest to admire her face, calm and lovely in repose, the long eyelashes sweeping the delicate cheek, the lips half closed, revealing the prettiest little white teeth. I leave my readers to imagine if Louis did not imprint a few kisses on the fainting beauty he bore so carefully in his arms, and if now and then he did not press that beloved form closer to his breast. If in this he *did* take advantage of the situation chance had afforded him, he must be forgiven; he was young, and he was deeply in love; he was, moreover, a king, and she was his subject.

Imagine the surprise felt by La Vallière on recovering to find herself borne along in the king's arms! alone, in the midst of a vast solitary forest. History does not, however, record that she died of terror, or that she even screamed; but perhaps, and indeed doubtless, she would have been more frightened had not the respectful behavior of the king reassured her.

The moment she opened her sweet blue eyes he stopped, placed her on the ground, and supporting her in the tenderest manner, assured her that being then near the edge of the forest, and not far distant from the château, they were sure soon to encounter some of his attendants. Louise blushed, then grew pale, then blushed again, as the recollection of all the king had said to her while under the shade of the tree gradually returned to her mind. She read the confirmation of it all in his countenance, and in his eyes, turned towards her with a passionate gaze. In a faltering voice she thanked him for his care a thousand times—for his condescension. She was so sorry. It was foolish to faint; but the thunder—his majesty's goodness to her—And here she paused abruptly; her conscience told her she ought at once to reject his suit for ever: her lips could not articulate the words.

While she was yet speaking a group of horsemen appeared in the distance, at the end of one of the long verdant glades in which the forest abounds, who, on hearing the voice of the king, galloped rapidly towards them. They reached the château shortly after the other ladies, who had, none of them, as it appeared, been in haste to arrive, and who, as well as their cavaliers, regretted extremely the termination of so highly agreeable an adventure.

From this moment La Vallière's fate was sealed. Long had she loved and admired the king in her own secret heart; but until she learnt how warmly he returned this attachment she was scarcely aware how completely he possessed her heart. The ecstasy this certainty gave her first fully revealed to herself the real danger of her situation. Poor Louise! Is it wonderful that as the scene of this first and passionate declaration she should love the old château of St. Germain more than any other spot in the world? that when suffering, the air restored her? when unhappy (and she lived to be so utterly miserable), the sight of the forest, of the ter-

race, revived her for a time by the tender reminiscences they recalled?

It is well no vision of the present scene arose to trouble the pleasure she felt in this residence; for who could ever have imagined that this stately château would ever have been converted into the dreary prison one now beholds, with a screaming, whistling, vulgar railway station close under the very walls! with omnibuses and and flies, and all the et cætera of modern barbarism invading the dignified old palace, intended for royal retirement and enjoyment.

When the secret of Louis's attachment to La Vallière transpired (which after the scene of the forest was very soon the case), nothing could exceed the rage, the indignation of the whole royal circle, who each conceived that they had some especial cause of complaint. The poor quiet queen, who certainly was the really injured party, could only weep and mourn in silence over a scandal that affected her personally nearly; but she was far too much afraid of the handsome Jupiter Tonans, her husband, to venture on many personal reproaches to himself. She consoled herself with most soundly abusing the unhappy La Vallière, and vented her spleen in loading her with a variety of epithets much more expressive than elegant. In this labor of love she was joined by Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, who in her actual state of mind, and given up as she was to the rigid observances of the austerities of her religion (for these were the days of serge gowns, chaplets, confessors, and oratories with her majesty), was the last person to spare the favorite, and actively assisted her daughter-in-law in these attacks.

But Madame Henriette, who had nothing in the world to do with the affair, was the noisiest and most abusive of all. Her vanity was offended, was outraged in the highest degree, at the notion that the king, whom she believed her ardent admirer, should forsake her openly, publicly, for one of her women. It was too insulting.

"What," exclaimed she, "does he prefer a little ugly, miserable, limping bourgeois to me, the daughter of a king, and, moreover, as superior in attractions to that little minx as I am in birth? Dieu! qu'il manque de goût et de délicatesse!"

Without even taking leave of the king, she rushed from court and retired to St. Cloud, where she made the very walls

ring with her lamentations and her complaints. The end of all this disturbance was, that La Vallière, humiliated, overcome, reproached from without by all around her, and from within by the stings of a conscience that no circumstances could ever either corrupt or silence, escaped from St. Germain, and placed herself in the convent of Chaillot, determining to sacrifice her love to the higher calls of duty, and by taking the veil remove all chances of a relapse into former temptations. To recount how the king discovered her retreat, and flying after her with all the ardor of a new passion, prevailed on her to alter her resolution and return to the court, would lead me into a digression which would not be excused by any reference to the old château we are considering. Happy had it been for the too yielding but amiable favorite had she never left the peaceful cloister, or consented to recommence a life of sin that ended in the misery of seeing herself supplanted by her friend, the arrogant, artful De Montespan!

In the gallery of St. Germain, Louis first met with Madame de Maintenon, then the humble widow Scarron. It was his habit, after leaving the chapel, as he passed through the gallery, to receive the petitions of those who had sufficient interest to gain admittance. A beautiful woman, of somewhat full and voluptuous proportions, with a neck whiter than driven snow—quite a style to suit the royal taste—dressed in a morning costume, which displayed the delicacy of her complexion to the best advantage, presented herself before him. Louis could not but admire her appearance and receive the paper she presented to him. However, it appears that the fair widow, not receiving the attention she expected, and finding her petition unnoticed, presented herself so constantly before the king in this very gallery, that at length he grew quite weary of her solicitations, and on one occasion abruptly turned his back on her, saying to one of his attendants, "I am tired of seeing that woman. *Il pleut en vérité des mémoires de Madame Scarron.*" Little did he imagine the influence that intriguing widow was destined to exercise over his latter years. Finding all legitimate means fail of commanding the attention she desired, the widow Scarron, by dint of low flattery and mean compliances, contrived to gain the friendship of the aban-

doned Montespan, then in the zenith of her power. She was appointed by her governess to her illegitimate offspring, a position that secured to the crafty widow a firm footing at court, and the certainty of being constantly thrown into the society of the king, advantages of which she amply availed herself, ending at length by acquiring so absolute an influence over him as soon to cause the expulsion of all rivals, and exercising an absolute tyranny.

It was at St. Germain that Mary of Modena and her infant took refuge after her hurried flight from England, escorted by the gallant Lauzun, who had been dispatched by Louis to aid in her perilous escape. On landing at Boulogne, she refused to proceed until she was assured that her husband, the weak devotee James II., was in safety; "resolved," as she said, "if he had been imprisoned, to have returned and suffered martyrdom with him." But, as he was not destined to the stake, on being informed of his safety she continued her journey to St. Germain.

Louis met her at Chatou, a pretty village on the banks of the Seine, near the château, now one of the stations on the railway from hence to Paris. As soon as the poor fugitive perceived the king, she dismounted from her coach and advanced towards him.

"Sire," said she, "you see before you a most unhappy princess, whose only consolation is the goodness of your majesty."

"Madame," replied the king, "it is now only in my power to render you a most melancholy service, but I trust ere long to prove to you, as also to my brother the king, your husband, that I have every inclination to serve you both in a manner more worthy his dignity and my own."

On arriving at the château, the king, dismounting first from his carriage, offered his arm to the queen, and conducted her into the magnificent apartments occupied formerly by his wife.

"If," said he, "my late consort, Marie Thérèse of Austria, can observe us from that heaven where her soul undoubtedly reposes in endless bliss, she will be flattered, I am sure, by seeing her place occupied by another Mary as beautiful and as virtuous as she was herself!"

After having delivered himself of this Grandisonian compliment, so entirely *à la Louis Quatorze*, making the very heavens open, as it were, to do honor to kings and queens, and actually sanctify etiquette, he

commanded that the infant Prince of Wales should be carried into the rooms used by the Duc de Bourgogne, and retired himself with the queen into an inner boudoir, where they held a long and secret conference. When they returned into the *grands appartements*, Louis, with his usual majestic courtesy, reconducted the queen to her son, and then took leave of her.

A repetition of the same ceremonies took place on the arrival of James II. shortly afterwards, excepting only that when the two monarchs met in the court-yard of the château a series of *embrassements* took place between them that must have been most strangely ludicrous to the bystanders. It is said that the two kings folded each other *ten times* in their arms. So violent an effusion of tenderness must have marvellously discomposed the wig and powder of le Grand Monarque, who, when they became calmer, observed to James, "Let us lose no more time—the queen will be all impatience to see your majesty." Upon which hint they proceeded to the apartments of the queen, whom they found awaiting their arrival in bed, Louis insisting on giving the place of honor to his royal visitor, who as pertinaciously endeavored to decline it. Upon sight of the queen a fresh series of more violent *embrassements* than ever commenced, but this time Louis was only a spectator. How often James thought it necessary to clasp his consort in his arms is not recorded, but doubtless the number of times exceeded the accolades he had previously bestowed on his host. After these lively demonstrations had a little subsided, Louis addressed the English king in these words:

"Your majesty must remain here, and not return with me; come and see me tomorrow at Versailles; I will then receive you as my guest; after that I shall again pay you a visit at St. Germain, where I shall look on you as my host; afterwards we will meet as often as possible *sans façons*."

Before he departed, Louis deposited ten thousand pistoles in the room destined for the king, an action as generous as it was delicately contrived not to wound the feelings of the royal fugitives. Indeed his whole conduct to these exiled princes is one of the most pleasing episodes in the whole life of Louis XIV.

Nor was St. Germain only a favorite

retreat during Louis XIV.'s reign; other monarchs had equally appreciated the beauty of its situation.

Francis I., that impersonation of chivalry, the gallant prince who would fain have left crown, throne, and people to fare for themselves, constituting himself a knight-errant after the fashion of Don Quixote, also loved these verdant shades. Here he was married to the gentle Claude, daughter of Louis XII., who deformed in person, and of a timid, retiring disposition, could offer no attractions likely to ensure the affection of this beauty-loving monarch. After a few years passed in neglect and obscurity, she expired, leaving Francis to the undisputed possession of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Here he delighted to resort with this fair favorite—*la plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles*—to hunt, to ride, to dance, to love; or when weary of pleasure, to read those legends of chivalry he so much admired; or perhaps to pen some couplets himself in honor of the fair—for he himself was no mean poet.

Henri Quatre has also left many a recollection connected with this château, where he resorted on the small intervals of *délassement* from those incessant wars that occupied his reign, to enjoy a few merry hours with la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées.

Before her acquaintance with Henri Quatre, she was engaged to marry a gentleman of the court, named Bellegarde. They seldom met, as he, being a great favorite with the king, followed all his gyrations, and on the occasion I am about to relate the lovers had been separated for some time. Gabrielle was then living with her sisters at her father's château; fondly attached to Bellegarde, her thoughts incessantly dwelt on him, and she anticipated the approaching period of her marriage with all the happiness imaginable.

One evening, while she was indulging in those agreeable musings proper to the state called "being in love," Bellegarde was abruptly announced, and entered, accompanied by two gentlemen; one, short in stature, with a droll expression of countenance, was introduced as Monsieur Chicot; the other, by name "Don Juan," tall and thin, with greyish hair, high-colored, and remarkable for a very prominent nose and exceedingly audacious eyes.

Gabrielle rose in haste to embrace Bellegarde, but, on seeing his two companions, drew back, welcoming them all

with a more formal courtesy. She was surprised and vexed to find Bellegarde cold and reserved, but any short-comings on his part were amply made up by the cordial accolade of the Spanish Don.

"Pray, madame, excuse our friend," said Chicot, seeing the confusion of Gabrielle at such unexpected familiarity; "he is only newly arrived in France, and is quite unacquainted with the usages of the country."

"By the mass!" cried Bellegarde, pale with annoyance, "I, for my part, know no country in the world where gentlemen are permitted thus to salute the ladies—at least in civilised latitudes."

These remarks were, however, quite lost on the Don, who, with his eyes fixed in bold admiration on Gabrielle, scarcely heard them.

"Bellegarde," said Gabrielle, seeing his deeply offended look, "excuse this stranger, I entreat for my sake; I am sure he meant no offence. Let not the joy I feel at again seeing you be overcast by this little occurrence." And she advanced to where he stood, and affectionately took his hand.

This appeal was enough; Bellegarde, though anxious, looked no longer angry, and the party seated themselves.

"This gentleman, madame," said Chicot, turning towards Gabrielle, "is our prisoner; he surrendered to us yesterday in the *mêlée* at Marly, and, his ransom paid, tomorrow morning he will start to join the army of the Duke of Parma."

"At least, gentlemen, now you are here," replied Gabrielle, "by whatever chance—and the chance must be good that brings you to me—(and she glanced at Bellegarde)—you will all partake of some refreshment. I beg you to do so in the name of Monsieur de Bellegarde."

"Fair lady," said the Spaniard, breaking silence for the first time, "I never before rejoiced so much in being able to understand the French tongue as spoken by your sweet voice; this is the happiest moment of my life, for it has introduced me to you, the fairest of your sex. Readily I accept your invitation, for were I fortunate enough to be your prisoner my ransom should never be paid, I warrant."

"Cap de Dieu!" exclaimed Chicot, laughing; "the Spanish Dons well merit their reputation for gallantry, but our friend Don Juan, outdoes all, and indeed every one of his nation."



"Madame," continued the Spaniard, not appearing to hear this remark, and still addressing Gabrielle, "if any one, be he noble or villain, knight or king, dare to say that any woman under God's sun surpasses you in beauty or grace, I declare him to be a liar, false and disloyal, and with fitting opportunity I will prove it in more than words that he lies to the teeth."

"Come, come, my good friend," interrupted Bellegarde, much discomposed, "do not go into these heresies, I beseech you. If you heat yourself in this way, the night air will give you cold. Besides, remember, sir, this lady, Mademoiselle d'Estrées, is my affianced bride, and that certain conditions were made between us before I introduced you, which conditions you swore to observe."

Don Juan felt the implied reproof, and for the first time moved his eyes to some other object than the smiling face of Gabrielle.

Her sisters now entered and were saluted with nearly equal warmth by the Spanish Don, who evidently would not reform his manners in this particular.

"Let me tell you, ladies," said Chicot, "if you were to see our friend Don Juan in a justaucorps of satin, and glittering with gold and precious stones, you would not think he looked amiss. But are you going to give us something to eat? What has the Don done that he is to be starved? Though he be a Spaniard, and serves against Henry of Navarre, he is a Christian, and has a stomach like any other."

On this hint the whole party adjourned to the eating-room, Bellegarde looking the picture of misery, Chicot bursting with ill-suppressed laughter, and the Don fully occupied by Gabrielle, on whom his naughty eyes were again fixed. At table, spite of Bellegarde's manoeuvres, he placed himself beside her, eating and drinking voraciously; perpetually proposing toasts in her honor, and confusing her to such a degree that she heartily repented having invited him to remain, particularly as the annoyance of Bellegarde at his familiarity did not escape her. In this general *malentendu* the merry Chicot again came to the rescue.

"Let us drink to the health of the King of France and Navarre!" cried he. "Come, Don Juan, forget your politics and join us: here's prosperity and success to our gallant Henri!"

"That is a toast we must drink in chorus," said Bellegarde.

"But why," observed Gabrielle, "does Don Juan bear arms against the King of France if he is his partisan?"

"Fair lady, your remark is just," replied he, "but the fortune of war drives a soldier to many things; however, I only wish all France was as much his friend as I am."

"Long live the king!"—"Vive Henri Quatre!" was drunk with all the honors and in a chorus of hurrahs. The Spaniard wiped a tear from his eye.

"Cap de Dieu!" cried Chicot, "the right cause will triumph at last."

"Yes," replied Bellegarde, "sooner or later we shall see or brave king enter his noble palace of the Louvre in state; but meanwhile he must not fool away his time in follies and amours while the League is in strength."

"There you speak truth," said Chicot, "he is too much given to such games—he's a very Sardanapalus—and," continued he squinting at the Don with a most comical expression, "if report speaks true, at this very moment his majesty is off on some adventure touching the rival beauty of certain ladies, to the manifest neglect of his crown and the ruin of his affairs."

"Ah!" said Gabrielle, "if some second Agnès Sorel would but appear, and making, like her, a noble use of the king's love and her influence, incite him to noble deeds—to conquer himself, and forsaking all else, entirely devote his great talents in fighting heart and soul against the rebels and exterminating the League!"

"Alas!" sighed Don Juan, "those were the early ages; such love is not to be found now—it is a dream, a fantasy—Henri will find no Agnès Sorel in these later days."

"Say not so, noble Don," replied Gabrielle; "love is of all times and of all seasons. True love is immortal, but I allow that it is rare though not impossible, to excite such a passion."

"If it is a science to be learnt, will you teach me, fair lady?" said the Spaniard.

At this turn in the conversation Bellegarde again became agitated, and the subject dropped. The Don addressed his conversation to the sisters of Gabrielle, and at their request took up a lute and sang a song with considerable taste, in a fine manly voice, which gained for him loud applauses all round.

Gabrielle looked, perhaps, a trifle too pleased, and, spite of Bellegarde, approached the Don after he had finished.

"Lady, did my song please you?" said he; "if I have any merit you inspired me."

"Yes," replied she, musingly; "if you had been my prisoner, I should long ago have liberated you, I am sure."

"And why?" asked he.

"Because you have something in your voice I should have feared to hear too often," said she, in a low voice.

"Then in that case I would always have remained your voluntary captive."

How long this conversation might have continued my authorities do not state; but Bellegarde, now really displeased, approached the whispering pair, giving an angry glance at Gabrielle, of whom he took no further heed.

"Come, come, Don Juan!" said he, "it is time to go. Where are our horses? The night wears on, and we shall now scarce reach the camp ere morning."

"Ventre saint gris!" said the Spaniard, starting up, "there is surely no need for such haste."

"Your promise," muttered Bellegarde.

"Confound you, Bellegarde! You have introduced me into paradise, and now you drag me away just when the breath of love is animating me," murmured Don Juan, who looked broken hearted at being obliged to leave, and cast the most tender glances towards the downcast Gabrielle.

"I opine we ought never to have come at all," said Chicot, winking violently, and looking at Gabrielle, who evidently regretted the necessity of the Don's departure.

"Mère de Dieu!" cried the latter to Bellegarde, "you are too hard thus to bind me to my cursed promise."

"Gabrielle," said Bellegarde, in a low voice, "you are my beloved, my soul. Adieu. You have grieved me to-night, but perhaps it is my fault; I ought to have come alone; but I will soon return. In the mean time, a caution in your ear: if this Don Juan comes again during my absence to pay you a second visit, send

him off, I charge you, by the love I think you bear me. Give him his *congé* without ceremony; hold no parley, I entreat you; he is a sad *vaurien*, and would come with no good intentions. I could tell you more. He is—— But next time you shall hear all."

"I will obey you," replied Gabrielle somewhat coldly.

The whole party advanced to the court-yard, where the three horses were waiting.

"Adieu, most adorable Gabrielle!" exclaimed the Spaniard, vaulting into the saddle. "Would to Heaven I had never set eyes on you, or that I might gaze to eternity on that heavenly face."

"Well," said Bellegarde, you need only wait until peace is made, and then you can go to court, where Madame de Bellegarde, otherwise la Belle Gabrielle, will shine fairest of the fair.

"You are not married yet, monsieur, however, and remember, you must first have his majesty's leave and license—not always to be got. Ha, ha, my friend! I have you there," laughed the Don. "Adieu, then, once more, most beautiful lady! Adieu to you all! Bellegarde, you have gained your bet," continued the Spaniard, as they galloped off.

I need scarcely add that the false hidalgo was no other than Henri Quatre himself, who was thus imprudently presented by Bellegarde to his love, in consequence of a dispute between them as to the beauty of some other lady admired by the king, who he insisted possessed superior charms, which, Bellegarde denying, the king would only be satisfied by verifying with his own eyes Gabrielle's attractions. That this was not the last time they met we are well aware; and I shall have to relate some further passages between them which took place at St. Germain. Gabrielle intoxicated with the passion her beauty had inspired, failed to repulse the pretended Spaniard with the prudent rigor recommended by her lover, who lived deeply to repent having introduced so fatal a rival as Don Juan to his fair mistress.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE LITERARY LEVIATHAN.

Who has not heard of the great leviathan of literature—the St. Domingan Marquis de la Pailleterie, the Algerian lion-hunter, the protector of Abd-el-Kader—who, for nearly twenty years, produced dramas, romances, histories, travels, at the rate of forty volumes per annum, and whose career makes the list complete by being in itself a most instructive sermon! Has he not in his own amusing *bavardage*, told the world of the number of amanuenses he worked out in the course of twenty-four hours—of the relays of couriers constantly employed spurring in hot haste with the manuscript productions of his fertile brain from his country-seat to the printing-offices of Paris! Yet now, when the bubble has burst, when we know as an established and uncontradicted—simply because uncontradictable—fact, that not one-twentieth of the works bearing the words *par Alexandre Dumas* on their title-pages were written by that individual; and that the major part of even this small minority are, without the slightest acknowledgment, copied to a greater or less extent, from the works of other authors, we are forced to infer, as Trinculo did of Caliban, that the great leviathan is but a very shallow monster after all.

In an article which appeared some years since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Dumas relates how he became a dramatic author. He was, he tells us, a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans—afterwards King Louis Philippe—at the humble salary of 1200 francs a year, when on the occasion of an English theatrical company visiting Paris, he first saw the plays of Shakspeare performed. Like a person who had been born blind—the simile is his own—and to whom, after arriving at the age of manhood, sight by some miracle had been given, Dumas at once found himself in a new world, of which he never previously had the slightest

idea. As the Italian peasant said when he first saw a picture: "I, too, will be a painter," so did Dumas exclaim when he first saw *Hamlet*: "I, too, will be a dramatic author." His earlier essays, however, were unsuccessful; but the occurrence of a great event soon opened up a pathway leading him to fame and fortune. The memorable three days of July 1830 effected a dramatic as well as a political revolution. Excited by the sanguinary contest, and wearied to satiety with the heavy dramas of Corneille and Racine, patronized by the Bourbon dynasty, the Parisian audiences were ripe for a more stimulating style of theatrical representation. The hour had arrived, and the man was not wanting. The *Henry III.* of Dumas appearing about this period, carried Paris, as it were, by storm. The classical formalities of the old school succumbed at once to the ropeladders, poisoned goblets, stiletos, brigands, and executioners of the new romantic drama. *Christine*, and one or two other dramas of a similar romantic description, written by M. Dumas, following in quick succession, were put upon the stage with a pomp and circumstance previously unknown, even in Paris, and were welcomed with rapturous applause by crowded audiences. As mere acting pieces, these plays are not devoid of a certain degree of merit. Gratifying the eye rather than the intellect, they display considerable inventive faculty, keen perception of contrast, and decided knowledge of theatrical effect; arresting the attention of the auditor by surprise, and keeping his curiosity ever in suspense, without attempting to hold the mirror up to nature—

"To wake the soul with tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, or to mend the heart."

The Parisian audiences, however, were

satisfied with the quality of the fare provided for their amusement, but not with its quantity. Their appetite increasing upon what it fed upon, they demanded more. The managers were eager to take advantage of the new flood that led so rapidly to fortune; but the demand exceeded the supply; consequently, Messrs. Anicet Bourgeois, Auguste Maquet, and others, were enlisted under the banners of the already famous Dumas, and scores of plays were thus produced, all bearing the name of the great chief. How the large sum of money paid for these dramas was divided among their authors, is a secret of the *atelier* never yet revealed; but it is known that Dumas had the lion's share of the cash, and all the honor. Indeed, one of the best of this crowd of dramas, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, M. Dumas transcribed in his own handwriting, and sent the precious autograph to Christina, queen-dowager of Spain; and her most Catholic Majesty sent back, in return, the cordon of the Order of Isabella—an honor of which M. Dumas was most vain-gloriously proud, as his own writings amply testify; yet *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was not written by M. Dumas at all, but by one of his literary retainers, a young Pole, then struggling for a precarious existence in the French metropolis, but now Count Walewski, the distinguished statesman of the present Empire.

But the worst has to be told. Few, if any, of the numerous dramas bearing the name of Dumas, whether written by himself or his assistants, are original, the greater part of them being made up, more or less, from the works of other writers. As an instance, M. Dumas, probably in gratitude to Shakspeare for rescuing him from dramatic blindness, produced *his own Hamlet*, which is merely a mutilated translation of the original, with the questionable *improvement*, that the ghost, appearing in the last act, restores Hamlet to a long life and undisputed possession of the throne of Denmark!

Numerous other wholesale plagiarisms of a similar description were not suffered to pass unnoticed, and it is but fair to M. Dumas that we should here give his very characteristic reply to such charges: "It is not any man," he says, "but mankind that invents. Every one, in his appointed season, possessing himself of the things known to his fathers, turns them over, places them in new combinations, and thus,

having added certain particles to the sum of human happiness, is peacefully gathered to his sires." After most profanely quoting that God made man in His own image, to prove the absolute impossibility of invention, M. Dumas thus continues: "This consideration it was that made Shakspeare reply to the reproach of a stupid critic, that he had taken more than one scene bodily from a contemporary author: 'It is a maiden whom I have withdrawn from bad to introduce into good company.' This it was that made Molière say, with still more *naïveté*: 'I seize upon my own, wherever I find it.' And Shakspeare and Molière were both right; for the man of true genius never steals—he conquers. He seizes a province—he annexes it to his realms—it becomes an intrinsic part of his empire; he peoples it with his subjects, and extends over it his sceptre of gold. I find myself compelled to speak in this manner, because, far from receiving from certain critics the applause I merit, they accuse me of plagiarism—they point me out as a thief. I have at least the reflection to console myself with, that my enemies, like those who attacked Shakspeare and Molière, are so obscure that memory will not preserve their names."

With all due deference to M. Dumas, we are afraid that the anecdotes he cites of Shakspeare and Molière militate against his non-inventive theory, as they really appear to be proofs of at least his own powers of invention. We all know the old story of Alexander the Great and the robber—the plunderer of kingdoms was a hero; the petty pilferer of a henroost, merely a thief. Surely, Alexander Dumas, the hero of we do not know how many hundred volumes, must have been thinking of his great namesake of Macedon when he penned the above lines. Spirit-rappers and mediums alone can inform us how the shades of Shakspeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Walter Scott, and other departed celebrities, rejoice under the conquering sceptre of Dumas. But we can readily fancy how wretched Jules Janin, William Thackeray, Granier de Chassagnac, and other living authors, must feel at the idea of being known only to posterity as the petty assailants of the united Shakspeare and Molière of the nineteenth century!

It is however, by his romances that M. Dumas is best known in England, either



as an honest author, or, as he phrases it, a conqueror. The popularity of the dramas issued in his name soon made him one of the notorieties of Paris; and the proprietors of the Parisian journals being as anxious to have his productions in their columns as the people were to read them, from a dramatic author M. Dumas became a *feuilletonist*. To explain the term, it is necessary to observe that many of the Parisian journals have a supplement to their *sheet*, carried on from page to page—and separated by a black line from the political and miscellaneous matter—containing a few chapters of a romance, written by the most popular writer the editor can procure. Most of the romances bearing the name of Dumas were first published in this manner; and we may add, it is a very remunerative mode for the author, as the proprietor of the journal pays liberally for what the majority of his subscribers consider the most interesting part of his paper, and the author has the additional advantage of gaining by the separate publication of his work, in the book-form, after its completion in the *feuilletons*.

The first romances of M. Dumas, published in the *feuilletons*, were *La Salle d'Armes*, *La Rose Rouge*, *Isabel de Bavaire*, and *La Capitaine Paul*. *La Salle d'Armes* is original; so is *La Rose Rouge*, and a charming little tale to boot; but M. Dumas had previously published it in the book-form, under the title of *Blanche de Beaulieu*. *Isabel de Bavaire* is partly taken from a forgotten story of the same name published by Arnoult in 1821; and *Le Capitaine Paul* is a veritable conquest and annexation of Cooper's *Pilot*—Dumas coolly taking up the thread of the American novelist's story, and, wherever he can find room, stringing on to it the false sentiments and flimsy incidents of his own invention.

Alexander the Great conquered the land, but the modern Alexander extended his dominion over the deep. In 1840, M. Dumas published *Vie et Aventures de John Davys*. This is an English nautical story, and, in our opinion, formed a remarkable conquest. Few English landsmen, if any, could write a nautical story ship-shape enough to pass muster among seafaring men. Leaving Defoe out of the question, the best attempts of this description—*The Cruise of the Midge*, &c.—were written by a clever compositor, who had had some

little experience in a Leith smack; but when weighed in the nautical balance, these works were found sadly wanting. What are we to think, then, of a French landsman correctly depicting the feelings, habits, and nautical skill of an English sailor—describing the etiquette of an English ship-of-war, from the captain in his regal state, on the sacred weather-side of the quarter-deck, down to the lubberly lolly boy crawling in the lee-scuppers—detailing what is technically termed the ship's duty, from the time the hands are turned out by the shrill whistle of the boatswain in the early morning, till the hammocks are piped down at seven bells! It really is astonishing. The battle, storm, and wreck, are also ably and nautically depicted. But, as worthy Dr. Primrose said to that ingenious rogue, Mr. Jenkins, have we not heard all this before? Is not this battle-piece in *Peter Simple*, this storm in *Newton Foster*? Oh, we see it now—M. Dumas has merely been conquering Captain Marryat; another province, the wide ocean itself, has fallen to his golden, or rather gold-creating sceptre.

The public demand for the romances of M. Dumas soon equalled the previous run upon his dramas, and was met in a similar manner. A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to world as the works of Alexander Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Mallefillé; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Une Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualhaic; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers*—we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America—was written by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms. Previous to the historical romance coming into vogue, what may be termed romantic biographies were written, in which the lives of real historical characters were treated in a romantic manner. One Gatién de Courtitz, a writer of romantic biographies in the early part of the last century, hit upon the very excellent sub-

ject of the life of M. d'Artagnan, from his departure when a poor lad from Béarn, his native place, to his high elevation at the French court as captain of the royal musketeers, and prime favorite of Cardinal Mazarin, and to his glorious death in the trenches at the siege of Maestricht. Accordingly, in 1701, Courtiltz published his *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*—a romance be it remembered, founded on a real life—and introduced into the work the fictitious characters Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, their intrigues, duels, amours, drinking-bouts, and gambling matches, since so well known to the readers of *The Three Musketeers*. In fact, Maquet did not task his invention for a single incident; he did not even alter the names of the leading characters; he merely modernized the style of part of the original *Mémoires*. But as the work of Courtiltz is not very rare—we have met with it on London book-stalls—Maquet, to put his readers on a false scent, alludes in his preface to the *Mémoires*, but in a light, careless manner, as if merely incidental to a more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript life of a Count de la Fere, which he discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. This manuscript has been sought for, but in vain. It never had an existence, save in the too cunning mind's-eye of M. Maquet. Probably M. Dumas himself was imposed upon with respect to the originality of the *The Three Musketeers*, for he never saw the work until it was printed. It appears that when M. Maquet was making it, he one evening supped with some brother *littérateurs*, and the conversation turning upon the book-manufactory of M. Dumas, a friend asked Maquet why he did not write in his own name.

The reply was: "Monsieur Dumas pays me more for my writings than the publishers would."

"But," said another, "Monsieur Dumas always re-writes, or at least corrects, the works written by others which he issues as his own."

"Not at all," said Maquet; "and as a proof he does not, I will introduce into the manuscript of the work I am at present engaged upon the most awkward paragraph in the French language. I will repeat the word *que* sixteen times in five lines, and I will bet you a dozen of champagne that the whole sixteen will be found in the printed work."

The bet was taken, and M. Maquet won

it. The sixteen repetitions of *que* are still extant in five lines of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

Another laughable proof that M. Dumas did not read some of the works he issued as his own before they were printed, is found in *Amaury*, written by M. Meurice. When *Amaury* was written, Meurice was a new recruit in the noble army of authors headed by Dumas. Wishing privately to flatter the great chief, and never for a moment supposing that he would not read over and expunge the words from the manuscript, Meurice, in the work, boldly called upon the French Academy to open its doors to the immortal genius of Dumas. As Dumas did not read the manuscript, the words were not expunged; so, when *Amaury* came out, all Paris was in laughter to find M. Dumas in his own work calling on the Academy to open its doors to his own immortal genius.

To return to the *Musketeers*. The memoirs of D'Artagnan were a rich mine for the firm of Dumas & Co. By carefully spreading out the smallest possible quantity of type over the greatest possible extent of paper, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was stretched out to eight octavo volumes; then followed its sequel, *Vingt Ans Après*, written by Maquet, in ten volumes; then, as a sequel to the sequel, *Le Viscont de Bragelonne*, also by Maquet, in six volumes—all drawn from the same prolific source. Thus the three duodecimo volumes of the original memoirs were transmuted into twenty-four octavo volumes, by a wave of the golden sceptre of the great Dumas!

We now come to *The Count of Monte Christo*, published in eighteen octavo volumes. The first part of this popular work was written by a M. Fiorentino, the second part by M. Maquet; yet neither is perfectly original. The story of Morel is taken from a novel by Arnould, entitled *La Roue de la Fortune*; and two of the horrible tragedies in the second part are merely copied from the published archives of the Parisian police. Some French critics assert, on apparently very sufficient evidence, that the leading plot of *Monte Christo*, the imprisonment and escape of Dantes, his accidentally becoming possessed of immense wealth, and unscrupulously using it to wreak a terrible vengeance on his persecutors, may be found in an old and obscure German romance. However this may be, whether conquered at first

or second hand, *Monte Christo* was not written by Dumas.

It must not be supposed that M. Dumas confined his conquests to romances alone. In 1839, he published a translation of Ugo Foscolo's *Jacopo Ortis*. This work requires a word or two for itself, as it has never been translated into English—an honor, by the way, of which it is utterly undeserving. *Ortis*, a poor copy of a bad model, is merely an Italian Werter, who, mingling a passionate love for a Venetian lady with an ardent zeal for the liberties of his native land, is so bewildered by the twofold emotions of love and patriotism that he takes refuge in suicide. This work was strictly proscribed by the First Napoleon; but, in spite of severe penalties, and the strenuous exertions of the police, four inferior translations of it were from time to time circulated among the ultra-republican party in France. In 1829, however, when all the political interest of the letters had evaporated, an excellent translation of *Ortis* was made by M. Gosselin, and openly published at Paris. Ten years later, the translation of Dumas appeared in rather a curious form, for there was nothing on the title-page to indicate that the work was a translation; nor was the name of the author, Foscolo, mentioned, the title-page being simply *Jacques Ortis, par Alexandre Dumas*. This simplicity of title is explained in the preface, written, or at least signed, by M. Fiorentino, who asserts that "only one man in France could understand and translate '*Ortis*.'" Of course, that man is Dumas, "who," to quote the preface again, "has placed himself on a level with Foscolo; and, in all justice, *Ortis* belongs to Dumas; it is at once his conquest and his heritage." Now, this outrageous puff, though undesignedly so, is actually the bitterest of irony; for this conquest and heritage, by the only man in France capable of translating and understanding the original, is stolen, almost, word for word, from the translation by Gosselin. The theft has been fully exposed by M. Querard in his *Supercherie Littéraires*, by placing parts of Gosselin's translation side by side with the same portions from Dumas.

It would be unfair if we did not admit that some of the romances, actually written by M. Dumas, possess, like his dramas, a certain degree of merit. His sketches are vivid, but more remarkable for effect

than probability, and his combinations ever display more taste than originality of conception. He groups artistically, but allows coarse contrasts of light and shade; while all through his writings can be observed a greater hastiness of execution than accuracy of detail. Any work bearing his name that exhibits evidence of research, investigation, or reflection, may be safely set down as not written by him. One would suppose such a writer unfitted to shine as a historian; but his friends assert that in that respect he is fully equal to Chateaubriand and Thierry; and, curiously enough, his assailants are forced to concur in the same opinion. This seeming anomaly can easily be explained. In *Gaule et France*, written by Dumas, there are just 400 pages taken wholesale from the *Etudes Historiques* of Chateaubriand, and the *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France* of Thierry! It is to be hoped that M. Dumas is not so ungrateful as Donatus, the saintly plagiarist of yore, who used to exclaim: "Let them be excommunicated and accursed who have written our good things before us!"

A detailed notice of the numerous works written and otherwise manufactured by and for M. Dumas, would require a volume. No field of literature did he leave untilled; and truly his harvests were abundant. Lawsuits that would have ruined any other man, served merely as advertisements to keep this Barnum of literature before the public. One of these lawsuits, being rather characteristic of French ideas, is worthy of more particular notice. In *La Dame de Monsoreau*, one of the Dumas romances, really written by himself, he depicted François d'Espinay, a courtier in the reign of Henry III., in no flattering colors; and the Marquis d'Espinay, a descendant of the above-named François, actually, in the nineteenth century, brought an action against the romancist for defaming the character of an ancestor who lived in the sixteenth! Fortunately for Dumas, his view of the courtier's character was supported by history, and, consequently, he gained the suit. The Château of Monte Christo, of which an account lately appeared in this journal, was another advertisement—a gigantic puff direct; so were the lion-killing feats in Algeria, the visit to the brigands of the Sierra Morena, and the host of other wonderful adventures so unlike any that other persons had ever met with, and in

all of which every person and circumstance combined for the one purpose only of glorifying and doing honor to the immortal genius of Dumas. All this prolonged *fanfare* of egotistical braggadocio has, by those who were before the curtain, been ascribed to inordinate vanity; while those behind the scenes knew it to be merely an exercise of what an old book terms the pleasant art of money-catching. Is Professor Drugaway vain of his pills, think ye? We opine not. He puffs them, and they pay him well for the puffing. So did the books issued by M. Dumas. Their sale was immense, their number was legion, and their prices were high. To purchase a complete set of his works would, in 1848, have required upwards of 68 *l.* sterling!

For a long period, squib, satire, and

criticism fell harmless against the brazen walls of the great temple of literary humbug erected by M. Dumas. Nothing less than a revolution could overthrow it, and at last a revolution did. M. Dumas no longer resides in the Château of Monte Christo, but, as the Napoleon of literature, it is said he terms his present Belgian residence St. Helena!

Space has permitted us to notice only a few of the more striking points of this remarkable chapter in the history of literary deception. As our authorities, and a clue to those who may wish to learn more, we refer the reader to the work of M. Querard, already quoted—to the *Fabrique de Romans, Maison A. Dumas et Compagnie*, of Eugène de Mirecourt; and to *Alexandre Dumas Dévoilé*, said to be written by M. Chassagnac.

---

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE MOURNFUL MARRIAGE OF SIR S. MORLAND.

### SECOND PART.

WE left this luckless hero at that point of distress at which Congreve makes his "Oid Bachelor" express his willingness to "lose leg or arm," to suffer *anything*, in fact, in order to be—"divorced from his wife!" whereupon his tormentors show him the way of release, and so ends the stage jest. Sir S. Morland suffered the same torment, but obtained not the same release; having fallen foul of a "Scylla" wife, to escape her he rushed in the "Charybdis" of the Consistory Court, in which, without one tenable ground for a suit of "Jactitation of Marriage," he floundered helplessly for a long period, making the public a sorry exhibition of a "biter bitten," in the attempt to swal-

low the rich portion of a "virtuous, pious, and sweet-dispositioned ladie."

Morland's attempt to obtain the King's interference with his "proctor, advocate, and judge," gives us a curious glimpse of that system of tampering with the administration of justice, from which the "great Revolution" delivered us; no one in our day and generation can even realise the idea of invoking "one word" from the Crown to be whispered into the ear of a Judge, in reference to a cause pending before him, and yet Morland asks Pepys to obtain such an interference on his behalf, as if it were an ordinary act of favor from king to courtier. He probably failed to obtain it, for the next com-



munication shows matters growing worse with him, his arrears of pension still withheld, and his suit going adversely:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"Monday Morning, 7 Nov., 1687.

"SIR,—Soon after I waited on you last, I showed myself to the King, who told me he would speak to the Lords of the Treasury, and the Tuesday following I put a memorial into his hands, but since, word has been sent me that nothing was ordered me.

"In the mean time *I stand excommunicated since 40 days before term*, and a week since, Judge Exton gave leave to that *woman's* proctor to take out a writ against me, which was done, and rude fellows employed, who threatened to take me dead or alive, so as I am shut up as a prisoner in my own hutt, near Hyde Park Gate.

"In the mean time, had I but 400*l.*, or it may be 300*l.*, in ready money, I could get the marriage annulled, and will his Majesty let me sink and perish for such a sum?

"If the King be resolved to give me no money, yet if he would grant me a tally of anticipation for one year's revenue, I could make a shift. . . . .

"If nothing be done in three or four daies time all will be lost, and past being retrieved.

"S. MORLAND."

It is probable that luckless Morland "made shift" to get the money, and to waste it in fruitless attempts to get himself free, for the following, in six months after, shows the sport he made for the Philistines in carrying out his notable device for getting his "marriage annulled."

"MORLAND TO PEPYS.

"17 May, 1688.

"SIR,—Being of late unable to goe abroad by reason of my lame hip, which gives me great pain, *besides that it would not be safe for me at present by reason of that strumpet's debts*, I take the boldness to entreat you, that according to your wonted favors of the same kind, you would be pleased at the next opportunity to give the King the following account.

"A little before Christmas last, being informed that she was willing for a sum

of money to confess a pre-contract with Mr. *Cheek*, and at the same time assured both by hers and my own lawyers that such a confession would be sufficient for a sentence of nullity, I did deposit the money, and accordingly a day of trial was appointed, but after the cause had been pleaded, I was privately assured that the judge was not at all satisfied *with such a confession as hers*, as to be a sufficient ground for him to null the marriage. So that *the design came to nothing*.

"Then I was advised to treat with her, and give her a present sum, and a future maintenance, she giving me sufficient security never to trouble me more; *but her demands were so high!* I could not consent to them.

"After this, she sent me a very submissive letter by her own advocate. I was advised, both by several private friends *and some eminent divines!* to take her home, and a day of treaty was appointed for an accommodation.

"In the interim, a certain gentleman came on purpose to my house, to assure me that '*I was taking a snake into my bosom,*' forasmuch as she had for six months past, to his certain knowledge, been kept by, and cohabited with, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, as his wife.

"Upon which, making further inquiry, that gentleman furnished me with some witnesses, and I having found out others, I am this term endeavoring to prove adultery against her, and to obtain a divorce, which is the present condition of your most faithful and humble servant.

"S. MORLAND."

Here it would appear as if the hapless Benedick "saw land" amidst the ocean of trouble around him. His adultery plea seemed to speed better than his other devices; in less than three months he had gotten sentence of divorce pronounced, after "many hott disputes between the doctors of the civil law," and "*subject to appeal within 15 days!*" Morland seemed quit of his Delilah for life, with only the slight drawback of having to settle her "*little bills!*" contracted from the day of marriage to the day of sentence, "in which he saw a sufficiency of trouble." We have said that Morland *seemed* to be rid of his tormentor, but it was in seeming only; the "Ides of March were come," but not past. Within the ominous "fifteen days" we have our luckless hero making

fresh signals of distress to his old pupil Pepys, through whom he seems to have thought it his duty to make all his miseries and troubles periodically known to the King. But the king's own troubles were by this time thickening round him; he was at war with the Universities, the seven Bishops! the whole mind and energies of Protestant England, and we may easily conceive that neither Pepys nor Pepys's master had much attention or commiseration to spare for the following detail of the fresh sorrows of this "doited old man." James was, in fact, at this very moment at the turning-point of his destiny. Smarting under his defeat in the bishops' trial, just finished in Westminster Hall, he and his browbeating, blaspheming Chancellor Jeffreys were goading the "High Commission Court" to bring in the clergy of England, *en masse*, as culprits, for not reading the memorable dispensing "declaration." Little likelihood was there that, in such a crisis, Sir Samuel Morland could engage the thoughts of either of the three for a single instant. However, he does not fail to urge his suit as usual, in the following dolorous epistle:

"SIR S. MORLAND TO MR. PEPYS.

"28 July, 1689.

"SIR,—Presuming that your *great affairs* will oblige you to be with the king at Windsor, and that my Lord Chancellor (Jeffreys) will be there likewise, I beg leave acquaint you, that since the sentence of divorce was solemnly pronounced by the judge, upon as fair proof as ever was brought into Doctors' Commons, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, who has kept her ever since Christmas last, and still keeps her, and has hitherto fee'd lawyers to support her unjust cause against me, has proceeded to get a certain proctor to enter an appeal against the sentence, and this morning word is sent me, that they either have or will petition my Lord Chancellor to grant a commission of appeal, in pretending that the king's advocate and proctor have proceeded illegally in this tryal, &c. Now the very day the sentence was pronounced, by way of caution I put in a caveat at my Lord Chancellor's office, to pray that my Lord would not grant a commission of appeal before he had sent for the counsel at both sides, and been informed how mine had proceeded. And the favor I now beg of you is, that you

will be so kind to move the king to speak one word\* to my Lord Chancellor to that effect, so that I may have some end of all my troubles and vexations, which have almost utterly ruined me already, assuring you that this is only a project of the adverse party to weary out by a continual expense, as '*gutta cavat lapidem*,' and at last to insult me.

"Your very humble and faithful servant,  
"S. MORLAND."

Here our luckless fortune-hunting promonent, who "went out for wool, and came home shorn to the quick," disappears from the record. The lawyers "long vacation" hung up his divorce suit, appeal and all, and when November term came, a greater divorce case—even the divorce of a Dynasty from a Throne!—engrossed the attention of all men. Jeffreys, instead of issuing commissions of appeal, was himself in the guise of a coal-bargeman, with his fierce brows shaved off, appealing piteously to his guards "for God's sake to lodge him in the Tower," and to "keep off the raging mob howling for his blood!"

Of Morland's divorce bill we hear no more, but it is probable that with the Stuart *régime* fell their pensions and charges on the revenue, and that Morland's wife and her paramour, finding him no longer worth plundering, ceased to annoy him. We can trace him as living on, feeble and blind, to the year 1696; one more glimpse we catch of him, as an author, so late as the year before his death. There is a very small and curious volume, entitled the "URIM OF CONSCIENCE," by *Sir Samuel Morland, Knight and Baronet*: London, 1695,"—in which the author, adverting to his having been blind for the previous three

\* Morland's incessant begging for "one word" from the king in his favor reminds me to append a well-known and characteristic "*mot*" of our "Iron Duke," in reply to an importunate but not approved relative.

"The Hon. and Rev. —, to the Duke of Wellington.

"Dear Duke,

"'One word' from you, and I am a Bishop.

"Yours, &c.,

"——."

THE REPLY.

"Dear —,

"Not 'one word' from

"Yours, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

years, puts forth many original and curious speculations on the state and prospects of human beings. He also takes occasion to criticise "Milton's Paradise Lost," and "Hobbes's Leviathan," with equal severity; and three quaint but well-composed prayers at the end would seem to indicate as if the aged man had found it "good or him to have been afflicted."

I looked in vain through this little volume for any reference to any of the former phases of his varied and eventful life, but could find nothing more definite than the following apologetic confession, p. 38:

"Though I had frequent calls to labor in God's vineyard, yet nevertheless I

chose rather to gratify my own roving fancy, and satisfy my vain curiosity, in ranging abroad and making inquiry into the manners and customs of foraign countries, and then to enter into the secret *intreagues and mysterious transactions of my own*, where I had opportunity to hear, see, and observe many things which *must be buried in oblivion!*"

The next year saw poor old Sir Samuel Morland consigned to the *oblivion of the grave*, little thinking, doubtless, how in another generation he was to be disintombed from oblivion, first in the diary of his friend and patron; and again, by a "Paul Pry" in this *excursus* down one of the "By-ways of History."

---

From the Eclectic Review.

## A I R D ' S P O E M S . \*

THE rule generally holds good in works of art, as well as of nature, that their durability is proportioned to the time and manner of their growth. In literature, no doubt, there are many deviations from this, as any one will vouch, who has tumbled over an old library, and pitched enormous fat folios, the evident labor of the author's lifetime, back into the cobwebbed nooks, symbolical of the utter oblivion into which they have passed, while treasuring up some pretty little brochure, written to obtain a dinner, perhaps. The history of literature during the last quarter of a century, affords, however, a great many instances of the apparent operation of this law. Reputations, poetical and otherwise, innumerable, have arisen and set; some have just commenced to show symptoms of falling into the aere and yellow leaf, while others continue steadily to advance from long pro-

tracted neglect. The more youthful readers of the New Edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," must repeatedly be indebted to Professor Ferrier's notes for their comprehension of passages relating to persons, of whom Christopher North speaks as if their names were household words. It is amusing also to observe how names are jumbled together in his estimates of books and authors, the long-since dead and forgotten being not unfrequently classed with those which have come down to the present day, with renewed growth. In the third volume of the "Noctes" we find him, somewhere about the year 1830, speaking of Thomas Aird in those sweeping terms of laudation, which he was apt to apply often as indiscriminately as the abuse with which he delighted in loading any one who happened to be a Whig or a Radical. At that time it was no great wonder that the popular voice did not respond to North's enthusiasm, for the "Captive of Fez," on whose beauties he dilated, though it possessed some spirited passages, offered little to interest the general reader,

\* *Thomas Aird's Poems.* A New Edition. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1856.

the details being thoroughly unnatural, and managed with little skill; while a magnificent ballad like "The Devil's Dream," standing alone, could not be expected, of itself, to produce any instantaneous effect. Since then, however, he has never yielded an inch of ground, and not a few of the poems in the volume now before us, will justify us in predicting for him ultimately, a far higher and more permanent poetical reputation than many of his brethren who have ascended the fabled hill somewhat more rapidly. Those to which we allude, deal with the scenes and topics which evidently lie nearest his heart, for which, notwithstanding his attempts to naturalize himself in tropical climes, we believe his genius is peculiarly, and were it not for "The Devil's Dream" and "The Demoniac," we should say exclusively, adapted. Doubtless he has written much beautiful poetry, but it is the genuine native characteristics with which such poems as "Frank Sylvan," and other sketches of Scottish scenery and character are imbued, which will ultimately find an echo for his writings in the breasts of the admirers of Burns, Scott, and Professor Wilson. He is in poetry, in fact, to a great extent, what Wilson is in prose—a little more staid, perhaps. Wilson, indeed, is the only predecessor of whom any distinct imitation can be traced, and his poetical style is entirely his own—copied from no one, and as yet, (rare benefit of unpopularity) copied by no one. The impressions produced by Wilson's "Recreations," and Aird's "Blank Verse Sketches," are very much the same. We feel the same "natural airs" blowing breezy along their pages, and the same current of health runs clear and fresh through every vein of thought, all being the free and unrestrained gushings of hearts, saturated with the beauties of earth, till they have become a part of their being. Aird is, in our opinion, so far as he goes, a truer poet of the seasons than Thomson. His minuteness of detail never detracts from the grand outline, and his style now quaint and homely, and ever and anon swelling out into periods unsurpassed by Cowper or Wordsworth in descriptive beauty and aptness, disdains the cheap artifice of heaping up fanciful analogical ideas, by which it is common to conceal a superficial acquaintance with the real features of nature. He has too much love and reverence for our dear mother-earth,

to trick her out in such fantastic disguises. He does not call us to behold suns expiring in their own blood, with moons watching their death pangs in fierce triumph, but brings before us nature in her own fresh unsullied glory. Our readers will judge for themselves from the following random extracts. From Frank Sylvan's ramble we could multiply quotations without number. Take this picture of "Sweet St. Mary's Well":

"Cold, still, and glassy deep, a grassy brow  
O'er shading it, here lies the virgin well.  
Frost never films it, ne'er the dog-star drinks  
Its liquid brimming lower. Self-relieved,  
By soft green dimples in its yielding lip,  
The trembling fulness breaks, and slipping  
o'er,  
Cold bubbles through the grass, the infant  
spilth  
Assumes a voice, and, gathering as it goes,  
A runnel makes: how beautiful the green  
Translucent lymph, crisp, curling, purling  
o'er  
The floating duckweed, lapsingly away!"

Here is a very gem of suggestive imagery, rivalling in the perfect idea it conveys Pope's oft-quoted "wounded snake":

"The cushat, startled from her ivied tree,  
Comes clapping out above him, down right  
o'er  
The river takes, and, *folding her smooth  
wings,*  
*Shoots like an arrow up the woody face*  
*Of yon high steep, and o'er it bears away—*  
The loveliest feat in all the flight of birds."

The mingled homeliness and truth of his "Winter" sunrise and sunset are beautiful exceedingly:

"Yon ridge of trees against the frosty east  
Of morn, how thin, how fine, how spiritualized  
Their fringe of naked branches, and of twigs,  
Distinct, though multitudinous and small!  
Still rarified, they seem about to be  
Consumed away in the affluent candent glow  
Breathed up before the sun! Lo, in their  
stems  
His ruddy disk; and now the rayless orb,  
Round and entire, is up, on the fixed eye  
Dilating, swimming with uncertain poise  
From side to side—a great red ball of fire."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"The sun goes down the early afternoon,  
And soon will set. A rim of steaming haze  
Above the horizon, deeper in its dye  
Than the light orange of the general west,  
Receives his reddened orb. As through their  
glades



Westward you go, a sifted dust of gold  
 Fills all the fir-wood tops: ruddy below  
 Their rough-barked stems; and ay, the wings  
 of birds  
 Flash like illumined gold-leaf, as they flit  
 From tree to tree across your startled eye."

It is not merely in such descriptive sketches that Aird excels. His verse throughout is the evident reflux of a large and liberal mind, stored with all variety of lore, of a heart brimful with love for all God's creatures, and that is ever running over with fresh fancies and pleasant humors, unmingled with misanthropical or other fashionable cant. At the same time, while deficient in the knowledge, or at least, application of those rules which go to the construction of a successful tale, he is singularly happy in illustrative anecdotes, which he blends into the talk with which he beguiles his rural walks. No doubt he wants the felicitous arrangement and transition power of Cowper, which combine to make the whole of the "Task," a series of exquisite pictures, falling as gently and imperceptibly into each other as different landscapes melting together; but his pencil has much of the same graphic minuteness, with a rough, rich raciness peculiarly his own. We have set our heart upon seeing a landscape painter as decidedly Scottish as Cowper is English, and we shall not readily forgive Mr. Aird if he disappoint us. His "Frank Sylvan," "A Summer Day," "A Winter Day," &c., evince the possession of the materials in abundance, but they are just a shade too rambling and unconnected. We have no doubt that his genius would lead him to select his *task* so as to avoid any appearance of imitation. England has been more favored of late years than the sister kingdom with original poetry, and it would be well that almost the only surviving poet of high genius left to Scotland should not depart without leaving some special token for his countrymen. This blank undoubtedly remains yet to be filled, for Thomson was rather a renegade Scot, who merely used his recollections of Scottish scenery to embellish his vague generalisms, which can hardly be applied correctly to any clime or country in particular.

We have dwelt principally on this class of Mr. Aird's writings as we conceive it to be really that on which his after-reputation will rest, though it forms by no means the predominating element in the

contents of the volume. Tales such as the "Captive of Fez," of a class whose day has gone hopelessly by, and a long dramatic poem, the "Tragedy of Wold," take up the greater part—in our opinion, greatly to the detriment of their less assuming companions. Of the tales we need say nothing, unless that they might be of great value to certain minor poets—small editions of Samuel Rogers—but serve no good purpose as emanating from Thomas Aird, only tending to send away the casual reader from the untasted banquet, under the impression that he is one of those well-meaning verifiers born to be forgot. The "Tragedy of Wold," a huge conglomeration of blood and thunder, raving and ranting, is not without evidence of great poetic powers and strength of conception; but these are not in sufficient proportion to render it effective as a whole. The haughty, unbending stoicism of a duchess of the old times which leads her to sacrifice her son without compunction to a freak of loyal devotion, is not calculated to excite a very high amount of sympathy. Mr. Aird, to his praise be it said, has, unlike many other poets, a strong, reverential predilection for old age, which has inspired some of his tenderest and most beautiful effusions. In this case, however, he makes it so intolerably prominent that it is hardly possible to refrain from an involuntary impatience at being compelled, like poor Roland Graeme, to be at the beck of two grand-dames, whose weighty communings engross so much of the narrative. Similar objections apply to other dramatic poems, but the beauty of many detached passages, especially in the "Mother's Blessing," abundantly supply the lack of general interest. We need only allude to a poem so widely known as the "Devil's Dream." The "Demoniac" and "Churchyard" likewise are powerful and imaginative productions, though the latter is loosely put together in the extreme; the ghosts who conduct a poetical conversation during three nights, being a great deal too ghost-like, continually fading away, and leaving the author to all intents and purposes to speak for them, which he does by launching out at some length into his favorite vein, and then sticking in here and there "First Ghost," "Second Ghost," and so on. Indeed, so much is this the case, that in the present edition we find him withdrawing one of these pseudo-ghost's pleasant re-

collections of earth, and introducing it as a separate poem under the title of the "Holy Cottage." Some other similar transplantations are also effected without the theft being in the slightest degree visible, evincing we think that their author has not the greatest faith in the acceptability of some of his larger poems.

We trust this present opportune republication will greatly extend the circle of Mr. Aird's readers. There are a few new poems included in this volume, but it is chiefly valuable in comparison with former editions, on account of the great evident care with which the whole has been revised, there being hardly a page which does not bear traces of the file. Redundancies are retrenched, heightening touches thrown in, and laxities of expression corrected. These alterations are not always happy, the wheat now and then getting well nigh pulled up or "laid," along with the tares, but on the whole the general effect is much improved. We could of course, for our own part have dispensed with what we consider a vast amount of extraneous matter. We hardly expect that Aird will obtain his due modicum of fame till (long may the day be distant!) some unscrupulous biographer, shall treat him in a similar fashion to that in which he treated Delta, and sweep away without mercy whatever appears unworthy of his genius. Meantime, in spite of all surrounding cumbrances, those who can appreciate strength and originality of thought, a deep insight into and acquaintance with the grand and the minute of nature, and an unlimited command of language and imagery of the

very highest order, will find profit and delight in the strong masculine, and at the same time, tender and true utterances of this genuine "poet of nature."

We trust Mr. Aird will be long spared for the task at which we have hinted, realizing in his latter days the peace and repose of his own Sylvan, "deep in the bosom of his native valley." He has not yet retired from the stir of active life, and now that age has begun to steal upon him, our best wishes for his future will be expressed in his own words—

"Labor, Art, Worship, Love, these make  
man's life:

How sweet to spend it here! Beautiful  
valley,

Thine eyre the lilies of the Spring, and thine  
The Summer's leafiest places; Autumn next  
Crowns your glad crofts with corn; nor should  
we dread

The Winter here. On January morn  
Down your long reach, how soul-inspirit-  
ing,

Far in the frosty yellow of the East,  
To see the flaming horses of the Sun  
Come galloping up on the untrodden year!  
If storm-flaws more prevail, hail, crusted  
snows,

And blue-white thaws upon the spotty hills,  
With dun swollen floods, they pass and hur-  
thee not—

They but enlarge, with sympathetic change,  
The thoughtful issues of thy dwellers' hearts.  
Here, happy thus, far from the scarlet sins,  
From bribes, from violent ways, the anxious  
mart

Of money-changers, and the strife of tongues,  
Fearing no harm of plague, no evil star  
Bearded with wrath, his spirit finely touched  
To life's true harmonies, old Sylvan dwells  
Deep in the bosom of his native valley."

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE CARDINAL DE RETZ.

AMONGST the remarkable men who acted, in the history of the world, a part which no tale of fiction would ever venture to imagine, one of the most conspicuous was undoubtedly Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, Archbishop of Paris, partisan, leader of the people, duelist, theologian, and historian. After hav-

ing failed in becoming the Cataline, of the Fronde, he made himself its Sallust.

His grandfather was the famous Marshal de Retz, one of the monsters who took a share in the St. Barthélemi; his father, a bigoted courtier, who entered the Congregation de l'Oratoire; and his preceptor, the renowned Vincent de Paul, the only

saint of modern times who is equally honored by the church and the philosophers. The philanthropist abbé certainly never dreamt that his lively pupil would one day be such an intriguing dignitary. The young man had no vocation for the situation which his father wished for him, and tried by all means, by duels and scandals, to exchange the cassock of the priest for the uniform of the officer. He did not succeed: two Gondis had already been Archbishops of Paris, and his situation as *cadet de famille* was thought of more weight than the reluctance he showed. Now, the future metropolitan began to lead a strange life. Like Alcibiades, he changed his manners with his dress, and practised virtue without abandoning vice. Still in the prime of youth, we see him ally extremes: he is a pious abbé at Rome, and an adventurous debauchee at Venice; he edifies the population by his austerities at St. Lazare, and writes with factious sympathy the history of the conspiracy of Fiesco and that of Cæsar's usurpation; he preaches before Louis XIII. with the greatest success, and plots the assassination of the powerful Richelieu; he holds public controversies with Protestant ministers, and conspires with the prisoners of the Bastille—ay, with the beggars of the town; his behavior is scandalous indeed, but, nevertheless, he is named coadjutor of the metropolis for having repelled an outrage sword-in-hand, and for having once sacrificed his desires to the tears of a beautiful virgin.

In judging this singular ecclesiastic, we must, however, not forget that he had not chosen his career, and that destiny threw him in many awkward positions. He knew nothing more glorious than the leading of a political party, and exclaims in his curious "Memoirs"—"I am convinced that there are greater qualities wanted to form a good party-leader than to make a good emperor of the universe." It may be true; but the coadjutor made a sad mistake by believing that the Fronde was a party, and that he directed it; for there can be no political party without a serious idea of reform. The conspirators of the Fronde, one of them perhaps excepted, did not know what object they pursued; it was a fortuitous assembly of factious intriguers, who were disorderly for the sake of disorder, and Gondi was in the utmost the leader of a cabal. One man only had a peculiar object in view—if we

were to believe the memoirs of the Count Jean de Coligny, who was the faithful companion of the Prince de Condé, and who commanded afterwards, in Hungary, six thousand French soldiers sent against the Turks. Retired in his mansion of La Motte Saint Jean, on the banks of the Loire, Coligny wrote an abridged narrative of his life upon the margin of a missal; some extracts of it were published in the "Mercury de France" (No. VI., 1800,) and at last T. E. Lemontey, of the French Academy, edited them in 1829.\* The lieutenant of Condé pretends that the conqueror of Lens and Roiroi aimed at nothing less than to deprive the child, Louis XIV., of his crown. The Cardinal and *Monsieur* (Duke d'Orleans,) Madame de Longueville and *Mademoiselle* (de Montpensier) were, therefore, mere puppets in the hands of the prince; and this supposition gives, at least, a better insight into the petty intrigues which are the characteristic of the time.

But to return to Gondi, who was certainly the soul of all these despicable caballings. He is not only, like Figaro, better than his reputation, but, in another sense, also worse. As Bossuet said: "You can neither esteem, nor fear, nor love, nor hate him by halves." An inferior man would have become ridiculous by the strong contrast between his holy character and his more than secular actions. But, strange to say, although quite natural in France, people were less offended by seeing a dagger under the cassock of the bishop than by beholding the Prince de Condé praying in a hypocritical manner at a public procession. They called the sharp poniard "the breviary of the coadjutor"—and there was an end of the matter. The mitred tribune was master of the population of Paris, but as he could not appear in person at the riots, he chose a *phantom*, as he tells in his memoirs: "Happily, this phantom was the grandson of Henri IV., spoke the dialect of the *Halles*, and had very long fair hair; one could not imagine the weight of these circumstances and conceive the effect which they produced among the people." This ludicrous personage was the Duke de Beaufort, *le Roi des Halles*, as the Parisians called him.

The war of the Fronde is a curious

\* Oeuvres de T. E. Lemontey. Tome V. *Tièces justificatives*. No. I., p. 177.

episode in that curious history of France, which could not be easily understood, if we were to forget that in France opinions generally precede facts, while in England facts precede opinions in the progress of reform. The struggle lasted five years, and is divided into two periods—a circumstance which many historians are too apt to forget. During the first of these periods, Gondì was certainly a factious ringleader; but during the second, he tried to heal the wounds which his enmity against Mazarin had inflicted on his country. Named Cardinal at the request of the regent Ann, he promised the court a grateful fidelity, which he kept, even at the risk of his life—although his patriotism did not permit him to discontinue his opposition against the cunning Italian prime-minister. If the assertion of Jean de Coligny, of which we spoke above, is true, the children of Louis XIII. owe the maintenance of their throne to the energy and the skill of the Cardinal de Retz. He refused steadily to unite his cause with that of Spain, and gave thereby to the highest French noblemen a patriotic example, which they did not always follow. And, nevertheless, his memory is more insulted than that of his fellow conspirators; for, having died in disgrace, he could not expect to be treated justly by the great century of flattery, and perhaps the echo of the ensuing age repeated too lightly this judgment of prepossessions.

When the troubles were appeased, the regent sacrificed Paul de Gondì to the ardent jealousy of Mazarin. He was imprisoned at Vincennes, and had thus been but a too true prophet when he said to Gaston d'Orléans: "You will be a son of France at Blois, and I a Cardinal at Vincennes." He effected his escape in a bold way, and amidst romantic circumstances, equal perhaps to those which accompanied the flight of the adventurer Casanova from the prisons of Venice. Proscribed, poor, fugitive, he stood alone aloof upon the ruins of his party, and, as the great Bishop of Meaux said: "Yet threatened the victorious favorite by his sad and fearless looks." He decided at Rome the election of Pope Alexander VII., and after Mazarin's death exchanged his archiepiscopal seat for the abbey of St. Denis. He then paid his debts, which amounted to four millions of francs, certainly a large sum, although he had in his youth ex-

claimed "that Cæsar, at his age, owed six times more than he did himself."

Cromwell tried to gain Gondì to his cause; but the latter was at that time on intimate terms with Montrose, and gave even some money to Charles II. Clarendon speaks highly of the respect shown by the coadjutor to the royal exile. The envoy of the Lord Protector found the coadjutor inaccessible, and Cromwell said publicly: "There is but one man in Europe who despises me, and that man is the Cardinal de Retz."

Madame de Sévigné, who had much sympathy for Gondì, writes of him that: "His soul was of such a superior order that one could not expect from him a common end." In fact, he sent twice that much-desired cardinal's hat back to the Pope, who refused to receive it. He left rarely his retreat at Concerey, and died at Paris in 1679, at the age of sixty-four, in the house of the beautiful Duchess de Lesdiguières, his niece, and was buried at the foot of the altar in the stately basilica of Saint Denis.

These are the short outlines of a life, the details of which are more interesting than many a tale of fiction. But we wrote this notice only in order to call attention to the "Memoirs" which the cardinal wrote shortly before his death, and, which were published, forty years afterwards, during the regency of Philippe d'Orléans. A beautiful edition, compared with the authentic manuscripts of the royal library of Paris, containing facsimiles and interesting letters never printed before, was published in 1843, with the authorization of the French Minister of Public Instruction.\* Neither antiquity, nor modern literature, nor France, which excels in this style of writing, possess memoirs superior to these. They are, as Voltaire remarks, written with an air of grandeur, an impetuosity of genius and unevenness, which are the image of the author's life; his expressions, sometimes incorrect, often neglected, but always original, remind the reader of what has so often been said of Cæsar's Commentaries, "That he wrote with the same spirit he made war."

Some of Gondì's remarks denoted a profound observer—we might venture to say a true statesman. He describes thus

\* "Memoires du Cardinal de Retz, &c." Paris, chez Henguet et au comptoir des imprimeurs unis.



the persons who are the most dangerous in riots: "Rich men go only there when forced; beggars are more prejudicial than useful, because the fear of plundering causes them to be dreaded; those who prevail the most are people oppressed in their private affairs enough for desiring a change in public affairs, and the poverty of whom does not go as far as mendicity." Agitators may reflect on the following maxim: "There is nothing of so much consequence with the people than, even if one attacks, to appear to think only of defending oneself." The following revolutionists of all nations know but too well: "In a sedition, everything which makes people believe in it, will increase its strength." To governments he says: "The extreme evil is never so near but when those who command lose all shame."

As is the case with all writers of genius, his style is inimitable and peculiar. He is, with La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, and Madame de Sévigné, the best prose writer of the age of Louis XIV., certainly one of those who enriched the French language with lively expressions and ingenious strokes of wit. If some of his maxims were found in Tacitus or Sallust, they would not be thought out of place, so versed does he seem to be in the secrets of policy and of the human heart. Profound sentences, sagacious thoughts fall, as it were, naturally from his pen. Here are some: "Weakness never yields in good time; it is more difficult in a party to live with those who are amongst it than to act against those who are opposed to it; there are kinds of fears which are only dissipated by fears of a higher degree." These maxims are worthy of La Roche-

foucauld, and yet, as Laharpe justly observes, the fame of being a superior writer was the one of which Gondî thought the least. Three authors, Lord Chesterfield, Adrien Lezay-Marnesia, and Musset-Pathay, have detached from the substance of the work the reflections of the coadjutor, and this dangerous test has not diminished their effect.

The Cardinal de Retz is incomparable in writing portraits, or rather characters; and he delineates them with a sharp malice which has never been excelled. He says of Madame de Montbazou: "I never knew any one who preserved in the midst of vice so little respect for virtue;" and of Madame de Longueville: "From the heroine of a great party she became the adventuress of it." He speaks of himself neither with the impudence of Cardan, nor the ingenuity of Saint Simon, nor the noble mind of the President de Thou, but with the disinterestedness and the simplicity of a free heart. His rival and enemy La Rochefoucauld says of him: "He has much elevation, extent of intellect, and more ostentation than real grandeur." Saint Coremond remarks: "Eloquence was natural to him;" and Laharpe asserts that: "For the knowledge of men and things, the talent in writing, nothing can be compared with the memoirs of the famous Cardinal de Retz."

In short, these memoirs should be in the hands of every lover of sharp criticism and historical dissertations. The person of Gondî is less commendable than his book; but, nevertheless, this singular mixture of noble qualities and brilliant vices forms one of the most remarkable figures in the history of France.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

## RECENT FRENCH ROMANTIC LITERATURE.

THE French say there is a dearth of novels and romances. Wine and wit are failing together. For five successive years the vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy have been stricken with blight, and for almost as long a period the rich faculties

of our allies in other fields have produced little fruit, and that little mostly of a noxious kind. Some indeed of the greatest modern novelists of France are still living, but they seem to be no longer in the vein. Alexander Dumas the elder,

and George Sand, have, as usual with celebrities of their nation, crowned their literary career by that essential monument to French fame—their *Mémoires*. The author of *Notre Dame de Paris* and the author of the *Juif Errant* are in exile; Jules Sandeau aspires to a seat in the Academy, that House of Peers in which genius folds its wings with decent gravity; and the name of Paul Féval is seldom if ever seen subscribed to the once all-attractive *feuilleton roman*.

This discovery of literary dearth is not our own. We should doubt whether the observation would have occurred, if not forced upon our attention by lamentations which have appeared in Paris publications of high character. We are so accustomed to see our theatres draw their supplies from abroad, and to hear of mournful complaints of the want of native dramatic talent, that we expect to be treated with a stare of incredulity when we assure our countrymen, that while English critics are indulging in satirical compliments to ingenious adapters of French plays, French writers are in sober sadness advising authors of fictitious narrative to inspire their jaded fancies at the pure cistern of modern English invention. Not long ago the *Journal des Débats* published a well-drawn outline of *Jane Eyre*, for the purpose, as the writer (M. de Laboulaye) declared, of reclaiming the *roman* from the decay into which it was falling, by examples derived from the English school—examples calculated to open up fields of adventure which French genius has either never trod, or hastily abandoned ere yet sufficiently explored. In another publication of a more peculiarly literary character, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, there lately appeared an offer of a prize for a suitable tale of fiction—a prize, as we believe, which remains adjudged. Nay, more: a whimsical millionaire, whose name when once mentioned we cannot hastily cast aside—M. Louis Véron—having put down his name for a sum calculated to throw aspirants to well-gilded laurels into agonies of inspiration, did more,—he seized the pen himself, to show how fields were won, and by way of model published his *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*. Doctor Véron is a man not only of wealth, equal it is supposed to the title of his book—he is a personage—he sits in the *Corps Législatif*; he is an officer of the Legion of Honor; his breast is

covered with orders. When Louis Napoleon, on his arrival in France in the memorable year 1848, determined to consult public men, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the circumstances of a country he felt himself destined to govern, one of the first whom he invited to his table at the Hôtel du Rhin, was M. Véron, proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper. The susceptible politician returned home a devoted Bonapartist. The Romans of old liked lucky generals. He who wrote the '*Rubicon is passed*' on the decree which abolished the Legislative Assembly, could not have attached to his fortunes a man who had been more successful in his aims than the author and possessor of *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*. Before he allowed his fancy to wander through the realms of fiction, Doctor Véron favored the world with an account of his long and varied experience. We have already, in previous numbers,\* given a sketch of the *Mémoires* of a *Bourgeois de Paris*, which, notwithstanding five bulky volumes, would seem to have had a fair hour of success. A book which gives the history of a man who has moved on to wealth and honour, not through the thorny paths of privation necessitating the exercise of courage and fortitude, but in the flowery ways of the most varied enjoyments, must have been seized with avidity by those philosophers who turn their lamp in search of that honest man of these days, the lucky speculator. With the tact acquired in his fortunate direction of the Grand Opera, the author, who had learned the art of exciting public expectation through a suggestive bill of fare, chose well the title of his novel; for does it not seem to intimate a new page of his experience, one too romantic to have been thrust on the file of a bourgeois de Paris, but hidden from the vulgar eye, until drawn out for the solace of his retreat, and to win more tender sympathies than those usually accorded to the anxieties attending the pursuit of wealth? Here we must at once confess disappointment, mingled with a stronger feeling than we wish to express. By as much as it was Dr. Véron's object to exalt the citizen by exhibiting him as a man whose industrious habits and strong sense are not inconsistent with the possession of fine taste for the works of art and a cultivated understand-

\* See *Fraser* for March, 1854, and June, 1855.

ing, by so much does he lower him in the scale of morality, and that not by exposure of vicious propensities, but by the betrayal of an utter absence of the moral sense. If the life which Picard, the hero of the novel, leads, be anything like a fair representation of middle-class conduct, we should hardly know what to think of a state of society in which a venerable statesman, wishing to crown the autumn of his day with the laurel of literary fame, could find no better type of honor, honesty, and domestic virtues. In fact, the adventures through which this well-meaning individual allows himself to be led, as it were passively, by a certain accomplished Baron de Longueville, are such as we dare not, out of respect to our readers, describe. Picard's code of duties to his family and society goes no deeper than external observances, which if decently and, according to his notion,—which is represented as the prevailing notion,—honorably fulfilled, leave him at liberty to haunt the gambling-table, and to keep whatever company he pleases. It is the position of the author alone which renders the book worthy of a moment's attention, and viewed in that light it is painfully instructive.

Such is a general outline of a story intended by its author to paint manners and morals as they are. Some of his richest illustrations we are obliged to omit. We have not followed Picard senior to an orgie to which he accompanied his Mentor the Baron, with the same unruffled conscience with which he received that proposal for the breach of the seventh commandment, the main incident of the book; neither have we mentioned an itinerant gambling scene in a carriage on the way to a race-course, in which ladies and gentlemen play a game called *discretion*, which our discretion warns us from particularizing; and other delicacies in a feast where everything is as choice as might be expected from an intellectual Amphitryon of twenty thousand pounds sterling a year,—whose sixty years have been passed in the best society,—whose breast is covered with orders, those brilliant stars which only shine on the serene heaven of pure bosoms,—and whose honored grey head adorns the *Corps Législatif*. Is the book, our readers will ask, even written with ability? Happily it is not. There is, however, a sort of dulness which is instructive. A man of fashion may be made

to serve one useful purpose, that is, of showing what is in vogue. If he be as tasteless as he is rich he will exaggerate the absurdities he copies, or give greater prominence to the presumed vices of the class to which he wishes the world to think he belongs. Dr. Véron, we must say, is no original genius of evil. He is no hardy innovator. He is a copyist, not of Alexandre Dumas the father, but of Alexandre Dumas the son. Unable to reach the licentious *étourderie*, the sparkling half-intoxicated capriciousness of that rich imagination from which sprang the *Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Cristo*, the Doctor toddles after the *Dame aux Camélias*, and the vicious denizens which people the younger Dumas' *Demi Monde*. The evil fruit we learn has reached full ripeness, when we see it turning to rotteness in the hands of the author of *Cinq Cent Mille Livres de Rente*.

We have named Eugène Sue in reference to the publication of the *Juif Errant* in the *Constitutionnel*, by which Dr. Véron contrived to derive such considerable pecuniary advantages. We suspect that to the same distinguished author the unscrupulous Doctor is under obligations of another kind. Of Eugène Sue we desire to speak with the consideration due to a man of genius exiled from his native land, and, as we fear, debarred from the exercise of his pen in his own accustomed way.\*

There appeared some time ago, in the *Siècle* newspaper, a series of stories from the pen of Eugène Sue, the last of which was brought abruptly to a close by an order from the authorities. As we are obliged to speak from recollection of the tale in question, we are unable to furnish the names of the characters. The subject, however, remains fresh in our minds. The hero, like Picard, is a man who, following an humble calling, becomes suddenly rich by lucky speculations on the Bourse. Like Picard, he has a delicate wife, and a family consisting of two good young daughters. Like Picard, he adopts suggestions similar to those made by the Baron de Longueville; and again, like Picard, disgraces himself by participation in the voluptuous brutalities of an orgie. So much

\* *La Presse*, of March 8th, which had begun the publication of a *Roman Feuilletien* by Eugène Sue, announces that it has been obliged to discontinue the story.

for the points of resemblance, which our readers will, we think, acknowledge to be sufficiently close. When we come to notice the points of difference, we discover how wide is the line of separation which lies between genius and dull plagiarism. Sue's hero does not attempt to combine the sacred affections of home with indulgences already sufficiently, however vaguely, described. He is from the beginning a man of callous heart. The object of his untiring industry, as is the case with most of his class, is to save enough against his old days, on which to retire and live in modest independence. The desire, not unjustifiable in itself, by its exclusive occupation of his mind, makes him at last a wretched miser, who grudges himself and his family all but the barest necessities of existence. But mark the change wrought on such a nature by a sudden influx of fortune from the channels of gambling speculation. Appetites which had been supposed to be destroyed, had they ever existed, people that callous heart, like famished wolves. All the vices take possession of this ever hard-working, self-denying, and grasping man. By a stroke of genius we should in vain look for in the author of Picard, his family derive no advantage from his ill-acquired superfluities. The man who abroad revels in excesses, when once under the old roof resumes the old character. He sees with a dry eye his delicate wife toiling, and his two daughters turning their old gown, and endeavoring to put a new face upon them with rows of buttons; and it is from the circle of his hard implacable habits that Eugène Sue flings him into the burning crater of an orgie of fabulous extravagance, where waste goes on for waste sake, and the most incongruous compounds are made up, with no other recommendation than their extravagant cost. The fellow is ruined, as he well deserves to be, and feeling himself unable to return to his old despised business, or to endure privations not long before habitual, he commits suicide. Why Sue's story should be stopped, and the exile prevented earning his bread by his pen, while Véron's dull plagiarism is applauded, we cannot understand, according to principles of justice. The extravagances committed are not more vile than those in which Picard indulges. Sue's story has a moral, which is this, that riches procured by other than honest industry, corrupt. Stock exchange gambling-gains

he shows to be bad in their effect. The Bourse became offended—the authorities shocked. The author, exiled like Victor Hugo, was again denounced for attempting to excite hatred against the *bourgeoisie*, and his writings interdicted. Picard, who is passionless in his indulgences, who takes the world as he finds it,—Picard, who is the negation of all virtue, but who, owing to the extinction of conscience, sees neither good nor evil;—this Picard, preserving external respectability, is actually held up as a model of a good, thriving family man, and Dr. Véron remains the moralist of the Bourse, and venerated member of the Legislative Assembly.

Bad as Véron is, there is another writer quite as objectionable. Henri Murger is, like Alexandre Dumas the younger, one of the rising school, and to which the venerable Doctor, notwithstanding his age, belongs. "All," say the transcendentalists, "is in all." Any one sentence from Murger, taken at random, is a sample of the whole man. We know that it is needless to offer a brick, except to a *clairvoyant*, in order to have a notion of a house. But if you had held under your nose a very bad-smelling brick, and were told that the whole house was built of the same material, you would become indifferent about the architecture. *Par exemple*:—In the story of *La Résurrection de Lazare*, the Vicomte de Seraphin begins a letter to the Comtesse de Sylvus thus:—"Madame,—As I have just killed your husband, it would be indecent that I should marry you in France. Come, then, and join me at Milan." Is not that a brick? The whole story is in the same tone. The husband dies in the arms of a mistress, with whom Lazare, the hero, is in love, and through whom his resurrection from the grave of the world is sentimentally accomplished. The immorality of the book is diabolical. It is not the immorality of false system, like that of Sue or Sand: or of recklessness, like that of Dumas the father; or pandering to vulgar curiosity about certain descriptions of life and manners, like Dumas the son; or the immorality of coarse humor, like that of Paul de Kock; or the absence of any sense of the quality, like that of Véron;—it is the resolute cynicism of Mephistopheles. It is active, wicked outrage. The mirth is bitter irony, the seriousness a cutting sneer. It is cruelty to the sympha-



thies of man's heart, which are branded, as it were, with a burning iron, and the heart itself calcined. Yet is the author so popular, that his works figure in Lévy's collection at one franc the volume. An admirably printed collection, such as can only remunerate the publishers by prodigious sale. Unhappy is the land where Henri Murger's books do sell prodigiously.

So far we seem to be engaged in proving the position of those French writers who proclaim that the present generation are drinking the lees and dregs of an exhausted literature. When you point to those great living names with which the world is familiar,—the Lamartines, Hugos, and their glittering fellowship of bright lights,—the answer with which you are met is a reference to the rising school. We mean to point by-and-by to an exception. We will dwell a little on a new name of great promise, that of M. About, the author of *Tolla* and the *Marriages de Paris*. Before we do so we must ask leave to ponder for a moment on the complaints to which we have alluded. The writer in the *Journal des Débats*, M. de Laboulaye, with whose name we may say we began this article, has, as we have seen, pointed to the English school of novel-writers as sound and vigorous, and worthy of being followed as an example. English writers, while they truly paint manners, go deep beneath the surface of habits and personalities, that they may look into and expose the heart, and exhibit its workings. French writers of the present day try rather to amuse, nay, not so much to amuse as to excite by mere pictures of manners; and as excitement too often craves unwholesome stimulants, the manners they paint are such as the pure ought not to know, at all events in the revolting fascination of their details. Such manners can be illustrated only by shockingly appropriate incidents. The abandoned, it need not be told, plunge into attractive varieties of vice where it can do readers no good to follow, though genius itself should lead the way. M. Laboulaye advises, not so much an imitation of the English school, as a return to the authors of the seventeenth century. The grandeur of Corneille arises from his noble morality. His heroes and heroines are of the true stamp, within whose soul goes on the god-like struggle of duty with affections in themselves natural and laudable, but which must come out vanquished. The spirit of

Corneille is reflected in the romances of his time, and descends from Mademoiselle Scudery to Madame de Lafayette. We must say that it is not easy to settle how much of this may be intended for serious application by way of cure for an acknowledged evil, and how much may have a political bearing and object. We fancy that French novelists could no more return to their *Carte du Tendre* and *Duchesses of Cleves*, than English writers could select for model the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney. To praise the literature of past times is sometimes a way of condemning that of the present. The best French literature is undoubtedly connected with the Monarchy. There is no literature which can properly be called Republican, and the Empire produced nothing of any worth. From 1790 to 1815 there lies a literary interregnum. This is an historical circumstance on which both Monarchists and Republicans love to dwell, because of the inuendo, which even the censorship of Napoleon III. finds too fine to seize, that as it was, so it will be, and whatever glories may attach to the revived Empire, those of literature will not be amongst the number.

A writer of considerable ability on the Legitimist side, M. Nettement, lately published two volumes, for the purpose of showing that, with the Restoration of 1815 came a revival of literature, which the Revolution of 1830, if it did not kill at once, yet corrupted so thoroughly as to render inevitable the decay we now behold. We are not going to enter into the subject of the battle of the *Romantiques* and the *Classiques*, raised by the Victor Hugos and Alexandre Dumas about the period in question. Our object is to show that novelists themselves, men of superior minds, did long ago see that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark. The French have never perhaps sufficiently esteemed their great novelists. They never have properly recognized the high place due to a great writer of prose fiction. They have not allowed the truth that, to a man or woman of true genius, the form is but the occasion. Poetry and philosophy and political wisdom and social progress may be made, and have been made, to animate with the spirit of immortal life those stories which are at once an analysis of character and of society, bringing out their mixed elements, and indicating what may prove to

their advantage. Here, for instance, is a prophecy from Balzac, uttered some fifteen years before its accomplishment. Let the reader look to the *Curé de Village*, twenty-fourth chapter, and there will be found dissertations on the political and social state of France, in which it is distinctly prophesied that the then existing system was doomed to die by the year 1850, at which period some great genius, comprehending his time, would bring to light the buried *ordonnances* of Charles X., and tie down France for her own good. Balzac died just as his prediction was in course of being fulfilled.

The eternal struggle between good and evil going on now as it has ever gone on, leaves no field of combat unoccupied, certainly not the tempting ground of light literature, so attractive especially to the young, on whom influences are easily made, and with consequences so important. The greatest minds, which are happily the most inclined towards purity, seeing clearly the evils which challenge their strength, and moved by that impassioned indignation which is the soul of motive, do nevertheless in their fixedness of gaze upon the corrupt things marked out for attack, fail to do justice to the counterbalancing good which is by their side, and which is in themselves. We of the present day forget the ephemeral novels which twenty years ago rivalled for a moment the great masters of the art, whose names eventually kept possession of the public admiration. Jules Sandeau, in that beautiful story of *Madeleine*, deservedly crowned by the French Academy, describes a school of writers who were at the period referred to as popular as Henri Murger and Alexandre Dumas *filz* unhappily are at present. The reference to such writers appears most appropriately in a story like *Madeleine*, which was published in 1849, with the moral view of correcting certain false notions in the minds of the working classes concerning the rich. The hero of the story, born to an estate which he has squandered, is restored from the demoralization engendered by idleness and pride, by being induced to labor with his own hands. The manner in which his repugnance had been overcome through the wise and patient artifices of *Madeleine*, who, herself, in possession of an unsuspected fortune, sets an example which her cousin feels constrained from very shame

to follow, until he is cured and restored to wealth he is both able and worthy to enjoy, is all exquisitely wrought out. The evil attacked by Jules Sandeau in his fascinating story, although revealed in its intensity in 1848, yet had been long fed and fostered by writers, whose character is thus described :

"It was one of those novels which were so much the vogue about fifteen years ago, and which are happily becoming more rare every day. In these works duty and home were spoken of with disdain almost amounting to contempt. On the other hand passion was exalted to something like the character of a divine mission. In this novel, like so many others published at the same time, the hero, after having trampled on the ridiculous prejudices of education, after having assumed an attitude in face of society like that of an Ajax insulting the gods, or rather like a Solon who was to regenerate it by the example of his life, and after having carried on an eager strife against institutions, ended by losing courage and taking to flight. Despairing of men and things, indignant against a society too corrupt to receive laws from his pride and oracles from his genius, he, to punish it, took refuge in suicide as the last only asylum which remained here below for great hearts and fine souls. But not to avow himself vanquished, he tried to hide his defeat and agony by singing in the face of heaven and of earth a cry of rage and defiance."

Who thinks now of that unwholesome literature which seems to rival the Sandeaus and the Balzacs in the height of their fame? Remond is forgotten, and Champfleury out of date.

Admitting now the existence of an evil class of writers, yet must we, before we can bring ourselves to subscribe to the assertion of certain desponding spirits amongst the French themselves, see whether there may not be a rising genius worthy to continue the race of the old line of giants, and whose reputation shall yet stand towering above those feeble and flashy creatures who, for the moment, amuse the public gaze; such a writer we think we do distinguish in Edmond About, the author of *Tolla*, and of a series of stories less known out of his own country, called *Les Mariages de Paris*.

*Tolla* is that same simple story which, told already in many ways, has never ceased to interest, and which may be told again and again for generations to come, and which, never old and ever new, will, provided it be told with the true accents of an Edmond About, not fail to touch the

hearts of all who have hearts. Who is there who has not known of some Tolla, who has given her heart to a Lello? Who is there who has not witnessed something of the common artifice by which a family objecting to a match beneath their ambition, have found some pretext for sending the young gentleman to travel, until the pure image of his young love has been drowned in the dissipation of foreign capitals? That Lello should prove unworthy of the faithful heart which breaks while his own is hardening in selfish enjoyments, does not stop our tears for a victim whose fate we may see repeated we know not how soon or how often.

The author of this story, whose originality is not in the main incidents so much as in the style, has nevertheless been accused of plagiarism. He took it, some said, from an Italian romance; or as others, with more appearance of truth, alleged, from a statement published by the family of an injured lady, in which was contained the lovers' correspondence. The author has himself acknowledged as much. He has avowed that his story is based on fact, as many immortal dramas and tales have been. The characters are of his own creation, and they are admirably drawn. That which gave an appearance of truth to the charge of plagiarism, was the perfect knowledge of Italian manners displayed by a writer of, we believe, not more than twenty-eight years of age—an intimacy with habits not reached by any French author since Bayle, better known by the name of Stendahl, wrote his *Chartreuse de Parme*. M. About is a travelled man. A member of the *Ecole Normale*, he was some years ago sent to Athens as a Professor in the French University of the capital of Greece. His quick and sure powers of observation became revealed to the world in a work on modern Greece, of acknowledged accuracy. A picture of Italian manners from such a pen might fairly be received as the result of his own experience. As we have already suggested, the story of *Tolla* is simply this. Lello, attached to Tolla, is at the instance of his family, sent to travel, in order that he may in the dissipation of London and Paris, lose his love and his purity together. The pretext is the marriage of his brother in London with an English lady, and the instrument is a bad priest. Here is his portrait:

"Entering Rome, the Countess recognized Monsignor Roquette, who alighted from his carriage before the Museum of S. Jean de Latran. She pointed him out to Doctor Ely.

"Monsignor Roquette," said the Doctor.

"Do you know him?"

"He is one of my patients, but as he is a healthier man than myself, we do not often see each other."

"What do they say of him in town?"

"They say he is a gallant man and a man of wit, who may, with the help of God, become in time a holy man."

"And that is all they say?"

"All," prudently replied the Doctor.

"Then, dear Doctor, tell me what they think, for Rome is the city of all the world where what is thought resembles least what is said."

"They think that Monsignor Roquette is neither young nor old, handsome nor ugly, fair nor dark, big nor little, rich nor poor, neither priest nor layman, honest nor rogue, neither. But why will you ask me to compromise myself?"

"Speak, my friend," said Tolla, quickly.

"This man, whom I saw only three days ago for the first time, is come athwart my happiness—either to serve or destroy me. Teach me, if you know him, what have I to fear or to hope."

"Everything, my dear little angel, according as he may be for or against you. You know that I have the bad habit of judging people by their physiognomy; this Monsignor possesses one of the most significant faces ever given me to observe—a very study of a head. The forehead is high and broad; the skull vast; brain developed; little eyes, round, and deeply set, of a keen, transparent blue, like those of wild animals; open nostrils, mobile and palpitating, sign infallible of ardent passions and great appetites; thin lips, if he has lips at all; teeth for biting; a short, gathered-up, thick chin, with a deep dimple in the middle; a wrinkled forehead, pimpled cheeks, with the raven's foot spread out on each temple. Can you guess what I think when I see that face labored, tormented, and cracked by an internal fire? I think of the sulphur mines of Naples. I smell an unextinguished volcano; and, God forgive me! I fancy I see the smoke breaking through the wrinkles of his forehead."

"Bravo, Doctor," interrupted the Count.

"One would think, to hear you talk, that his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar has a private secretary come in right line from Satan."

Roquette takes Lello under his charge. They arrive at Marseilles. The first thing Lello does is to seek for the miniature portrait of Tolla, which he takes from the bottom of his trunk. The few words that follow are worthy of Thackeray. "The dear little image was almost ugly; the saline exhalations of the sea had blurred the colors." The tarnished

picture is an emblem of what follows. There is, indeed, something in the general style of the book which reminds us of the author of *Vanity Fair*. It is at once light, unlabored, sparkling, and yet simple. There is no apparent effort to touch the feelings, and yet are we deeply moved. Tolla has nothing remarkable in her character; she is, however, a true woman, with a right womanly heart.—Who wants, in fact, "original" people with whom to sympathize? What we do need is true passion in a human breast, and, wherever that appears, the person, whoever she be, plain or fair, or rich or poor, young or old, that is to say, if not *very* old, that true passion will command our deepest interest. Lello does not deserve Tolla, and yet when he deceives, and she dies, we feel for her as if she had lost one worthy of herself.

M. About having, in his reply to those who questioned his originality of invention, promised the best sort of disproof of their suspicions in the shape of a new work, gave to the *Moniteur* of the 29th November, the first of a series of tales, which, from the general title, we presume to be illustrative of the manner in which marriages are made in Paris. Five stories of *Les Mariages de Paris* have already appeared, but so far as they have gone, they present no incidents of an exclusively peculiar character. How often have we been told that marriage in France is a matter of business, a piece of prudential arrangement which sober relatives take upon themselves. The parents of a son propose to those of a young lady, or *vice versa*, the motive being to combine certain advantages of fortune on either side, or to ally fortune with equivalent position; and the match is negotiated on analogous principles to those which guide worldly bargains. So little love enters into the transaction, that rarely do writers of romance take for heroine the young maiden whose present heaven is her love, and whose future happiness depends upon her being united to the object of her affection. The life of an unmarried girl in France is one of restraint, in a sense little known to the freer atmosphere of our domestic circles. The playful attentions of ball-room *beaux* are not for her. Marriage in France is too often sought merely for the sake of the independence in every way which it ensures. The heroines of too many modern French

romances are selected from amongst those who should have already deposed the innocent tumults of passion at what the newspapers call the "hymeneal altar," in order to begin a new life of manifold affection, exalted by duties, and, if shadowed, yet ennobled by cares. If we reverse this state we reverse the order of nature, and, as a consequence of a violation of natural laws, must be prepared for turbulent scenes of unhealthy violence, or a sickening morbidness as bad. We need not go far for illustrations of what we mean. They are furnished by the whole range of French romantic literature. What, too, is out of nature must fall into decay. False sentiments, though they may startle for a while, will not bear endless repetition. The mine was worked out, when writers of the kind to whom we have already alluded, such as Dumas *filz* and Murger, descended from the abandoned married to the abandoned unmarried. Marriage itself is attacked by writers of a far higher grade, and those women who, like George Sand, turn on the institutions which, as they think, have made them creatures of sale and merchandise, and which, like all ardent natures rebelling against wrong, they load with maledictions, rather than try to redress and amend. M. About, so far from probing, has not even touched the subject of the negotiation of marriages in which money is the first, and love the secondary consideration. His object would seem rather to be to paint artist and student-life, with which he is evidently acquainted. There is, it is true, in his first story, *Terrain à vendre*, a certain M. de Chingru, who makes a marriage for a young painter in the expectation of obtaining a pecuniary commission, which the latter refuses to give. But M. de Chingru, who lives by ways and means, one of which consists in haunting *studios* and *ateliers* with a view to obtain presents of sketches for himself to pawn or sell, is not professedly a matrimonial negotiator. Ever on the watch for circumstances to turn to account, he discovers that a certain Rosalie Gaillard would one day have a large fortune through the sale of a piece of ground for building, which her father, a quiet clerk in a public office, had bought when she was a child, and did not care to sell until she should become of age to be married. In the meantime the ground increased every year in value, owing to its favorable



situation. Rosalie all the time led the life of a poor man's daughter, seeing little of the world; and when she is taken to visit the artist's *atelier*, she becomes dazzled with sketches and pictures, and queer and quaint furniture, and all the rich and curious things which render an artist's abode so captivating to the eye of the uninitiated. Chingru, disappointed of his expected fee, tries, through a villanous plot, to undo his own work, but love was there to interpose, and his defeat and the lover's union make a very pleasant story.

A finer tale is that of *Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille*. The twin brothers Debay happen to be totally unlike in look and character. Both are students residing in the *Pays Latin*, where, close to the Sorbonne and Panthéon, the schools of Medicine and Law, and the splendid palace of the Luxembourg, are the most squalid and wretched parts of Paris. The deformed Mathieu loves to seek out misery and relieve it, that is, when he is not poring over descriptions of country life under green trees, and listening to the nightingale; while Leonie dreams of fashionable life. Mathieu has made out a poor old fellow, called *Petit Gras*, who would rather work than take alms. But as his wife tells him he is too ambitious,—nothing less will satisfy him than a place under Government—the place of street-scavenger at the disposal of the *Ville de Paris*. He obtains the object of his aspirations, and as he is a bit of an intriguer, he contrives to have his wife also made an *employée* of the Government. A man of this great stamp has a heart for others, and our *Petit Gras* contrives to interest Mathieu for a mother and daughter, who are of that class which the very poor can sympathise with, as not being used to misery, and who out of shame suffer greater privations than themselves. Mathieu, one cold winter's day, pledges his top-coat, and sends the money anonymously to Madame and Mademoiselle Bourgade, and they, when they meet the delicate youth, whom they take to be poor like themselves, put on a cheerful face, declare they have more money than they know what to do with, and offer to him the very money he had himself surreptitiously conveyed, that he may get a coat. The brothers come in for an uncle's property. Mathieu takes for his share the house in the country, and Leonie the ready money. Mathieu loves the kind, poor

Mademoiselle Bourgade, and they are married, and live most happily in that country-house which the wise Mathieu preferred to ready money. Leonie leads the life of a man of pleasure, and when he has nearly spent his money, aims at a great fortune, is accepted by a German Baron, who is a gambler and adventurer, and the foolish fellow and his wife are only too glad to give up the dissipations of the capital for a seat by the chimney-corner in the country, to which they are affectionately invited by Mathieu and his wife, the happiest couple in the world. How M. de Bourgade returned from California, and how he added to their wealth, and, if possible, to their happiness, will be found in the excellent story itself.

*L'Oncle et le Neveu* affords a striking illustration how a sane man may be as it were persuaded into madness. The uncle, Moilot, is a sober, industrious cabinet-maker, unlearned, as we are told, in the art of constructing antique furniture, which to his plain notions of honesty would be unworthy of his eminently conscientious character. His nephew becomes deranged, and, despite of his rigid virtue, the prospect of having the guardianship and administration of his property, which in considerable, he feels to be more agreeable than he is willing to acknowledge. He takes his nephew to a *maison de santé*, and while waiting the appearance of the doctor the old man falls asleep. The nephew contrives to free his arms from the cords by which they were bound, and to slip them round the uncle, so that when the physician makes his appearance it is the nephew who has kindly taken charge of his venerable but deranged relative. How madmen can cunningly assume deceptive appearances, and how the indignation of a man in possession of his senses may, under certain supposed circumstances, be taken as evidence of plausible accusations, is matter of familiar experience. Of course there is an ingenious love story to account for the nephew's temporary loss of mind, and his cure is effected, not by the doctor, but his daughter. The uncle becomes stricken with the mental disease, and the form it takes affords proof of the writer's skill. The conscientiousness against which he had sinned by his almost involuntary indulgence of the prospects of administering the nephew's fortune, becomes his torment. He will not go into bed until

he has shaken up the sheets to satisfy himself that they do not contain thirty thousand *francs de rente*. Before putting on his clothes he leisurely examines them, lest they should conceal his nephew's money. His very slippers he will not put on before he has turned them upside down, and he scratches upon the walls, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." Such a story is full of suggestive meaning.

*Georgon* admits us behind the scenes, and exhibits the chequered incidents of the actor's life. Poor *Georgon* loves and marries a fellow-actress, and makes himself miserable with jealousy at the attentions to which a very pretty woman is, in her situation, exposed, and which lead to a painful catastrophe.

The last of the series, at least so far as they have gone, is the amusing story of *Le Buste*, of which the hero is a sculptor. Daniel is, for an artist, according to the fanciful supposition of what an embodiment of the ideal should be, the least sentimental and susceptible of beings; and the merriment of the story arises from his being unconsciously the centre of plots and intrigues which his positive and matter-of-fact mind prevents his perceiving. He is invited to a château in the neighborhood of Paris by Madame Michaud, a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, to take her *buste*, and on arriving and not finding the bell answered, leaps over a fence, and startles a sentimental young lady, who is quite sure the fine handsome young fellow is a prince in disguise, and of course in love with herself. Poor Daniel thinks of nothing but the sum he is to get for his work, and which is wanted to meet a pressing engagement. Two rivals for the lady's hand mark him out for vengeance. One, to expose his slender purse, tempts him to play, wins his money, and so obliges poor Daniel to steal away in the night and pledge his watch. The other fixes a quarrel upon him, and he has to steal off in the like manner, to seek at home the sword and the pistols which make part of that half museum, the artist's *atelier*. If he strolls out at night to smoke his cigar and hum a song, the heroine's heart beats to the complement of a serenade. Daniel is humming only one of those extravagant burlesques whose hyperbolical absurdities relax the leisure hours of those of his class.

Time presses. Daniel wants money,

and he labors so earnestly at the bust as to favor a surmise of a somewhat self-complimentary character on the part of the old lady; she asks Daniel if it be not true that artists have sometimes wrought wonders under the influence of love. Whereupon Daniel, in the most prosy manner, relates a commonplace *atelier* story about an artist and his model, which shows his own standard of the romantic to be low indeed. The duel takes place, and our hero's adversary is wounded. The plot advances; the secret of Victorine is discovered. Her father is a sound, sensible man, and the aunt has taken a liking to the happy executor of her bust. She undertakes to sound him, asks graciously if she cannot forward his wishes, and he, seizing the opportunity, requests a part of the price on account to meet a pressing demand. "Do you not love my niece?" exclaims the aunt. "No," simply replies Daniel. "Is she not beautiful?" Is she not this and that? volleys the surprised old lady. To all which the artist yields a full assent, and to his astonishment he opens his eyes to the mystery of the duel and his own heroism. Without gaining in sentimentality, he is married, with every prospect of happiness before him.

Here, then, is a young rising author, of genuine talent, purely exercised. Whether he will prove powerful enough to rule the taste of his countrymen, must greatly depend upon his remaining true to himself. The time is favorable for originating or restoring a simpler portraiture of manners in harmony with a more natural current of events. France has had enough of monstrosities. The public are tired of startling contrasts, of mock mystical ravings compounded of sensuality and affected philosophy, and of men and women who make greatness to consist in the defiance of all law, human and divine. A collapse has happily taken place in the unwieldy mass of inflated folly, and the ground is swept clean for the coming man, who will bring with him "airs from Heaven," not "blasts from hell." We cannot but rejoice, for our parts, to find our noble race of contemporary British novelists held up as examples worthy of being followed. We have an instance, too, in the case of Leon de Wailly's charming novel of *Stella and Vanessa*, of the appreciation by the French of English taste. That story lay entombed in the *feuilleton* of the defunct *Courrier Français*, till

Lady Duff Gordon presented it to the British public. It now forms one of that most popular series, *le Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*. We must, as lovers of fair play, notice an exceptional protest, the more so as it is pronounced by a man of the importance of Count de Montalembert. This eloquent gentleman, in his late work on England, signalises a danger to our institutions, which excite his admiration, in the destructive spirit of envy which marks the democracy; and he is pleased to draw one of the proofs of his assertion from the novels of Charles Dickens, "whose heroines, unlike those of Sir Walter Scott, are taken from the middle and lower classes." So dry and abstract a view only shows that M. de Montalembert, theologian and politician, has failed to recognise the large-hearted sympathies and spirit of love which pervade the writings of Mr. Dickens, and which, valuable every way, are chiefly praiseworthy for the universal affectionateness they tend

to inspire, and which is so antagonistic of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as to purge the heart therefrom. Has M. de Montalembert read *Alton Locke*, a work which boldly grapples with the ignorant conceits of the working classes regarding the titled and the rich, and which we need not remind any one in this country is of standard popularity and of everyday widening influence? Perhaps the great hero of the Church may feel disposed to treat the Rev. C. Kingsley as the *Univers* treats Miss Nightingale, denying the possibility of any good coming out of Nazareth. With the subtraction of this error, we have still a large balance of acknowledgment of English good qualities to be added to the common stock. So here we pause, wishing that the alliance of the two countries may reach beyond temporal interests, and prove beneficial to the fruits of the intellect, to the amendment of manners and purifying of taste.

Translated from the "Magasin Pittoresque" for the Eclectic Magazine.

## T H E P A W N .

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon, and Madame M—— began to be much disturbed by the non-appearance of her son, a day-pupil in a neighboring college. She kept her eyes fixed upon the clock and suffered the conversation to languish, until the door was flung open, and the young scholar came in with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Why are you so late, Edmund?" said his mother.

"All the class were kept in, mamma, but we have had the pleasure of enraging the pawn."

"The pawn! what is that?"

"Do you not know what a pawn is, Madame?" enquired a visitor. "It is simply a mark of flesh and blood, upon which these young gentlemen exercise their skill in fencing. There is no species of warfare which is not lawful against a pawn. They harass, calumniate, insult

and when they dare, strike him. Some have been killed, more than one has died from pain."

"That is too horrible, Monsieur. Surely you exaggerate."

"Not at all, Madame. Ask your son of the bitter persecution of the monitor; the pawn is not a classic tradition among the scholars."

Certainly," said the young collegian.

"And why?"

"Because he is one."

"There, Madame, you hear the judgment and the condemnation. He is necessarily the victim of this pitiless age."

"I hear," replied the lady, "but I do not understand."

"I will try to explain," said the guest.

"I have a remembrance in my mind, like the ring of the prince in the fairy tale. It pricks, not my finger, but my heart. I will relate it, and as it is true in every

particular, it may edify our young collegian."

"Pray proceed, Monsieur, we are all attention."

"I was about thirteen years old when I was placed in the institution Bénignet, situated without the walls, near the garden of Monceaux. My father had chosen this school, on account of the praises lavished upon it by a rich friend who had a son there, and who represented it as a model institution. I had been brought up altogether by my mother, and a boarding-school had little attraction for me, and my heart beat loud and fast as I followed my father to the study of M. Bénignet. It was a long, dark room, so filled with books, globes, and electrical machines, that we could scarcely distinguish a little man behind a pile of quartos, whose insignificant features and faded complexion resembled a page of writing rubbed out. After saluting my father he turned to me, and said in a nasal tone, 'So, my little man, you wish to belong to us.' That being directly contrary to my wishes, I made no answer, and he added in the same falsetto voice:

"You have already an old acquaintance here, Arthur de Montmeillan. He is a capable boy, very capable. He will introduce you to your companions when the hour for recreation arrives, which will be soon. I will give you your liberty for the day. It is well for the bird to accustom himself to his cage," he said to my father as he accompanied him out. The simile was hardly just. I bore more resemblance to a poor mouse taken in a trap, who sees himself face to face with the cat. M. Bénignet returned with a tall woman, who approached and examined me from head to foot. Happily her investigations only related to my clothes, which I was to exchange for the uniform of the boarding-school. 'How much is the trousseau to cost?' said the dame. 'He is size number three,' and she drew a measure from her pocket, and measured me as if I had been a piece of cloth. M. Bénignet was embarrassed; trembling under the ferule of this ruler in petticoats, he seemed to delay a painful avowal. 'How much!' he stammered. 'I have not fixed any price. It can be included in the first bill.'

"Always the same! If there is one thing essential to remember, it is precisely the one which you are sure to forget."

"The bell for recreation here interrupted the lady's eloquence, and M. Bénignet, opening a door which led into the court, said in a solemn tone, 'A fellow disciple, Messieurs,' and I was in the midst of a crowd of boys, and in a moment they had formed a close circle round me. 'We must give him a welcome,' cried one. 'How shall we commence?' said another. 'Make him sing the three hundred and sixty-five couplets of the child who had but one tooth,' added a third. 'It were better to initiate him into the liberty of the press,' suggested a fourth. I felt a slight shiver, for I had heard how a pupil of St. Cyr had been nearly killed by the pressure of his school-fellows, and I knew that this play of words was the signal of real suffering. 'Let us teach him politeness,' cried another boy, and taking off my hat he threw it on the ground, where it was soon trampled out of all shape. I was glad to escape with the loss of my hat, but the respite was brief. The crowd returned, and a big boy with a brutal face knocked me down with one blow of his fist. A general hurra arose as I fell, and my savage antagonist placed one knee upon my chest, declaring that I should never arise until I had asked his pardon. Pardon, and for what? this gross and brutal attack? That I could not do. Brought up at home, I had for the first time, come in contact with those aggressive natures that break every thing that bends, and my blood boiled in my veins.

"I'll wager ten sous he is going to cry," said one of my tormentors. 'They don't do so at home, do they? They pet us there. What would Mamma say if she could see her Benjamin?'

"I choked; I felt the coming tears; what would become of me if I wept? At this critical moment Arthur de Montmeillan appeared. 'Let him alone Adolph,' he cried in the imperious tone of a great boy, 'I know him, and whoever meddles with him will have business with me. We are comrades, at least in blows.' So saying he placed my hand in Adolph's, who resembled a mastiff suddenly called off from a bone. 'Ah,' cried the others, 'if it is a friend of Arthur's it is different.' They all dispersed, while Montmeillan, placing my arm in his, led me to the other end of the court.

"Thou hast made a poor debut, Jacques," he remarked. 'Thou hast suffered thyself to be mocked and beaten, instead



of falling upon them first with a closed fist. Make thyself mutton, and the wolves will eat thee. But what is done is done. I will give thee instructions for the future. If they give thee a blow, return two; thou art not strong, be furious. In a word do to others as thou wouldst that they should not do to thee. Above all, do not exchange a single word with Cornichon."

"Who is Cornichon?" said I.

"There he is. That pale boy, seated apart, with his nose in his book. He is poring over those abominable French verbs. He tries to surpass every one in the school. Besides he is English, and we have a national hatred towards him. He came here no one knows from whence, two years ago. At first M. Bénignet proclaimed him his favorite, and cited him on all occasions. It was M. Greenhorn here, M. Greenhorn there. No one but an Englishman would call himself by a name so ridiculous. Well, Monsieur and Madame, and Mlle. Prudence, their respectable daughter, swore only by the little Englishman, but at the end of six months, this great fire slackened. The prodigious pupil continued to do marvels. He was the first in theme and version, but the praises sensibly diminished. There was an important reason. The bill for the first term had been paid in advance, the second was much more tardy, and for the following ones I believe Monsieur still expects payment. They talked the first year of sending Cornichon to ripen on his native soil; Madame strongly advised it, but M. Bénignet who thought he would obtain the first prize at the grand concours, kept him and here he is."

"And did he really obtain the first prize?" I asked.

"No, only the second; if it had not been for him I could have won it." I understood now Montmeillon's hatred for the English boy. "Since then," he continued, "he has been more insupportable than ever, and though poor as a church-mouse gives himself airs of pride. He will not even deign to resent an injury. 'But we have promised to make him forget his *sang froid*. And now I think of it, if you can do it, it will redeem your credit. I will promise you three hurras, and a general acclamation.'

"But this boy has done nothing against me," I urged.

"Ah!" said Arthur, "you will only fight your own battles. As you please, my dear. Fight with Adolph, and I will help him. If you do not choose to espouse our quarrels, take care of yourself."

"Yet smarting with the blows I had received, I could not bear the idea of losing my protector, yet I shrunk from attacking an inoffensive boy against whom I had not a single complaint."

"You are afraid," said Arthur, scornfully. "Cornichon is stronger than you are. My self-love was piqued. 'I am afraid of no one, neither of Adolph nor Cornichon,'" I answered, and posted myself resolutely before the door, resolved to seek a quarrel. Accordingly when Greenhorn was about to enter, I pushed him rudely by the shoulder, and declared he should not pass."

"Why not?" he asked in an accent slightly foreign.

"Because it does not please me."

"That is no reason," he said.

"It will have to satisfy you, though, for I do not choose to give any other."

"Instead of trying to force a passage he seated himself quietly upon a bench, and calmly waited till my whim should change. Arthur whispered in my ear some abusive English word which I did not understand. I repeated it after him, but Greenhorn was unmoved by my ridiculous opposition. 'Will you be mocked so?' cried Arthur; and thus provoked, I rushed upon him with my head foremost. He made a slight movement of his arms without rising, and my face came so violently against his closed fists that the blood flew from my nose. 'Good God! I have hurt you!' he said. The accent was sincere, my heart was touched, but the evil spirits round me exclaimed, 'Courage! Attack him again! Avenge thyself!' I still hesitated when the bell rang for dinner, and M. Bénignet appeared upon the threshold. I would have stolen in unnoticed, but he saw my bloody face, and instantly inquired the cause. Before I could speak, Arthur accused Greenhorn of being the author of all the mischief; he had attacked me, and I had only defended myself. I would have protested, but M. Bénignet commanded silence, and decided that he would excuse me, as I was ignorant of the rules of the school, but sentenced Greenhorn to solitary confinement. After this just sentence, which fell like lead upon my conscience, M. Bénignet took his

place at the dinner-table, where Madame sought to renew the miracle of the multiplication of bread, by feeding fifty famished mouths with a little soup and bouilli. My appetite had fled for the day, and my neighbor gladly devoured my portion.

"Here I saw Mademoiselle Susette for the first time. She was a cousin of Madame's, some degrees removed, a poor orphan received from charity into the establishment, and who made herself exceedingly useful in its domestic affairs, a true Cinderella, in sad need of a fairy to adorn her. But there was an air of dignity about her, even in her poor apparel, which inspired respect. The most brutal of the pupils seldom chose to displease Mademoiselle Susette. She was of no particular age. Few knew, and fewer cared to ascertain any dates on that subject. But it was evident that her eyes, though veiled by blue spectacles were kindly, that her voice was very sweet, and her activity in assisting others unparalleled.

"Next morning, on seeing poor Greenhorn in the class, still paler than his wont, I felt deep remorse. I would have gone to take his hand, and ask his pardon for my foolish attack and my base silence, but just then my evil genius spied me in the shape of Arthur de Montmeillan, and I dared not brave his wrath or his raillery. After the school hours were over, we held a council in the court. Adolph and some others wished to attack Greenhorn when he came out from confinement, and avenge upon him at once all past vexation. Besides, the vacation was approaching. It would be well to give him an advice which he would remember. Arthur objected to such summary proceedings, and preferred rather to seek an occasion of quarrel. Others advised that he should be let alone entirely. I was about to add my voice to theirs, when a little monkey, who like me, enjoyed the honor of being protected by Montmeillan, and who showed his gratitude by acting as a spy, came up, all out of breath, exclaiming:

"News! Messieurs! Guess how Greenhorn passes his time in the prison."

"Sleeping, I suppose."

"No, he is stupid enough to write his tasks; that finished, what do you think he does?"

"Chases mice?"

"Repeats Greek and Latin verbs?"

"Try again."

"Ma foi! he cannot eat, for he has not a sou, and has never been seen to buy even an apple. He cannot read, for he has no books, unless it is a grammar."

"He has invented another pastime; he mends his old shoes."

"Bah!"

"I give you my word of honor, I saw him through a hole which I have made in the wall with a gimlet, and which I have enlarged every time I have been shut up."

"A good idea. But according to that your hole ought to be as large as the moon."

"Now," interrupted Arthur exultingly, 'we are masters of one of Greenhorn's secrets, and he has as many as there are days in the year. Hear the accusation I will draw up against him. Firstly, he mends his old shoes, which is unworthy of a gentleman. Secondly, in the exercise of this pursuit he conceals himself, which shows unworthy thoughts for which he blushes. Thirdly, he is as poor as Job, and almost as patient. Conclusion; that he ought to be subjected to the same trials as that holy man, for the edification of the faithful.'

"This was received with applause, and it was resolved to send a deputation of three to congratulate Greenhorn upon the arts which he cultivated in his retirement. At first he did not understand, and was entirely unmoved by the quips in French and Latin which flew around him like hail. Impatient at expending so much wit without effect, his tormentors dropped metaphor and returned to fact. The son of an advocate undertook the accusation.

"Greenhorn," he said, 'we declare that thou hast been accused before us of mending thy old shoes thyself, which is contrary to our customs and usages; opposed to the interests of the worthy artisans of this quarter; injurious to the reputation of an establishment which piques itself on admitting into its bosom only the sons of good families; displeasing in the last degree to the aforesaid sons. Wherefore, we require thee to declare before all here present, whether thou hast employed thy leisure hours in putting patches on thy old shoes, as the said patches which we have before us, bear witness;' and the young accuser pointed to some clumsy patches on Greenhorn's shoes.

"The latter, who had listened with serious attention to this burlesque accusation, replied calmly: 'It is very true that I have

mended my shoes. You wish to know why. Primo, because they had holes in them; secundo, because I had no money to pay for having them mended.

"Why did you not borrow?"

"I never borrow."

"And why not?"

"Because I am not sure of being able to pay."

"Bah! you evade," cried Arthur angrily. 'Avow frankly what I have always suspected, that you are the son of some miserable shoemaker in London, and that you have quitted the paternal shop because you were ashamed of your father.'

"Greenhorn became purple. 'My father was a gentleman,' he said, 'for he would have blushed to insult the poverty of a comrade.'

"I approve of Greenhorn's proceedings," cried another wit. 'He views the subject in its proper light, and I will give him the counsel of a friend. During the vacations, which he ordinarily spends here, he can employ himself in mending all our old shoes. Let us give him our patronage, and enable him to buy a new coat, for this has shown the cord these two years.'

"Let us settle his genealogy first" said the chief accuser, 'before we admit him to the order of St. Crispin,' and he began to sing:

'Mon père, illustre savetier,  
Ma mère.'

"But before he could speak another word, Greenhorn sprang upon him, and caught him by the throat. 'Do not speak of my mother,' said he. His eyes flashed, the lamb had become a lion. He was surrounded instantly, and assailed on all sides, but he held the insulter in a convulsive grasp, and seemed insensible to the blows which fell around him. Just then a blind was opened, and a voice cried, 'Fie! cowards! have you no mothers?' There was a general cessation, and Greenhorn let go his prey, and turned to look for his defender. It was Mlle. Susette. She had assisted unseen at the last part of the drama. The young Englishman regarded her for a moment as he would his mother had she been there, and then he turned to defy us. This time there was no one ready to pick up the gauntlet, and at the end of ten minutes he slowly left the court. Mademoiselle Susette met him in the passage with ex-

tended hand, and exclaimed: 'Bravo, M. Greenhorn, you are a brave boy, and your mother is happy mother.' Greenhorn uttered a suppressed cry of anguish and passed on. 'Ah!' said Mademoiselle Susette sadly, 'I might have known he was an orphan!' We did not care to encounter Mademoiselle's eyes just then, and the leaders were suddenly left alone. The army deserted, completely demoralized by this interference: A truce was proclaimed until vacation, which was rendered easy by the absence of Greenhorn, who went to attend the general concourse, where he obtained the first Latin prize; a triumph for which Arthur and Adolph vowed to make him pay dearly on the re-opening of the classes.

"But when that day arrived, we learned, not without some consternation, that Greenhorn had finished his studies, had been promoted by M. Bénignet to the office of usher, and would that year superintend our class. Arthur de Montmeillan was furious. He would never submit to such a humiliation. He would write to his father, and break his engagements with M. Bénignet. It was intolerable. He, submit to recite his lessons to Greenhorn. He would throw the books in his face first. No doubt it was Mademoiselle Susette who had obtained such promotion for her favorite, but she might cry 'Fie!' as much as she chose, he was determined to put him down.

"His invectives met with a feeble response. Many who had composed the band of Montmeillan had left the school, others had deserted the flag, and the newcomers were not disposed to embark in an affair so doubtful. I felt curious to see how Greenhorn would bear his new honors. Would he not avail himself of them to take revenge upon his old persecutors? Certainly he had pretexts enough. Yet nothing in his conduct betrayed the slightest shade of irritation or resentment. There was no alteration in him. He wore the same coat, a little seedier; the same placid countenance, a little paler, from an attack of fever, which had only yielded to the incessant cares of Mademoiselle Susette.

"Montmeillan and the little band he had collected round him, left no means untried to weary his patience, but in vain. To all their petty annoyances he opposed a spirit of meekness which would have disarmed any league, save of school-boys. He

passed half an hour every evening before retiring, in writing, which was considered a very suspicious circumstance. What could he write, except police reports to M. Béniguet? Arthur vowed to possess himself of these papers, and in the mean time, he resolved to convey a threat in a Latin theme written in due form.

"Accordingly it was prepared, and one Saturday when Greenhorn supplied the place of an absent professor, the spy of Montmeillan was called upon to read his theme first. He began:

"*Cucurmis arguitur prodidiisse scholares ideo jussus est ab scholae discedere, nisi turba scholarum minare mortem, maledico Cucurmi.*"

"All eyes were turned upon the professor's chair, expecting an explosion, but as attentive and impassible as if he had listened to a passage in Homer or Virgil, Greenhorn turned to me. 'Translate, Monsieur.'

"Trembling like a leaf, I commenced low and stammering, 'Cucurmis.'

"'Louder, if you please. I will remark in passing, that the name Cucurmis is not Latin, and appears to me barbarous. Proceed.'

"Cucurmis is accused of having betrayed the pupils, and it is enjoined upon him to quit the class; otherwise a majority of the scholars menace,' here a violent fit of coughing interrupted me.

"'Minare mortem, menace with death,' said the young professor, dwelling upon each syllable. 'Cucurmis the accursed, or the accursed Cucurmis, as you please, Messieurs,' and he cast a firm look over the assembly.

"'I would like to have known,' he added after a pause, 'an obscure master, an unknown philosopher, who, exposed to calumnies, to insult, still persists in doing his duty. Ancient or modern, it is a salutary example, and will be useful to me despite the barbarisms of the composition.'

"And so our bombshell, prepared with so much care, and aimed with so much audacity, was extinguished in the other copy-books among which Greenhorn laid it. Montmeillan could not contain his rage. Another such victory, and he would be hopelessly defeated. No one could deny that, pawn as he was, the Englishman had met the attack bravely. Certainly, he had courage. We were not without our own private apprehensions as to the result.

The tumult we expected had not taken place. The insult was written and signed. Benignant as he was, M. Béniguet could not refuse to make an example of the ringleaders at the request of the master. The next morning we awaited the hour for dismissal with some anxiety, but not a word was said. We knew that Greenhorn had held a long conference with the principal early in the morning, and we looked forward to punishment as a certainty. Some held that the vengeance was only deferred, but the majority felt grateful to Greenhorn for not depriving us of a holiday.

"The next day our surprise was greatly increased by the appearance of a new visage, an unknown pawn. What had become of Greenhorn? Remorse awakened in our consciences. The most timorous blamed themselves for his disappearance. Perhaps, driven to despair by our evil conduct, he had hung or drowned himself. Then we were real homicides. Montmeillan laughed, and maintained that finding M. Béniguet indisposed to engage in his quarrel, he had decamped without sound of trumpet. Others imagined that he had gone to lay his complaints before the police, and would return accompanied by some members of that formidable body. Every one felt disturbed, and each ring at the door-bell made us start. Nothing could be learned of the cause of this sudden eclipse. I did not fail to observe Mademoiselle Susette, and I saw that her blue spectacles were frequently obscured, and that her eyes were red and swollen. Did she weep for Greenhorn or for his departure?

"One day, two, three passed without bringing any explanation of the mystery, but on the next the spy of Montmeillan, who had hitherto listened at the key-holes in vain, came into the court, triumphant.

"'I have found the enigma. Here are two pages of the famous journal that has troubled us so much. I found it under Greenhorn's bed, but I did not get it without trouble, I assure you. I had to climb on the roof and get in at the window. You see the date is the same with that of the day Cucurmis was written.'

"'Read, and spare us your remarks if you please,' said Arthur.

"'I can read the date well enough. Ciphers are of all languages, but that is all. I don't understand a word of this British jargon.'



"'Pedant! is there no one here who can read English?' cried Montmeillan.

"Notwithstanding his feigned indifference, he was dying with curiosity to know what the journal contained. I had studied English, and they all stood grouped around me while I read."

Here the narrator paused and took from his pocket-book a piece of paper, yellow with time, and covered with close writing.

"I keep it as a precious relic," he said, "and read it often, and never without profit."

"SATURDAY MORNING, Oct. 27.

"There is some new plot against me. I judge so by the dark looks thrown at me by the leader, and the half-curious, half-troubled glances of those who follow in his train. I have been left undisturbed for two whole days; I find no more pins in my chair when I go to sit down, no threads stretched across my way, no insults written at the top of the lesson I am to hear. But it is but the deceitful calm which precedes the tempest. I could easily know what I am to expect if I chose. Two or three pupils, among others the confidant of Arthur de Montmeillan."

"It is false," exclaimed that individual, coloring to his forehead.

"Let me go on," said I.

"Two or three pupils, among others the confidant of M., throw themselves continually in my way, and only await a word, a question to betray the secrets of their comrades. But God forbid that I should encourage such baseness.

"Saturday evening I was not deceived. They have accused me (in vile Latin, it is true) of having betrayed them, and menace me with death, if I do not leave the school. It is absurd, it is puerile, and yet I suffer, because at the bottom of this childish spite, I see the base persecution of the weak by the strong. Thou art poor, thou art an orphan, therefore thou shalt be driven away. Thy work, thy perseverance, shall not avail. Thou hast won by thy labor thy daily bread, but we will make it so bitter that thou must renounce it and die of hunger. We have been committed to thy care, but we are a troop of wild beasts who will devour our shepherd."

"I was interrupted by exclamations on all sides. 'Is that so?' 'Are you sure you translate right?' but I read steadily

on, for my own vague thoughts were vividly expressed here, and I took a bitter pleasure in chastising my own feebleness, and that of many others who thought as I did.

"It is then true that man is born evil. But no. One bad heart, spoiled by vanity and fortune, is enough to lead many others astray. These children know not what they do. My God! give me also the grace to say, 'Father, forgive them,' even as my sainted mother prayed upon her death-bed for those who had persecuted her. I seem still to hear her words. 'My son,' she said to me, 'the greatest evil our enemies can do to us, is to awaken like envy or hatred in our hearts. Avoid this contagion. If thou canst possess thine own soul, thou art invulnerable, and each trial will but make thee more generous and more brave.'"

"Sunday morning I wake calm, almost joyful. O my mother! thou wert right! A victory over one's self leaves neither trouble nor remorse. I am no longer irritated against any one. But have I nothing to reproach myself with? Am I not reserved? proud? Have I not always made my poverty a haughty line of demarkation between my companions and myself?"

"I have just been interrupted by a packet from England. After being forgotten so long, I am recalled in haste. My grandfather is dying and desires to see me. He wishes to repair, alas! too late, the wrong he did my mother. He repents his long injustice, his abandonment of her after my father's death. He believes her living, and implores our pardon. What will they say here? That I am afraid, that I have fled. No matter, if my duty commands me to go. I shall not quit without regret this mansion of austere studies, of sad trials, since I have found here a noble heart whose deep and silent devotion was first attracted by my misfortunes; a heart which recalls thine own, O beloved mother! Blessed be the roof, and all which it shelters! Whatever happens, I will return."

"Two years later the promise was fulfilled. Greenhorn came back to lay a noble name and an ample fortune at the feet of Mademoiselle Susette, who saw nothing marvellous in the constancy. Would she not have done the same if she had been rich? But happiness made Mlle. Susette look young and pretty. The blue spec-

tacles had long concealed her soft and charming eyes, and her maternal cares had deluded us as to her age.

"On the evening of the wedding the baronet gave a handsome present to each of us, as a souvenir both of the friendship

then pledged between us, and of his request that we would bear witness to this generation, and that to come, that a pawn was a man, and might be entitled to the respect and esteem even of his pupils."

From the North British Review.

## THE WEATHER AND ITS PROGNOSTICS.\*

THE WEATHER—the most important,—the most universally interesting of all sublunary themes. The scorching heat of summer, the biting cold of winter, the rain with its floods, the snow with its avalanches, the tempest with its thunder and its lightning—how many associations do they embosom, how many hours of joy, of disappointment, and of grief, do they recall! Who but remembers the bright summer suns under which they trod the green carpet of Nature, culling the flowers which enamelled it, and inhaling the fragrance which they breathed? Who can forget the voice from above which first spoke to them from the thunder cloud, or the all-piercing eye which seemed to gleam from its fire? Who has not stood in awe under the solemnity of a sea-storm, or wept over friends that have been engulfed in its waves?

But it is not merely with our feelings that the weather is associated. It painfully interferes with our every-day duties and amusements. Our household arrange-

ments, too, depend upon its changes, and even our dress must take its character from the weather. While the pilgrim on our western coast spends half the year swathed in water-proofs and erect in India-rubbers\* under the domicile of an umbrella, the inhabitant of the east is shrouded in a cloud of vapor, shivering under the sirocco that breathes from its shores.

Interests of a still higher kind are involved in the weather and its changes. It predominates with a despotic sway over all our most important physical wants, and famine and pestilence are among the scourges which it wields. In spring time and harvest—under the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the husbandman trembles with anxiety for the capital which he has entrusted to the soil, and the heat that withers, the rain that rots, and the wind and the hail that crush vegetable life, are the principal enemies, whose visits he can neither anticipate nor control.

The weather with its changes is, therefore, a subject of daily and even hourly interest—a subject, indeed, upon which everybody has something to say, because it is the only one on which everybody is equally informed.\* The fool and the

\* *The Climate of London deduced from Meteorological Observations made in the Metropolis and at various places around it.* By LUKE HOWARD, Gent. 3 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. London, 1833.

*A Cycle of Eighteen Years in the Seasons of Britain.* By LUKE HOWARD, Gent. 8vo. London, 1842.

*Papers on Meteorology, relating especially to the Climate of Britain and to the Variations of the Barometer.* Parts I. and II. of the Appendix to Barometrographia. By LUKE HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. London, 1864.

\* "The generality of this interest," says Professor Daniell, "is so absolute, that the common form of salutation among many nations is a meteorological wish; and the first introduction between strangers a meteorological observation."

philosopher are on a par in their weather wisdom, and the accumulated knowledge of past ages does not yet enable us, as it did the Pharisees of old, to discern the face of the sky. We dare not, as they did, predict a shower when a cloud rises out of the west, nor can we anticipate heat when the wind blows from the south. Still less does the red of the evening assure us of fair weather, or the red of the morning foretell the foul weather of the day.

It is certainly a strange fact that the science of the weather, in which we have the greatest interest, should be the one of which we know the least, and that phenomena within our daily observation, and from which we hourly suffer in person or in property, should have been less studied than those of any other branch of natural science. During the last century, several intelligent individuals, and a few public bodies, kept registers of the weather, in which the weight, the temperature, the moisture of the air, and the direction and force of the winds have been recorded; but it is only in our own day that wise and liberal Governments, among whom we can on this occasion number our own, have organized establishments for promoting a science of the highest national importance.

One of the earliest attempts in this country to establish registers of the weather, on an extensive scale, was made by the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1820. In order to obtain measures of the mean temperature of Scotland in its various localities, they printed a schedule for observations on the thermometer, and received no fewer than *seventy* registers, by which the mean temperature of *seventy* places was determined for the year 1821. A great number of these were discontinued in subsequent years, but several registers containing observations with the barometer, thermometer, and rain-gauge, and indications of the direction and force of the wind, were maintained for several years.

Anxious to obtain more general results than observations made twice a day could be expected to yield, the Royal Society of Edinburgh established *hourly* thermometric observations at Leith Port, where they were continued for four years, from 1824 to 1828, and gave results of very great interest. Following this excellent example, the British Association

established hourly observations of the barometer, thermometer, and state of the sky at Inverness, and also at Kingussie, situated at a great height above the sea,\* where they were made in the years 1838, 1839, 1840, and 1841, and which gave results in harmony with those which had been deduced from the Leith observations.

Important, however, as these observations are, they are comparatively insignificant when they were placed beside those of the late Mr. Robert Thom of Ascog, who carried on at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, hourly meteorological observations for *twelve years*, from 1828 to 1842. This Register, which exhibits the daily and annual distribution of heat on the West coast of Scotland, where the climate is essentially different from that on the East coast, gives results which confirm, in a remarkable manner, those which were obtained from the Leith, Inverness, and Kingussie observations.

A very extensive System of Meteorological Observations has been established and carried on for many years in a great number of localities in the State of New York, and the thermometric results have a peculiar importance, from their being made in longitudes not very remote from one of the cold meridians of the globe.

A very great impulse was given to meteorological research by the interest which was excited on the subject of magnetism by the publication of Professor Hansteen of Christiana's celebrated work, "On the Magnetism of the Earth," and by his subsequent investigation of the intensity of the magnetic force in different parts of the globe. This valuable work was first made known in England by two articles published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for 1820,† and an account of his observations, drawn up by himself, appeared in the Edinburgh Journal of Science for 1826.‡

The importance of these observations, and the method of making them, were first

\* The Kingussie Register for the years from November 1, 1830, to November 1, 1839, contains also observations with the rain-gauge; and on the state of the winds, as indicated by the words calm, breeze, and wind. It contains also a list with descriptions of the aurora borealis, which appeared in that locality during the year.

† Vol. iii. p. 128, and vol. iv. p. 114. Edinburgh Journal of Science, vol. v. p. 65, June 1826.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 323, and vol. v. p. 218.

made known in Scotland by the celebrated Danish philosopher, Professor Oersted of Copenhagen, who paid a visit to Edinburgh in June 1823, and brought with him the very magnetic needle which Professor Hansteen had intrusted to different philosophers, who determined with it the time of 300 oscillations in various parts of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and France. Those which were made by Professor Oersted in Edinburgh on the 4th July, and at which the writer of this article had the pleasure of assisting, were made in the field behind Coates Crescent, and nearly at the intersection of Walker Street with Melville Street, and possessed the interest of being, at that time, the most westerly of all those that had been made.\*

On his return to Denmark, Professor Oersted obtained for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, from Professor Hansteen, two new needles, one flat and another cylindrical, which he tested by comparison with a standard cylindrical one made by Dollond; and with these Mr. James Dunlop, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane's astronomical assistant, made a valuable series of observations in every part of Scotland, which are published in the transactions of the Royal Society.† The observations and labor of Hansteen having attracted the notice of Baron Humboldt, this distinguished individual, during his visit to St. Petersburg in 1829, urged the Academy of Sciences to institute hourly observations on the variations in declination of the magnetical needle, during two consecutive days. In 1830, observations of this kind were made at St. Petersburg, Kazan, and Nicolaieff, and soon afterwards at Sitka and Pekin. In 1834, three magnetic and meteorological observatories were constructed at Catherinebourg, Barnaoul, and Nertchinsk; while other three observatories, solely for meteorological purposes, were established at Bogoslawsk, Zlatvoest, and Longan.

Impressed with the value of these establishments, and encouraged by the successful zeal of Baron Humboldt, the writer of this article proposed the erection of physical observatories in different parts of the British Empire, and submitted a plan for them to a distinguished member of the Government. The subject was also

brought before the British Association; but nothing effectual was accomplished till the year 1836, when Humboldt himself, in a letter to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, urged the establishment of magnetic observatories in the British dependencies. The scheme thus fairly started, was taken up by the British Association, and the Royal Society, and though it made slow progress, it was finally adopted. Physical observatories were established by the Government at Kew, Greenwich, Dublin,\* Toronto, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and Hobart Town in Van Diemen's Land;† and the Court of Directors of the East India Company authorized similar establishments at Simla, Singapore, Madras, and Aden, (subsequently changed to Bombay.)‡

This noble liberality of the British Government was warmly appreciated in Russia; and it is with much pleasure that we quote the following notice of it by M. Kupffer, the Director of the Russian observatories:—

"The English Government acceded to the propositions of M. Humboldt with a liberality unexampled in the history of science; and the most gigantic scientific enterprise that had ever been conceived was in a short time organized. An expedition to the South Pole, and the construction of magnetic and meteorological observatories at the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, and Canada were agreed to. Colonel Sabine and Dr. Lloyd, to whom the English Government had confided the scientific direction of this enterprise, were desired to repair to Berlin and Göttingen, to confer with MM. Humboldt and Gauss, and then to Petersburg in order to put themselves in communication with the Russian Government. This last journey did not take place, as the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrine, as soon as he had received a communication from M. Humboldt relative this enterprise, sent me (M. Kupffer) to Göttingen, by order of the Emperor, to take

\* So early as 1837, the University of Dublin, at the request of Dr. Lloyd, then Professor of Natural Philosophy in Trinity College, voted the necessary funds for the establishment of an observatory, in which all the researches connected with the sciences of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology might be systematically conducted.

† The admirable observatory at Kew was established by the British Association, and observations were commenced in it in October 1843, under the honorary directorship of Mr. Ronalds.

‡ At a later period, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane established a magnetic observatory in Scotland, at Makerston, his country-seat, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire.

\* Three hundred oscillations of the needle were performed in thirteen minutes and forty seconds.

† Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xii. p. 1.



part in the conferences, and to offer to the English philosophers the coöperation of the Russian observatories. The conferences of the Magnetic Congress at Göttingen began on the 15th October, 1889; and it was there that the observations to be made were finally arranged. The expedition to the South Pole under Captain Ross had already sailed in the month of September, with instruments, and observers, who had received practical instructions from Dr. Lloyd in the Magnetic Observatory at Dublin."

The Russian Government thus stimulated by the example of England, proceeded to erect their observatories at the different stations which had been fixed upon, and under the protection of Count Cancrine, and General Tcheffkine, and the direction of M. Kupffer, they were completed at St. Petersburg, Catherinebourg, Burnaoul, Nertchinsk, Tiflis, Sitka, (on the north-west coast of America,) Helsingfors, and at the Russian mission-house at Peking, in China. The English Government furnished instructions for observatories at Breslau in Prussia, Hammerfest in Norway, Cairo and Algiers;\* and magnetic observatories were at different times established at Berlin, Breda, Brussels, Copenhagen, Göttingen, Gotha, Hanover, Heidelberg, Leipsic, Marbourg, Milan, Munich, Philadelphia, Prague, and Upsal. Austria, too, which has now confided the interests of science to a new and active Academy, has erected similar observatories, and placed them under the Meteorological Institute of Vienna, directed by M. Creill. Meteorological observatories, under the direction of Professor Dove, have been established by the Prussian Government, at various stations, from Memel to the Rhine. The first volume of its observations has been published two years ago, and from this quarter we shall soon be in possession of a body of facts, which cannot fail to lead to the most important generalizations.

The Russian Government have published no fewer than fourteen volumes containing the observations made since 1840; and the British Government has also published three volumes, commencing at the same date. These volumes, illustrated with numerous plates, containing drawings of the instruments and diagrams, have been liberally presented to the principal scientific individuals and institutions, both in the Old and the New World.

\* This fact is mentioned by M. Kupffer, on the authority of Colonel Sabine.

Among the first achievements of meteorological research, we may mention the important fact, that, generally speaking, the barometer, in every part of the globe, stands at the same height above the level of the sea. More recent observations, as first noticed by Humboldt, have so far modified this fact as to show, that, in the northern hemisphere, the mean pressure in the equatorial regions, for about  $10^{\circ}$  of latitude, is  $29\cdot842$  inches; that it gradually increases to the latitudes of  $30^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ , where it attains its maximum of between 30 and  $30\cdot078$  inches; and that it again decreases to  $29\cdot92$  inches, which is its measure, in the latitude of  $50^{\circ}$ . In the southern hemisphere, the observations of Sir James Ross have established the fact that, from  $40^{\circ}$  to  $78^{\circ}$  of south latitude, the main height of the barometer decreases. A similar deficiency of pressure has been observed in the Pacific Ocean, where the mean height of the barometer is only  $29\cdot71$ , whereas in the Atlantic it is  $29\cdot85$  inches.

Another important and precise result of barometrical observations is, that the mean density of the atmosphere decreases in geometrical progression for heights taken in arithmetical progression. The truth of this law has been proved by the comparison of heights taken by the barometer with those measured geometrically; and in the measurement of heights the law has found a grand practical application.

A third result of barometrical observations is that the barometer, at the level of the sea, is very slightly affected by the annual or daily changes of temperature, while in the upper regions of the atmosphere it is greatly affected by them.

In comparing the measures of barometrical pressure as taken in various latitudes, and at every hour of the day, two very interesting laws have been detected, though meteorologists have not yet discovered their cause. That the barometer regularly rises and falls every day, falling to its minimum at  $3^h\ 45^m$  in the morning and  $4^h\ 5^m$  at night, and rising to its maximum at  $9^h\ 37^m$  in the morning and  $10^h\ 11^m$  at night, has been placed beyond a doubt, by observations made in every latitude from the equator to that of  $74^{\circ}$ . The extent of these oscillations, too, has been found to vary inversely as the latitude, diminishing from  $0\cdot108$  of an inch, which is its extent at Lima, in south

latitude  $10^{\circ} 31'$ , to  $0.003$  at Rosekop, in latitude  $70^{\circ}$ , and again increasing to  $0.010$  at Port Bowen, in north latitude  $73^{\circ} 48'$ . A series of irregular monthly oscillations have also been detected in the mercurial column of an opposite character from the regular ones, being very small near the equator, and increasing from Cairo, in north latitude  $30^{\circ} 2'$ , where their amount is  $0.326$ , to Rosekop, where they reach  $1.516$ , and again diminish to Port Bowen, where they amount to  $1.362$ . These irregular oscillations mask the regular ones, and obviously arise from a different cause. Mr. Daniell was of opinion that the regular oscillations arise from the earth's daily motion and the changes of temperature which arise from it.

One of the most important branches of meteorology is that which relates to the temperature of the atmosphere and of the earth upon which it rests, and the science may boast of having here developed some fundamental laws. Considering the earth as a planet revolving round an axis inclined to the plane of its orbit, the temperature of its surface, and of its atmosphere, must decrease from the equator to the poles. Meteorological observations have determined approximately the law of its decrease, and also the law according to which the temperature decreases as we rise in the atmosphere. In the meridians which pass through the west of Europe the mean temperature of the equator has been found to be  $81.5^{\circ}$ , and by a comparison of the mean temperatures observed in different latitudes Sir David Brewster has shewn that the law of variation is given by the formula

$$T = 81.5 \cos. \text{latitude}.$$

It appears, however, from observations made in America and in the east of Europe, that the *isothermal lines*, or lines of equal heat, descend to the equator in North America and in Siberia; that is, it is colder in these two meridians than in the same latitude in the west of Europe and in the meridian of  $180^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich.

In order to find the law of decrease in the Asiatic and transatlantic meridians, the same author, on the authority of actual observation, has assumed that the Asiatic pole of maximum cold has a temperature of  $+1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, and is situated in about  $80^{\circ}$  of north latitude and  $95^{\circ}$  east longitude, while the transatlantic pole,

with a temperature of  $3.5^{\circ}$ , is situated in about  $80^{\circ}$  north latitude and  $100^{\circ}$  west longitude. On these data he founds the following formulae:—

$T = (81.8 \sin. D) + 1^{\circ}$  for the Asiatic meridian.

$T = (86.3 \sin. D) - 3.5^{\circ}$ , for the transatlantic meridian.

$T$  being the temperature, and  $D$  the distance of the place from the nearest isothermal pole.

Hence it is evident that the poles of the globe are not its coldest points, and that the temperature of the North Pole is about  $10^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. And confiding in these results, the Arctic navigators attempted to trace Sir John Franklin into a polar sea comparatively free of ice.

This view of the distribution of the temperature of the globe, which has been adopted by Humboldt, Scoresby, Daniell, and other meteorologists,\* establishes a coincidence either real or accidental between the magnetic poles and those of maximum cold. The prevailing opinion, founded on incontrovertible facts, that the sun is the source of the magnetism as well as of the heat of the earth, may lead us to anticipate some grand results from our meteorological and magnetic observatories.†

When we consider the numerous and rapid changes of temperature which take place in our climate, it is a remarkable fact that the mean temperature of a place remains nearly the same. The winter may be unusually cold, or the summer unusually hot, while the mean temperature has varied even less than a degree. A very warm summer is therefore likely to be accompanied with a cold winter, and, in general, if we have any long period of cold weather, we may expect a similar period at a higher temperature. In general, however, in the same locality, the relative distribution of heat over summer and winter undergoes comparatively small

\* See Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Dr. Scoresby's article on the POLAR REGIONS in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, vol. vii. p. 15, and Daniell's *Meteorology*, vol. I. p. 144.

† Dr. Traill, in following out these views, has endeavored to show that the earth is a great thermomagnetic apparatus, the properties of which are developed by the disturbance of its equilibrium of temperature, by the perpetual action of solar heat on its equatorial regions, and the icy covering of its poles. Hence he infers that any change taking place in the poles of cold, ought to produce a corresponding change in the magnetic poles.

variations, and therefore every point of the globe has an average climate, though it is occasionally disturbed by distant atmospheric changes.

In different meridians of both the New and the Old World, the climate derives its thermal character from the repartition of heat between the summer and the winter season. In the west of Europe, and in the opposite meridian, the winters are comparatively warm and the summers comparatively cold. In some years there is scarcely heat enough to ripen fruit and grain, and it is obvious, that if we were indulged with warmer winters, we must have them at the expense of our summer's heat, and our fruit and our grain would be green in autumn. This view of the distribution of temperature round two poles of maximum cold, relieves us however, from any such anxiety. If the thermal poles perform a circuit like the magnetic ones, the winters of the west of Europe must gradually become colder, and the summers warmer, till, after centuries have passed, we acquire the climate of the Canadian and Siberian meridians, exchanging for a lower mean temperature a more unequal distribution of heat in summer and winter. To what extent these views will be realized, time and continuous observations at magnetical and meteorological observatories can alone determine. That our climates have changed can hardly be doubted. There is no fact in the natural history of the earth better ascertained than that the climate of the west of Europe was much colder in ancient than in modern times. When we learn that the Tiber was often frozen—that snow lay at Rome for forty days—that grapes would not ripen to the north of the Cevennes—that the Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter in the time of Ovid—and that the ice of the Rhine and the Rhone sustained loaded wagons—we cannot ascribe the amelioration of such climates to the influence of agricultural operations.

The cold meridian which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may then have passed through Italy; and if we transfer the present mean temperatures of these cold regions, to the corresponding parallels in Europe, we shall obtain a climate agreeing in a singular manner with that which is described in ancient authors.

It is not however, in the altered condi-

tion of our atmosphere merely, that we are to seek for proofs of a periodical rotation of climate. The impressions of the plants of warm countries, and the fossil remains of land and sea animals, which could exist only under the genial influence of the temperate zone, are found dispersed over the frozen regions of Eastern Asia; and there is scarcely a spot on the solid covering of the globe, that does not contain indications of a revolution in its animal and vegetable productions.

This interchange of the productions of opposite climates, has been ascribed to some sudden alteration in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and even to a violent displacement of the earth's axis; but astronomy rejects such explanations as irreconcilable with the present condition of the system, and as incompatible with the stability of the laws by which it is governed.

From observations made at different heights above the level of the sea, the general law of the decrease of temperature in proportion to the height, has been ascertained. From the observations made in Gay Lussac's celebrated aerostatic ascent to the height of 22,896 feet, the height corresponding to a decrement of 1° Fahrenheit was 341 feet. Results shewing a greater or a less degree of cold as we ascend in the atmosphere, have been obtained from Chimborazo, Mont Blanc, the Peak of Teneriffe, Mount Etna, &c.;\* but it is only by means of observations long continued, in fixing observatories or stations, and by means of balloons, that the true law of decrement can be ascertained.

An approximation to a law appears in certain observations, where the thermometer fell a degree in the first 300 feet, another degree in the next 295 feet, a third degree in the next 277 feet, a fourth in the next 252 feet, a fifth in the next 223 feet, and a sixth in the next 192 feet; that is,

Decrement	Height in feet.
1° Fahrenheit,	300
2° "	595
3° "	872
4° "	1124
5° "	1347
6° "	1539

the cold increasing in a higher ratio than

\* The average decrement obtained from the results of thirty-eight observations, is one degree of temperature for 372 feet of height.

the height. There must therefore be in every latitude a height at which the thermometer falls to the freezing point, and above which there is perpetual frost. This line, called the *line of perpetual congelation*, must be at different heights in different localities, being according to calculation 15,000 feet at the equator, 13,000 feet between the tropics, and from 9000 to 4000 between the latitudes of 40° and 59°. In the Himalaya Mountains, this line rises much above the theoretical height, and much higher on the *northern* than on the *southern* side.

One of the most interesting objects of meteorological research is the determination of the mean annual, monthly, and daily curves of hourly temperature, an object which has been prosecuted with great diligence and success; but long continued observations, made in different longitudes and latitudes, will be necessary before we can have materials for their accurate delineation.

Every person knows that, generally speaking, it is coldest about sunrise, and warmest an hour or two after noon; and therefore, the times of mean temperature must occur between sunrise and noon, and between noon and midnight. If we make 365 observations at every hour of the year, and take the mean of each hour, we may draw the *annual hourly curve*, the temperatures being its abscissæ and the times its ordinates. The curve thus drawn is found to consist of four branches of different sizes, which are very nearly portions of parabolas. As each point of these curves is the mean of 365 temperatures taken in the coldest and the warmest weather, it is a most remarkable circumstance that these points should form a curve of such extraordinary regularity.

In order to obtain this curve, which is characteristic of the average thermal climate, hourly observations are obviously necessary; but upon a little consideration, we shall find different methods of obtaining it with a smaller number of observations. There are obviously two times of the day at which the mean temperature of the day occurs, called the *hours of mean temperature*. These hours, at Leith, for the annual curve, are 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> A.M., and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> P.M. The interval between them 11<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup> an important element in meteorology, is called the *critical interval*, and has been supposed to be a constant quantity, not only in the same locality, but in every

climate. Two other important points in the annual hourly curve are the maximum and minimum temperatures, and the hours at which they occur. With these elements, the curve is constructed by computing the abscissæ of the four parabolic branches of which it is composed.

In order to execute this plan for places not high above the sea, let observations be made at 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> A.M., and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> P.M., and also observations with the maximum and minimum thermometers, together with observations at the time of the maximum and minimum, namely, 2<sup>h</sup> 40<sup>m</sup> P.M., and 5<sup>h</sup> A.M. The mean temperature will be approximately obtained from the mean of the maximum and minimum results, and if the mean at 9<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> and 8<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>m</sup> are not the same, we change them a few minutes for the next year, as already explained, keeping their interval at about 11<sup>h</sup> 14<sup>m</sup>. In this way we shall obtain, in a few years, the true hours of mean temperature, the times at which they occur, and the critical interval. Owing to the inconvenience of the early hour at which the minimum takes place, it is difficult to obtain the hour of its occurrence, unless by the aid of a clock.

Another method of obtaining the mean temperature and the hours of its occurrence, which may be easily effected, is to make a few observations every five minutes on each side of the first assumed hours of mean temperature, and from these a very good result will be obtained.

A third method of obtaining an approximate measure of the mean temperature from incomplete registers, or when we can observe only at certain times of the year, is to make hourly observations during the last half of April and the first half of October, the mean of which will give us very nearly the mean temperature of the place. In the months of May and October there are many days in which the sky is without clouds, and the air in a state of absolute rest. The active meteorologist would do some service by making hourly or even half hourly observations on a few of these days. The mean of the results would give the form of the annual daily curve with very considerable accuracy; and any local cause influencing the temperature when the sun is in different azimuths, could not fail to be discovered, from a depression or rise in the curve.

From the annual we pass to the month-



ly hourly curves. As each point in these curves is the mean of only *thirty* hourly observations, they are of course much more irregular than the annual ones. In the Leith observations some of these curves, particularly the May and October ones, are singularly regular. The *twelve* curves form three separate groups, namely, 1st, December, January, February, March, and November, forming the lowest group, and intersecting one another at many points; 2d, June, July, August, and September, forming the highest group, and with few intersections; and 3d, April, May, and October, with fewer intersections. After many years, observations, these groups would not only be more definitely separated, but would, in the course of twelve or fifteen years, when the number of observations at each hour would amount to about 365, be as near parabolas as those of the annual curve.

To obtain the daily hourly curve, or the temperature for each hour of each day, is the grand object of thermal meteorology. In one year we have only one observation for each hour of the year; and in order, therefore, to obtain the curve for each day of the year as accurately as we have obtained the annual curve, we require observations for 365 years! Had Hipparchus and Ptolemy made hourly observations, and had they been made also by their contemporaries and successors in different parts of the world, we might now have been predicting the weather with as much certainty as we do the planetary motions. In the daily curve we would have seen the probable temperature of the hour, and might have been able also, from the determination of the laws of pressure and hygrometry, to have approximated at least to the weather character of the day.

In a previous Review of Baron Humboldt's Researches in Central Asia, we had occasion to give an abstract of the hourly observations made at Leith, Inverness, Kingussie, and Rothesay, in order to establish the parabolic form of the annual hourly curve of temperature.

It is obvious, from the preceding observations, that the *Critical Interval* is an important element in thermal meteorology. We believe it was Baron Humboldt who first directed to it the attention of observers, and who believed, on the authority of observation, that it was a constant

quantity in all localities. Recent, and more numerous hourly observations, however, have shown that this is not the case, and it is not certain, even, that it is a constant quantity in the same locality.

The following table shows the hours of mean temperature and the critical interval at places where hourly meteorological registers have been kept:\*

	Hours of Morning Mean Temperature.	Hours of Evening Mean Temperature.	Critical Interval.
Leith,.....	9 <sup>h</sup> 12 <sup>m</sup> .	8 <sup>h</sup> 26 <sup>m</sup> .	11 <sup>h</sup> 15 <sup>m</sup> .
Inverness,...	8 28	7 41	11 13
Rothesay,...	8 32	7 39	11 7
Petersburg,...	7 52	6 58	11 7
Catherineburg,...	5 12	4 31	11 0
Burnaoul,...	3 53	2 15	9 42
Sitka,.....	4 34	5 30	13 56!
Nertchinsk,...	1 34	12 32	10 58
Tiflis,.....	7 13	6 0	10 47
St. Helena,...	8 52	6 24	9 27
Hobart Town,...	8 47	7 4	10 17
Toronto,....	8 58	7 51	10 52

It is obvious, from these results, that the critical interval is not a constant quantity in every place, and though in most places where it has been accurately observed, it undergoes little variation, yet there is reason to believe that it is not constant in the same locality. At St. Petersburg, the deviation from the mean in five years, is only 7<sup>m</sup>; at Edinburgh in four years, and in Sitka and Tiflis in two years, only *one* minute; at Toronto in two years only *two* minutes; but in singular contrast with its fixed character at these stations, we find it at Burnaoul to be only 7<sup>h</sup> 22<sup>m</sup>, all in the year 1845, deviating no less than 3<sup>h</sup> 52<sup>m</sup> from what it was in 1842, and 3<sup>h</sup> 9<sup>m</sup> from what it was in 1844! And what is equally remarkable, the mean temperature at Burnaoul took place in 1845, at 1<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup> in the afternoon,

\*The following measures of the critical interval are the results obtained in some cases of hourly observations, and in others of observations made only twice or thrice a day, but from which the mean temperature, and the hours at which it occurs, have been obtained with considerable accuracy.

Padua, . . . . .	11 <sup>h</sup> 14 <sup>m</sup> .
Appenrode, . . . . .	11 11
Belleville, Inverness-shire, . . . . .	11 14
Tweedsmuir, Dumfriesshire, . . . . .	11 15
Plymouth, . . . . .	11 0
Philadelphia, . . . . .	11 20
Trincomalee, . . . . .	11 5
Colombo, . . . . .	10 55
Kandy, . . . . .	11 0
Madras, . . . . .	10 0

at 2<sup>h</sup> 21<sup>m</sup> P.M. in 1844, and at 3<sup>h</sup> 11<sup>m</sup> in 1842! At the station of Nertchinsk, the state of the mean annual hourly curve, is still more remarkable. In 1844, the critical interval was 10<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup>, but the hours of mean temperature were 1<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup> A.M., and 12<sup>h</sup> 32 P.M. indicating a species of climate of the most extraordinary kind.

These interesting results, whether of a normal or abnormal character, show us how much is yet to be done, in thermal meteorology, and how much may be done, not only at fixed stations by means of hourly observations, but by amateur observers, who observe only twice or thrice daily, and occasionally at every hour. It is a scandal against the power of mechanism and the liberality and ingenuity of the age, that a philosopher or his assistant is obliged to quit his bed during every hour of the night to mark the height of the mercury in his instruments. If the methods already published, and the instruments already invented for registering meteorological observations, in the absence of the observer, are insufficient, the Breguets of France, and the Frodshams and Dents of England, are surely able to give us the mechanism that is required. Private observers would thus be enlisted in the interests of meteorology, when they found that the results of their labors would be as valuable to science, as those which are obtained in our fixed observatories.

An important part of meteorology, which has not received the attention which it deserves, is the determination of the mean temperature of the earth itself in different latitudes and at different depths. As our continents and oceans are continually receiving heat from the sun, the surfaces of both must, throughout the year, have different degrees of temperature. When the solar heat falls upon land, it is radiated or thrown off very differently from rock, from earth or soil, from foliage, and from the heath or the green sward, so that any attempt to measure the temperature of the surface, at different hours of the day, would be fruitless. If we descend, however, to some depths, we shall reach a point which is not affected by these superficial influences, so that, by means of buried thermometers, the mean temperature of the earth may be ascertained. Another method, and perhaps a more correct one, is to measure a few times each month the

temperature of springs that rise from some depth below the surface, so that by very little trouble we may obtain a tolerably correct measure of the mean temperature. In some cases, the springs rise from such a depth, that their temperature is invariable, or nearly so, throughout the year, so that the mean temperature is obtained from a single observation. From observations which have already been made, it appears that the mean temperature of the earth, in latitudes south of 53°, is always a little below the mean temperature of the atmosphere, while in more northerly latitudes the mean temperature of the earth is higher.

Next in importance to the study of the temperature of the atmosphere is that of the quantity of rain which falls in different parts of the world, and of the times at which it falls. From observations made at Greenwich, in America, and in the East Indies, the humidity of the air is inversely as its temperature, being a maximum at the coldest hour of the day, and a minimum at the warmest. When the air, saturated with moisture, is reduced in temperature, the water which it cannot retain falls as rain, or snow, or hail, according to the temperature of the cloud. The quantity of rain which falls in every part of the world depends on causes that have not yet been sufficiently investigated. All the operations of agriculture and of war are dependent upon a knowledge of the rainy season. The life of animals as well as of plants is affected by the dryness or the humidity of the atmosphere, and famine and pestilence may be averted by a due anticipation of wet and dry seasons. Meteorologists have already obtained many important results; and now that the Governments, both in Europe and America, are taking an interest in such researches, we look forward with confidence to the establishment of general laws.

The quantity of rain diminishes as we advance from the equator to the poles. It decreases in ascending to high table lands. It increases from the coasts to the interior of continents, the western coasts being generally more rainy than the eastern ones. In different parts of the globe, it rains more heavily and longer in one season than in another; in some countries in summer, in others in autumn, and in others in winter. At the equator the quantity of rain which falls annually is 95

inches, and at Petersburg only 17. The heaviest rains fall between the tropics; and in Europe the rainy districts are the Alps, the middle of Portugal, the coast of Norway, the coast of Ireland, and the north-west coast of Scotland. At Cape Hoorn, no less than 154 inches fall, while in several parts of the world there is no rain at all. The districts in which this is the case are called the *rainless districts*. In the Old World there are two districts of this kind, the largest including the desert of Sahara; and Egypt, in Africa; and in Asia, part of Arabia, Syria, and Persia. The other district, or nearly the same superficial extent, lies between north latitude  $30^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$ , and between  $75^{\circ}$  and  $118^{\circ}$  of east longitude, including Thibet, Gobi or Shama, and Mongolia. In the New World the rainless districts are of much less magnitude, occupying two narrow strips on the shores of Peru and Bolivia, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama on the coast of Venezuela.\*

An atmosphere exposed to such vicissitudes of heat and of cold can never be at rest throughout its whole extent. When the air is in any locality rarefied by heat, the cold air rushes into the rarer mass. The air between the tropics, highly rarefied by the scorching heat of the sun, is made to ascend by the inroad of the colder and heavier air north and south of the tropics. A current *from* the poles to the equator is thus generated at the earth's surface, while an opposite current *towards* each pole is produced by the rarefied air which rises above the heated stratum, and flows backward to find its level. As the earth is revolving on its axis, these two currents do not actually flow from north to south, and from south to north, but those near the surface move from east to west, constituting the *trade winds*, while those in the upper atmosphere take an easterly direction, and form the great westerly current which, according to Professor Coffin, is almost constantly throughout the year moving in the upper regions of the atmosphere, over the middle northern portions of the United States. There are thus two great systems of atmospheric currents, namely, the warm wind, which

blows over the earth's surface from the south, and the dry and cold current, which blows constantly from the west. This remarkable current, flowing over the Mississippi valley, and along the Atlantic slope, attracted the particular notice of Mr. Russell on his late tour in the United States, and according to him is intimately associated with all the vicissitudes of weather in that country.

The perennial or trade winds extend to  $28^{\circ}$  of north and south latitude, moving a few degrees further north or south, according as the sun is north or south of the equator. The north-east trade wind extends from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $28^{\circ}$  of north latitude, and the south-east trade winds from  $3^{\circ}$  north latitude to  $23^{\circ}$  south latitude.

The monsoon, or periodical winds, prevail in particular seasons. They blow more regularly in the Indian Ocean than anywhere else. They extend from the African coast to the Bay of Bengal, and even to the China Seas.\* The south-west, or rainy monsoon, on the north of the equator, prevails from April to October, and the north-east monsoon from October to April. On the south of the equator the south-east monsoon prevails from April to October, and the north-west one from October to April. These winds arise from the interruption of the trade winds by the peculiar conformation of the coasts of Africa.

In the temperate regions of the globe, the prevalent winds are S.W. and N.W.; and so prevalent are the S.W. winds in the Atlantic, that the voyage from Europe to America occupies forty days, and only twenty-three in the return to Europe.

Important as a knowledge of these winds, and of the land and sea breezes is to the navigator, the investigation of the origin and the nature of the hurricanes which occur in the tropical regions is still more important. When the elements of the atmosphere are disturbed, and let loose upon man, science has already supplied many sources of security. When paroxysms of heat or cold smite the tender organizations of animal or vegetable life, an artificial covering may protect them from destruction. When the swollen cloud drops its fluid charge, and threatens as with a second deluge, we may remove our dwelling beyond its range, or embank our fields against its torrents. When electricity threatens with its fire-bolt the fixed or the floating habitations of man,

\* In Johnston's Physical Atlas the reader will find Rain Maps of the World and of Europe, and much interesting information on the subject.

the conductor may tame its fury and carry it peacefully into the earth, or into the deep. When the raging tempest sweeps over the ground, the bolts and bars of mechanism may give security to our roof-trees; and if the landsman cannot find protection in bulwarks of stone, let him vitrify his walls, or encase himself in iron, or excavate a subterranean retreat for his family. But what provision can be made for the sailor's home upon the deep? You may prevent the springing of the leak, and by new materials, and new principles of carpentry, bind into one resisting whole the heterogeneous parts of the once fragile vessel; but what precaution can be taken against the furious hurricane, which begins with snapping the mast and rending the sails, and either thrusts to the bottom, or dashes upon the rocky beach, the creaking tenement and its trembling occupants? It is a scandal to science and civilization that attempts have not been long ago made to study and to disarm these pirates of the ocean. During the last half of the century, however, two or three eminent and philanthropic individuals, unsupported by royal or state liberality, have devoted themselves to the study of the gales and hurricanes that desolate the tropical seas. Mr. W. C. Redfield, of New York, Mr. Epsy of the United States, have been the leaders in this movement, and have pursued it with a zeal and success which could hardly have been anticipated. The origin of these oceanic scourges, and the precise times and circumstances at and under which they occur, have not been discovered, but their general nature, and character, and course, have been determined, and infallible rules have been deduced, if not to disarm their fury, at least to teach us how to withdraw from their power. Mr. Redfield has laid down a set of practical rules, which of course will admit of continual extension and improvement, to enable the mariner to extricate himself with the least risk from an impending hurricane. These rules are the more likely to be efficacious, as he has shown that the great circuits of wind are nearly uniform in all the larger oceanic basins; and that the course of the circuits is in the *southern* hemisphere in a *counter-direction* to those in the *northern* one, producing a corresponding difference in the general phases of storms and winds in the two hemispheres of our globe.

In his able work on the Law of Storms,

Sir William Reid has confirmed the reasonings and views of Mr. Redfield. He has described and analyzed no fewer than *nine* storms with the aid of the logs of British ships that had been navigating the hurricane region; and by combining the observations which they contained with those made on land, he has proved that they are rotary and progressive—that their destructive power is derived from their rotary force, and that they revolve in contrary directions in the two hemispheres—from right to left in the northern, and from left to right in the southern hemisphere. Sir William has also thrown much light on the storms in high latitudes—on water-spouts and smaller whirlwinds—on Arctic squalls and African tornadoes, and on the connection of these phenomena with electricity and magnetism; but the most practically valuable portion of his work relates to the rules which he gives for laying ships to in hurricanes. The importance of these rules will be found in Captain Methven's "Narrative of the Blenheim Hurricane in 1851," where he exhibits one of the most remarkable applications on record of the law of storms.\*

The anxiety of the American Government, stimulated by Lieutenant Maury, to do something effectual on this subject, will no doubt lead to important results. At their request, a maritime conference was held at Brussels, in August and September 1853, "on the subject of establishing a uniform system of meteorological observations at sea, and of concurring in a general plan of observation on the winds and currents of the ocean, with a view to the improvement of navigation, and to the acquirement of a more correct knowledge of the laws which govern those elements." It was attended by officers from Great Britain, France, United States, Russia, Austria, Denmark, Belgium, Netherlands, Portugal, and Sweden, and it was agreed to draw up the form of a ship's log with directions relative to the different entries, for the use of the royal marine, as well as for the merchant service. "The Board of Trade," says Dr. Lyon Playfair, "is now actively engaged in making the necessary preparations for enabling merchant vessels to keep a meteorological log of their voyage, with instruments carefully compared by being verified with standards, and a faithful registry of the observations

\* Preface to Captain Methven's "Log," etc.



made with the former, in compliance with the conditions laid down by the most eminent men of science, would be much esteemed. But although all nations, by the international congress of Brussels, have declared the importance of inducing a combined coöperation in this direction, it is hopeless to expect great results until the superior education of our merchant seamen and officers enable them to be intelligent observers and zealous recorders of their experience."

Another branch of meteorology which requires to be noticed, has received the name of optical meteorology. It includes the phenomena of rainbows, haloes, paraselenæ, meteors, falling stars, the mirage, the neutral points of polarization in the atmosphere, and the polarization of the different parts of the visible sky. A rainbow, either solar or lunar, indicates the existence of rain when we do not see it fall. The halo 22° tells us that there are crystals of ice floating in the upper part of the atmosphere, even when the temperature is high near the ground, and all the other optical phenomena are the result of peculiar states of the atmosphere which it is desirable to record. The color of the clouds even, and of the rising and setting sun, which have been so little studied, are worthy of special attention. It is a rude measure of the height of the cloud itself, and depends on the length of the transit through the atmosphere of the ray which illuminates it. When a white cloud is seen among the colored clouds which appear in the morning and evening, we may safely infer that it is at a great distance from the earth. At some seasons the sun rises and sets with only a slight tinge of yellow, at others almost all the blue, yellow, and green rays are absorbed, and leave nothing but a brilliant red. It remains to be investigated how this absorption of the most refrangible rays is produced.

Although the electricity of the atmosphere requires to be studied with delicate and somewhat expensive apparatus, yet it is in the power of the general observer to describe and record many interesting electrical phenomena. The registration and description of thunder-storms and their effects, and of the phenomena of summer lightning, requires no instrumental aid; and with a simple electrometer, the observer may note the character of the electricity, whether vitreous or resin-

ous, which occurs during rains and showers, and which varies so curiously when the rain-cloud approaches, passes, and leaves the place of observation. The registration of the electric state of the air by photographic impression, in the absence of the observer, as introduced by Mr. Ronalds, can be expected only in meteorological observatories.

The same remarks are applicable to the phenomena of magnetism. The great disturbances of the needle might be observed with an apparatus by no means expensive; and the most ordinary observer might record with correctness, and describe with accuracy, the times and phenomena of the *Auroræ Boreales*, the locality, and form, and color of its luminous beams and arches, and its crackling sounds, if he should be so fortunate as to hear them. The results obtained in the British Meteorological Observatories at Toronto and Hobart Town, have, in the hands of Colonel Sabine, to whom, if to any one man we owe their establishment, already led to most important results. In three papers, "On the Periodical Laws discoverable in the Mean Effects of the larger Magnetic Disturbances," he has shown that the magnetic disturbance of large amount, and of apparently irregular occurrence, which, as we have already stated, are called *magnetic storms*, are, when studied in their mean effect, governed by periodic laws of systematic order and regularity, and exhibit periods whose duration is respectively—1st, A solar day of 24 hours; 2dly, A solar year of 365 days; and 3dly, A period of about ten of our solar years, corresponding, both in duration and in the epochs of maximum and minimum variation, to the approximately decennial period discovered by Schwabe in the phenomena of the solar spots.\* Hence it would appear, that the sun is a great magnet, giving to the earth its magnetic properties, as well as its temperature, and having a force varying with the disturbances in its own atmosphere. Sir William Herschel had long ago endea-

\* See Phil. Trans., 1851, Art. V., 1852, Art. VIII., and 1856, Part 1. The last of these interesting Papers was read at the Royal Society on the 14th of February 1856, and is not yet published. It contains a confirmation of the existence of periodical laws regulating the disturbances of the magnetic inclination and total force, corresponding to those which he had deduced, in his Papers of 1851 and 1852, from the disturbances of the magnetic declination.

vored to prove that the sun's heat, as shown by the price of wheat, varied with the solar spots; and we may regard it as a new argument in favor of the connection between the magnetic poles and those of maximum cold, that the magnetism of the earth, as well as its heat, varies with the spots or openings on the surface of the sun.

We have thus endeavored to give the reader a popular account of what has been done, and what is doing in Meteorology. We ask if he sees any reason for discontinuing the study, and if he thinks that those men are either philosophers or patriots who denounce the science as fruitless, and the money wasted which is devoted to its advancement? All the Governments in Europe and North America have now supplied the means of erecting observatories, furnishing instruments, and paying a staff of observers. Every ship on the ocean, whether of war or of commerce, will be engaged in the same cause, and before another century elapse, great and beneficial results will be achieved.

If our seas, then, and our coasts are covered with ships, and these ships supplied with observers of the weather, we

would urge it upon landmen to make the study universal. There is no science in which so much may be accomplished by private observers, and none in which insulated and partial observations may be turned to so good an account. In every lighthouse—in every sea-port—in every university, academy, and school, meteorological observations should be established, and the pupils taught how to make them. Our countless railway stations should become auxiliaries in the same cause, and in the numerous steamers which navigate our coast, valuable observations on the phenomena of the weather might be made. Every farmer, and every gardener, as interested parties, should keep registers of the thermometer and rain-gauge, and every person who has eyes to observe and sagacity to know the value of a fact in science, should give their aid in recording every phenomenon in the atmosphere which they have the good fortune to witness. All such observations would be well received by the Meteorological Societies established in London and Edinburgh, and might supply defects which must necessarily exist in the registers of the best-appointed observatories.

---

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A L E X I S O R L O F F .

THE conspiracy which placed Catherine the Great on the throne of Russia, owed its unprecedented success chiefly to the daring of two brothers, Gregory and Alexis Orloff. The first of these was the well-known favorite and aspirant to the hand of the empress; the second was no less renowned for the services he rendered her throughout her long reign, both in guilt and glory. That these men, bold, unscrupulous, and ambitious, who evidently intended Catherine to be the mere tool of their aggrandizement, should have been converted by her into faithful and submissive subjects, is the earliest and most astonishing proof she gave of her consummate ability as a ruler. Alexis, if less endowed with personal beauty than his brother,

was superior to him in stature, and remarkable for gigantic strength. His character also had something gigantic in its rude unmitigated force. His intellect was not above the common order, and he either disdained or was incapable of the political arts, by which, in lieu of wisdom, mankind is governed. By the sheer might of an indomitable will he bore down every obstacle in his career, undeterred by fear, or pity, or remorse; for he was to all appearance naturally destitute of affection or conscience, unless his attachment to his brother Gregory may pass for the one, and his fidelity to the empress for the other, and both these qualities were indispensable to his own interests. Peter III. having been dethroned and imprisoned,

the conspirators resolved on his death as necessary to their safety, and the execution was assigned to Alexis, who, with characteristic audacity, in after years boasted that he had strangled the unfortunate prince with his own hands. His next famous exploit was more to his own honor and that of his imperial mistress.

The projects against Turkey which Russia has for so many ages unremittingly pursued were conducted by Catherine with the most signal vigor and good fortune. She had formed a powerful fleet of war, disciplined and commanded in great measure by British officers; and in the year 1770 she resolved on sending this armament to the Mediterranean to attack the enemy on their own shores. This great enterprise she intrusted to Alexis Orloff, who was created high-admiral, though it is said that he never had been on board a vessel; but he engaged in it with his usual audacity, and conducted it with a brilliant success which fully justified her choice. By the battle of Tchesme, ending in the conflagration of the whole Turkish fleet, he found himself without a foe on the seas where a Russian man-of-war had never before entered; and leaving his ships under the command of the second admiral, Greig, to seek repair in the ports of Italy, he returned to St. Petersburg to receive the thanks and praises of the empress and her court, the order of victory, and the surname of Tchesmesky. Catherine now intrusted to him a secret mission of a very different nature in Italy. Her predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, a few years before her death, had contracted in a fit of superstitious penitence, (for her subsequent conduct proved it not genuine,) a private marriage with her favorite Razumoffsborg, and the offspring of this union was a daughter, named Anna Petrowna, and brought up as the Princess Tarrakanoff. About four years before the time of which we speak, Prince Radzivil, being incensed at Catherine's aggressions on Poland, imagined that this young girl might be made an instrument of retaliation; and having induced the persons who had charge of her education to place her in his hands, he took her to Rome, with the intention of one day bringing her forward as the rightful claimant to the crown of Russia. He had not, however, calculated on the extent of the power he had provoked. His person was secure in Rome, but his whole possessions, with the ex-

ception of the money and jewels he carried with him, were at the mercy of Catherine. Finding that he must otherwise relinquish his estates, Radzivil, though he refused to deliver the unfortunate young princess into the hands of those whom he had made her enemies, yet at length agreed to abandon her cause, and return to his own land. Still, though a stranger and unprotected in a distant land, the daughter of the popular Elizabeth, and the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, might become a dangerous rival; and to obtain possession of her person, by force, or by fraud, and send her prisoner to Petersburg, was the task now imposed by Catherine, and undertaken without repugnance, by the victor of Tchesme.

Early in the spring, Count Orloff rejoined his fleet, then stationed at Leghorn. His arrival was no sooner known than a Neapolitan, Signor Ribas by name, presented himself before him and requested permission to enter into the Russian service. This man was of Spanish extraction, and had been employed by government, but got involved in intrigues which obliged him to leave Naples. Alexis seeing that he was young and of insinuating manners, besides being unprincipled, immediately fixed on this Ribas as a proper instrument in his design for entrapping the Princess Tarrakanoff, and lost no time in engaging his services for this purpose. He gave him the rank of lieutenant, furnished him with money and credentials, and desired him to hasten to Rome and find some means of getting presented to the unprotected girl. "She has only one Russian attendant," he said, "a sort of governess, or duenna, as you call it, and there will probably be no difficulty in getting this woman into our interests, and inducing her to place her charge in my hands. The method I leave to your skill, and I need not tell you that, if you succeed, your fortune is made." Ribas undertook with confidence the dishonorable enterprise, and Orloff turned his attention to fulfilling another behest of Catherine's, that of procuring for her the best paintings possible in commemoration of the late naval victories. He had, after due inquiries, fixed on the Flemish painter Rackert, and, having sent for him, he offered him a commission to execute four pictures representing the exploits of his fleet in the Archipelago, especially the blowing up of the Turkish ships. Rackert

told him that there was only one obstacle to his performing this satisfactorily—he had never seen a vessel blown up, and feared his invention was inadequate to the invention of such a tremendous scene. “If that is your only difficulty,” said the count, “it can easily be removed. I will order a vessel to be blown up to-morrow for you.” Accordingly, a ship too much damaged to be worth preserving was selected, and the blowing-up actually took place the following day, to the great contentment of Rackhert, and the consternation of all the merchantmen assembled in the roads of Leghorn, though more through good luck than precaution no mischief was done.

In a few days a letter arrived from Ribas, informing his excellency that he had introduced himself to the princess, and found her in a distressed condition, and willing to listen to any professions of aid and friendship; but her attendant he declared to be absolutely incorruptible, and very cautious and reserved—nothing was to be hoped for in that quarter. The position also of the young lady was beginning to attract the attention of persons of importance, and it was highly probable that she would soon be taken under the protection of some lady of rank in Rome who would effectually shield her from inimical designs. Ribas added a description of the personal charms of their destined victim which decided Orloff on the step he had already meditated—a visit to Rome in person. The fame of his great victory, and the high position he held in the Russian court, had preceded him there, and he was welcomed and fêted with the greatest distinction by the Roman nobility; but, while ostentatiously exhibiting himself at every festivity, he pursued his secret object unremittingly. Accompanied by Ribas, he had presented himself at the humble lodgings of the unacknowledged heiress of the Czars. Anna Petrowna was scarcely seventeen, tall and slight, very fair, with blue eyes, and regular features, and an expression of gentleness and dignity which recalled her mother, the empress Elizabeth, to all who had seen her in her best days. She was accompanied by a gentlewoman of middle age and prepossessing appearance, on whom she seemed to rely with filial affection and respect. Orloff was scarcely prepared for the sight of anything so lovely as the young princess, and for once

his *sang froid* yielded to a feeling of genuine admiration. He accosted her with courteous deference, and expressed his joy at being permitted to wait on one who might justly claim the homage of every true Muscovite, and his hope that she would accept the offer of his faithful services. She answered him with graceful reserve: “Sir, I have always been taught that such is indeed my birthright, but deserted as I have been by the friends of my youth, alone in a foreign land, how can I trust to the professions of strangers, or hope that the most distinguished of Catherine’s defenders will hazard her favor for my sake?” “Madam,” he replied, “if you knew half the ingratitude of Catherine, and how undeserving she has proved herself of the devoted services my brother and I have rendered her, you would not wonder that we can no longer endure that yoke; but rather turn to you, who are every way so worthy of our allegiance.” The air of impassioned earnestness with which this was said, evidently made an impression on his youthful listener, and even the experienced Paulovna relaxed from her look of distrustful vigilance; but their present destitution had taught them too well how far the enemy’s power could extend, and that the Holy City itself was not beyond her reach. Anna turned her soft, expressive eyes doubtfully on her elder companion, who replied for her, after a pause: “The princess does not doubt your sincerity, Count Orloff, but, though you have the will, do you also possess the power to withstand that usurper?” To boast of himself never came amiss to Alexis, and now he had an opportunity of furthering his plans by indulging in a propensity which had sometimes proved to his detriment. He therefore assured the ladies, with the utmost fluency and self-possession, that the whole Russian fleet was solely at his disposal; that his late victories had stamped him as invincible; that his brother was supreme at court; and that their united strength might dispose of the crown of Muscovy at their pleasure. What wonder that his eloquence more than half convinced the inexperienced years to which it was addressed? They consented to accept the remittances which had already been offered through Ribas, and of which they were in actual need, and the following day was appointed for a second meeting, when Orloff promised to set before



them his plans for the restoration of the princess to her country and her birth-right.

When he was gone, Anna exclaimed, "O, Matuscha!\* can this be true? shall I see my dear native land once more? Oh! if I might but dwell there safely in the humblest state I should be content." "Dear child, would that I might live to see you in the state to which you were born! but I dread the dangers to which you may be exposed. Think of the fate of all who have stood in the way of that terrible Catherine—the Emperor Peter, poor Ivan. Even if Count Orloff prove true, he may be over rash." "True he must be!" said the young princess, fervently, "he looks so brave and noble, he speaks so frankly; and, whatever happens, I can scarcely be worse off than here." "Ah! you little know," returned Paulovna, "you are indeed cruelly deserted by your guardian; but the noble ladies of Rome are interested in your cause. The Countess Pamphili has this morning sent—" "Oh, hush, Paulovna! is it fit that the daughter of Elizabeth should live dependent on strangers? and did you but know how weary I am of this Italian sun, this enervating heat! how I long for the keen bracing air, the frosty skies of the north, and those midsummer-nights so soft and clear! What is there in southern climes to compare with their divine twilight?" Paulovna smiled fondly and sadly at her sweet pupil's enthusiasm, and refrained from troubling her joyous illusions with her own gloomy forebodings.

Count Orloff made his appearance next morning, as he had appointed, and he employed his time so well that he quickly succeeded in recommending himself only too completely to the young princess's favor. She soon learnt to place the most implicit confidence in his professions, and innocently exulted in the belief that this dreaded hero was henceforth her devoted champion. Paulovna still showed some distrust and anxiety, but could not withhold all reliance in happier prospects when Alexis assured her he would set before them a manifesto from the principal officers of his fleet, declaring their allegiance to the princess Tarrakanoff; and during the time it would take to procure this document from Leghorn, it was

agreed that his daily visits should be permitted.

One morning he came and found, for the first time, the Princess Anna alone. She was seated by an old fountain in the small garden, or rather, court of this residence. Her white dress gleamed through the foliage of the gigantic aloes, under the shadow of a broad fig-tree which almost filled the enclosure. She looked up when she heard his step, and a soft glow of pleasure lighted up her cheeks and eyes, and made her more lovely than Alexis had ever seen her; but he approached with an air of extreme dejection, and bending on his knee with deep reverence unfolded before her a parchment, and thus addressed her: "Madam, allow me to lay before you this earnest of the homage Russia is prepared to render to her lawful sovereign. This is a manifesto signed by all the chief commanders of my fleet, proffering their duty and service whenever you may be pleased to claim them. Receive at the same time the confession of the unhappy Orloff, which must banish him for ever from your presence." "Count Orloff?" she exclaimed, "what do you tell me? you forsake me?" "Forsake!" he repeated, "never; every thought of my soul is devoted to your cause, but ah! far from all that makes life dear, I must leave you surrounded by those who will perform their duty more faithfully, though they cannot love so well." His voice was extinguished with sobs. "Oh! what can you mean? what have you done?" said Anna, the tears starting from her dove-like eyes at the sight of so much agony. "Ah! do not shed those tears for a wretch who is unworthy of your care. But I will confess all! Know then, Anna, that I came hither, I sought you by order of Catherine. I thought only obedience to her; but I saw you—you, so divinely fair, so full of majesty and goodness! and how shall I express the madness that has possessed me," since that hour, the love I have dared to cherish?" "You love me!" she said, the brightest blushes glowing over the tears and paleness of her face. "I love you," he exclaimed with fervor, "I even ventured the hope, but the noble proceeding of these brave men has opened my eyes to my own unworthiness. They, moved by loyalty and truth alone, acknowledge your rights, whilst I have only been awakened to the sense of duty by the in-

\* The Russian diminutive of mother.

fluence of those irresistible charms which should have been too sacred for my gaze to dwell on." He bowed down his head, and covered his face with his hands; but she intreated him in an earnest tone to rise and listen to her, and he obeyed, not without some anxiety as to the result of his disclosures. She stood, her eyes bent for a moment on the ground, then turning them towards him with a touching expression of sweetness and candor, she said with mingled simplicity and dignity, "You cannot, surely, believe me to be so foolish or so ungrateful as take offence at the regard of the wise, the great, and renowned Count Orloff. I am a weak girl, disinherited and forsaken; but you have taught me to hope. When you came, I felt that God had sent me a friend and defender; but if you leave me, to whom could I then turn? No, I feel that my claims to empire would then be an empty dream, and a hateful one." Her voice sank at these last words which revealed to Alexis the triumph of his hopes. "My arm shall support you; my sword defend you, Anna," he cried, "till you see all your foes at your feet; and never will I leave you till you yourself command it." She answered with a smile like the break of a summer day, a dawn of undying love, which shrank the dark designs and evil passions of his heart, and his spirit felt rebuked in the moment of victory by the truth and purity of hers; but the appearance of Paulovna, who was seldom long absent from her charge, restored Alexis to his accustomed audacity. Anna flew to her arms, and whispered, "He will tell you all;" and with one half-averted glance towards her lover, glided away into the house.

Orloff, who was well aware that Paulovna's approbation was essential to his schemes, now laid his suit before her in plain and straightforward terms. He represented how reasonable was the prospect that he might raise the princess to her mother's throne, showing her the manifesto he had provided, and particularly pointing out the signatures of Greig, Elphinstone, and other British officers, as a guarantee of sincerity, from the well-known honor of their nation. He also urged his own devoted affection, and that, though inferior in birth, his union with the princess would enable him more effectually to pursue her claims. Paulovna saw the justice of this reasoning, and

however uncertain she might feel of the count's disinterestedness, she could not doubt that if Anna were his wife, ambition no less than love must force him to seek her advancement. She therefore acquiesced in his arguments for a speedy marriage, and promised her assistance in removing any scruples the young princess might entertain on the subject.

Thus far had Orloff advanced beyond his utmost expectations or first aim. He had begun with the determination of getting the Princess Tarrakanoff into the power of Russia; but the desire to win her for himself sprang naturally from his first interview, and on further acquaintance with so charming a person, grew into an all-absorbing passion. The visions of empire which he had conjured up for her delusion, now took unbidden possession of his own mind, and suggested the probability of performing in truth the part he had treacherously assumed. The danger on one side, the dazzling greatness on the other, the treason and guilt already inevitable might well have shaken the firmest mind; but Alexis was not given to inward speculation or analysis; he turned all his energies to the accomplishment of his immediate object, and decided that a secret and not binding marriage would effect this safely, and leave him free to shape his future course as time or chance might direct.

In the meantime, the advent of Count Orloff in Rome had caused much excitement and surmise among all ranks. He had been feted by the great, and followed by the multitude. His fine person and martial renown attracted the admiration of the ladies, while the outward courtesy and deference towards their sex, acquired in a female court, completely won their favor; but with the men it was different. He would not take the trouble of disguising his arrogance, or of observing the common rules of politeness in intercourse with persons of the highest rank, and his presence came to be dreaded in convivial scenes, where royalty itself was not safe from his insolence. It began to be whispered about that the real object of his visit was to entrap the Princess Tarrakanoff, and little as she was personally known, none who had heard her history could refrain from some interest in the fate of this fair orphan, so exalted by birth, and destitute by fortune. Madame Pamphili undertook to interpose a warning and offers

of protection, and for this purpose paid a visit to the Princess, but when she approached the subject of Orloff, it was met with so much gentle reserve on Anna's part, that she was obliged to desist. With Paulovna she succeeded better, and fully awakened her doubts and anxieties as to his ultimate purpose, and the necessity of impressing on her young charge the utmost caution. It was, however, too late. Anna loved with all the enthusiasm of a noble and candid nature, and would listen to no aspersions on him to whom she had given her heart. As regarded his past conduct in Russia, the Romans had no means of judging except by common report, and the details of his rudeness towards men who considered themselves his superiors, contrasted rather favorably with his devoted tenderness to herself; nay, she turned this very fault into an argument against the probability of his being a deceiver, falling into the general mistake of thinking roughness a proof of sincerity. Alexis was, therefore, received at his next interview with an increase of friendly conference. His persuasions to an immediate union were heard with blushing acquiescence, and everything having been previously arranged and prepared by his orders, the ceremony took place the same evening. The watchful Paulovna found no room for distrust when a venerable-looking priest performed the marriage according to the rites of the Greek Church. Orloff was accompanied by two witnesses, who signed the contract with names well-known as among the noblest in Russia, and no form was omitted which could give assurance to the solemnity. Who indeed, could forebode evil while looking on the pair who there exchanged the holiest vows? Both so brightly, yet variously endowed with the highest gifts of nature and fortune, to her eyes they appeared a happy symbol of that divine right and human might whose union forms the true basis of empire.

The expediency of keeping their marriage concealed from the Court of St. Petersburg was the sufficient reason alleged by Count Orloff to his bride for removing from Rome, where their affairs had attracted the notice of many curious eyes and busy tongues. Attended still by Paulovna, she accompanied him to Pisa, where he had caused a palace to be prepared on the banks of the Arno. Here Anna found herself surrounded with more

than the splendor and retinue to which she had been accustomed in early years in the Court of Elizabeth. Alexis was unremitting in his attentions; he seemed to have no thought or wish but for her happiness. He never left her, and carefully prevented the approach of strangers; but took delight in exhibiting himself with her at every place of public resort and amusement. Their beauty and distinguished appearance soon attracted attention, and though a certain mystery was affected as to their names and rank, it was soon rumored that this was the celebrated Russian commander, and the young lady the Princess Tarrakanoff, of royal lineage. So great was the vanity of this remarkable man, who wholly disregarded the reproach of the world, that one half his pleasure in the society of his charming bride was derived from this admiration of the multitude. The excess of care and observance he had imposed himself soon wearied him, and he often longed to throw off the restraints of superficial refinement and polish which, though he well knew how to assume, were not the less congenial to his nature. He soon found that he could not show himself as he was without wounding, and perhaps destroying, the love of that ingenuous heart, and the artless admiration with which Anna regarded him for qualities he was conscious of not possessing, though it amused him at first, soon became a source of secret annoyance and resentment. He had a conspicuous scar across his brow somewhat marring its beauty, but dear to her eyes as a token of valor and past dangers. This he told her was from the stroke of a Turkish scimitar, though in fact incurred in a disgraceful tavern-broil; and at times he hardly suppressed a sneer at her simplicity while he gratified her romantic notions with extravagant inventions of his heroic exploits. But the time approached when this life of indolence must cease, and his restless spirit must return to action and turbulence. More than a month had passed since he left his fleet at Leghorn. Admiral Greig's squadron had returned from its cruise; the repairs were completed, and the commander's presence called for. Alexis still hesitated. The project of setting up Anna Petrowna against Catherine could never seriously be entertained. A moment of cool reflection showed him that his influence with his own naval armament was not actually strong enough to move

one ship from its anchorage against the empress's authority, and the zealous performance of her commands was the sole root of his boasted power; yet he could not, without some compunction, deliver up his innocent bride to imprisonment and despair, nor quite regret the sweet companionship of which he had not yet exhausted all the charm.

One day he had been away from her longer than usual, engaged in matters of business with Signor Ribas, through whom he held continual communication with the fleet. Anna waited for him in her apartment, dreamily gazing through the half closed blinds of the balcony on the fair scene spread below. The shining Arno with its marble arches, the graceful towers of Pisa, and the smiling landscape stretching towards the sea, all glowing in the heat of early summer; but within, it was cool, shadowy and fragrant. At length he came and threw himself beside her on the sofa, without speaking, and with a moody, preoccupied, yet not ungentle air. She gazed at him with child-like and silent affection, and placed her hand caressingly on his. That small white hand, fearless in the tremendous grasp that could strangle a wolf, or break in two a bar of iron.\* Presently he roused himself, and drawing her to him, gazed intently in her fair, upturned face. "Do you really love me, Anna?" he said, "Nay! you are but a child: in a few years you will repent having bestowed your imperial hand on a poor knight. You will reproach me for the wrong I have done you in misleading your inexperience." "Dearest Alexis," she said, "you are laughing at me. I am not such a child that I can ever forget the condition from which your love has raised me." "You have been happy here then?" So happy that I dread any change. I no longer care for a throne, if we could but remain here always, and you never to leave me." "That would be pleasant, my pretty one, but unluckily, it would be certain ruin. Remember Radzivil." "Yes," she said, turning pale, "he deserted me to save his wealth; but you will never do so? Yet I tremble to think that you hazard everything, even your life may

be endangered, for me." And the tears came into her loving eyes as she spoke. "But what would you say," asked Orloff, "to making friends with Catherine, and laying aside your own pretensions, for us to return home, and be her faithful subjects, if she will graciously permit us?" "To live in Russia with you, even in the lowest state; oh, I should be too glad! but as friends with Catherine, that usurper, that wicked murderess? Never! I could not." A gleam, as from smouldering coal, shot from beneath the dark brows of Orloff; but it passed instantaneously. "You are right," he said, "I will not again ask you to be friends with the murderess; but I have many matters to arrange. I must visit the fleet." "May I not go with you? You have promised to show me the ships." "You shall see them my darling. I am now going to prepare for your reception." He hastily took leave; she followed him with her eyes, her heart overflowing with gratitude to Providence which had bestowed on her the love and protection of such a man. She called Paulovna, and told her of the promised excursion with girlish delight, and though that cautious person felt appalled at the thoughts of her princess throwing herself as it were into the very hands of her great enemy, yet she knew not how to oppose Anna's argument. "Surely, I must be safe anywhere with my husband?" "Even the count may be too sanguine," said Paulovna, "I hear terrible reports of those sailors. The people of Leghorn say they are absolute savages. Besides, the sea never can be safe; only promise me that you will remain on dry land." "To please you I may, you dear old coward, though I cannot think so ill of my countrymen as you would have me. At all events, you will come with us to take care of me."

The following day the sun was scarcely above the horizon when Count Orloff stood at the head of the marble stairs, ready to hand his beautiful bride down to the carriage which awaited them. She met him, fresh and smiling as the May morning, the last on which he meant that she should ever smile. He had regained his usual gaiety, and entertained her during the drive with describing the brilliant reception that awaited her, and how her matchless grace must win every heart, and do more to secure universal allegiance than thousands of fighting men. The dewy mists and

\* Alexis Orloff was fond of displaying his extraordinary strength in company, by breaking iron bars, rolling up plates of gold, &c. Similar anecdotes are told of his distinguished relative and namesake, the Russian plenipotentiary in Paris.



rosy hues of sunrise did not more disguise and adorn the marshy plain through which they passed, than did his flattering words the destiny to which he led her. Arriving within two hours at Leghorn they drove to the house of the English consul on the quay, where it had been arranged that the Russian princess should be entertained, and received a courteous welcome from their host and his lady. Anna's heart beat high at the first sight of her country's flag in the harbor. Streamers were flying from the numerous ships, martial music came across the water, and the scene was at once gay and imposing. From among a group of naval officers who were assembled to receive the high-admiral, Alexis brought forward one of frank and manly bearing, grey-haired, though still in his prime, whom he introduced to her as Admiral Greig, and then presented the rest according to their rank. She accepted their greeting with natural grace and the ease which consciousness of birthright bestows. The heat of the day was spent by the ladies of the party in quietness; and in the afternoon a great banquet was prepared, and attended by many Italians of high rank, besides the numerous Russian guests. It was not till the cooling breeze of evening blew over the Mediterranean that some began to propose a row over the smooth waters, and a visit to the nearest man-of-war. All the ladies declared it would be delightful, and Anna turned entreatingly to her husband for his consent, which was not given without some affectation of slightly objecting. She also looked round for Paulovna; but the latter had been purposely drawn into another apartment in conversation with some guests from her own country, and, remembering her dislike to the sea, Anna would not ask for her. They went down in gay procession to the pier, where they found boats in readiness. The quay was crowded with spectators, for a rumor had got abroad that the fair stranger was the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, and her beauty was the theme of universal praise, mixed with many surmises as to the object of her visit, and her connection with Count Orloff. She was handed into a barge covered with gilding and with silken awnings; the ladies of the party accompanied her and Alexis; the rest followed in other boats. They soon came alongside of the destined vessel. The officers were standing in array to receive them. A

splendid chair was lowered from the deck which Alexis observed to her, as he carefully placed her in it, was only provided for royal personages; he then sprang up the rope-ladder on the side, ordering the boats to shove off and return to shore. The princess had no sooner reached the main-deck than she was met by the captain and conducted within. A slight giddiness from the unusual mode of transit, and the comparative obscurity, for an instant prevented her observing the men by whom she was surrounded; but this passing away, she saw with inconceivable terror the expression of ferocity or brutal curiosity on every countenance, and two ruffians approached as if to seize her by the arms. She uttered a piercing scream, and springing from them rushed to her husband, who had just set foot on board. "O Alexis!" she exclaimed, "we are betrayed. Who are these men?" "These men," he repeated, "are faithful subjects of the Empress Catherine, whose rival and foe you have declared yourself; and they have orders to take you prisoner to St. Petersburg." She heard him in speechless astonishment; her eyes dilating with wild horror as she gazed on his impassive visage. The men pressed forward again to seize her, and she threw herself at his feet and clasped his knees. "My God!" she cried, "what have I done? Alexis! oh, you cannot mean it? Say, you will save me; you will not abandon your wife!" "You appeal to me in vain by that name," he replied: "It is time you should know the truth; you have never been my wife." The unhappy girl gave him one look of anguish, then letting go her grasp, sank senseless back on the deck. Not one of the rude, barbarous serfs around could refrain from suppressed gestures or sounds of compassion. They lifted her from the ground, and she too soon, alas! returned to the agony of consciousness. Alexis himself was in some degree moved by the sight of her despair. "Anna," he said, "take courage; you must go to St. Petersburg, but the empress is merciful, and will pardon your offences on proper submission. I will also intercede for you with her in consideration of what has passed between us." She arose calm, though death-like pale, "Spare me further insult, Count Orloff," she replied. "I will appeal myself to Catherine. She is a woman; it is impossible she should not resent your outrage against one allied to

her throne. She will avenge though she destroy me; and death," she added, lifting her bloodless face in solemn appeal to heaven, "death is my dearest hope." She stood unresistingly, while they stripped off her jewelled ornaments and costly upper robe, and cast over her a coarse convict's covering, and with needless cruelty, fettered her delicate wrists with irons; nor did she utter a word, or again turn her eyes on her treacherous destroyer, as they bore her down and left her in the dark noisome hold of the vessel.

Alexis Orloff's brow had grown darker while he listened to her last words. He turned away as she disappeared, and muttered to himself, "The little termagant is right; she and Catherine must never meet." He presently called aside the captain, and said to him: "Gregorovitch, should this prisoner escape, your life will answer for it; beware that she has no communication with the younger officers, or with any one who can possibly fall under her influence; and mark me, the empress would be better pleased that you should bring her dead than living." "I understand," said the man; "your excellency, she shall not live." "Mind, I give no orders," he interrupted; but the long voyage, the change from the luxuries to which she has been accustomed—there will be no need of violence if you manage properly."

Gregorovitch signified his comprehension and assent by the humblest obeisances. Perhaps, even to his obtuse perception, the death of lingering misery thus indicated, appeared an aggravation of cruelty; but the true Muscovite obeys the orders of his superior without question or compunction, and Gregorovitch had risen from that servile class in which it is a crime to think for themselves; Orloff, therefore, satisfied that his intentions would be carried out, and the accusing voice for ever silenced, left his unoffending victim to her dreadful fate, and returned, not on shore, where his reception would be doubtful, but on board his own vessel.

The gay, light-hearted company, who had accompanied them in the boats, when they found themselves forbidden to follow the princess, were struck with consternation. They heard her thrilling shriek, but could give no aid; even Greig had no power at the moment to contravene the orders of his commander. They knew not the full extent of the treachery prac-

tised against the young and interesting stranger, nor the cruel doom which awaited her; but there was enough to rouse general indignation. The Italians determined to appeal in her behalf to the civil power, and the Englishmen declared their resolution of expostulating with Orloff in unmeasured terms. On the landing-place stood Paulovna, anxious for the safety of her beloved lady, and her transports of grief when she found that her worst fears were realized, and the revelations she made in her anger of the treachery Orloff had practised, filled up the measure of wrath and indignation against him.

At the earliest dawn, many eyes besides those of the wretched Paulovna, looked out for the vessel in which the princess was imprisoned; but in vain—no trace was to be seen, and her place in the harbor vacant. During the night she had set sail, and was already far out to sea. Orloff heard with the utmost indifference the remonstrances and threats directed against him by the authorities of Tuscany, who had just cause for complaint in an outrage against the law of nations. But when Greig demanded an interview and in the name of his fellow-countrymen in the service, called for an explanation of his conduct to the Princess Tarrakanoff, intimating that they should throw up their commissions rather than serve under a commander stigmatized with violence and dishonor, he assumed a different tone.

"You do me injustice, my good friend," he said, "in listening to all the ridiculous reports that have been spread about this affair. By our sovereign's command I sought this young girl; I found her destitute, in bad hands, and a ready tool for the worst designs. In sending her under proper care to St. Petersburg, I have done the best for her as well as for our royal mistress, who will, undoubtedly, treat her with indulgence."

This explanation was not, perhaps, thoroughly satisfactory to the brave and shrewd Scotchman, but it was plausible, and he felt for the present that nothing more was to be done.

From that day nothing was ever heard again of the unfortunate Anna Petrowna. She disappeared from the world, whether to perish in her bloom and innocence, by a fearful, unknown death in that dark hold, or whether, as some have surmised, to linger for years in a loathsome dungeon,

remains hidden from human eyes.\* On earth, her matchless wrongs met with no redress, her sufferings with no retribution.

Alexis Orloff lived to an advanced age, high in his sovereign's favor, and to the last in almost uninterrupted prosperity. No sense of remorse appears to have

touched his conscience, no remembrance of the victims sacrificed for his advancement. Consistent and fearless to the last, he held himself justified towards men by expediency, and none can follow to that higher tribunal where each must render up his last account.

---

From Hogg's Instructor.

## F R E D E R I C K   T H E   G R E A T .

### SECOND PAPER.†

FREDERICK's grandfather was the first King of Prussia. His motive for converting the Palatinate of Brandenburg into a kingdom was pure ostentation. He wished to surround himself with the glare and glitter of a court, the brilliancy of palaces, and the magnificence of a coronation and royal progresses. His successor, the father of Frederick, despised from his heart such exhibitions; and devoted his whole attention to gathering a large army and filling the royal exchequer. When Frederick ascended the throne, he had to thank his father for an army of 76,000 men, and a treasury of nearly nine millions of dollars. But he saw clearly that his little territory was not a kingdom; that it was pure pretence to claim the name; and he resolved from the first to be a real and genuine king, or perish in the attempt to become such. For this purpose he had to do two things: acquire more territory, and then show that the Prussian kingdom was to be feared and respected. Luckily, he could do both at once, and without injustice. His father, though fond of soldiery, had not shown a strong

disposition to use his men in the field. The neighboring governments were well aware of this point of his character, and laughed at him without disguise. Austria especially had been very forward in her demonstrations of contempt. The emperor had induced him to agree to the Pragmatic Sanction, the treaty according to which Maria Theresa, though a woman, afterwards succeeded to the throne; but so careless was he of the consent of the Prussian King, that, instead of fulfilling the conditions on which he had agreed to it—namely, the securing to him his inheritance of Jülich and Berg—that he actually promised the territory to two princes, and helped one prince to take possession of it. Afterwards, when Maria Theresa was married, no notification of the event was sent to Frederick William. These and many other circumstances of a similar nature pointed out to Frederick where he ought to show his strength. But he would have been utterly unable to do so, had not circumstances favored him. His state was altogether insignificant compared with Austria; he could not bring into the field more than a third of the troops which his rival mustered. He therefore watched his opportunity, and knowing full well that the Pragmatic Sanction would not prevent neighboring states from laying claims to the Austrian

\* French writers have asserted that she was drowned in prison, during the great inundation of the Neva, six years after the events here recorded; but there appears no foundation for this report.

[† Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for May.]

dominions, he no sooner heard of the death of the emperor than he prepared for attacking Silesia. But why Silesia? Of course, his first idea would be Jülich and Berg; but such a project he at once felt to be impracticable. He could not go there without leaving all his kingdom exposed. Silesia, on the other hand, lay contiguous to his other dominions. Besides, a great part of it had fallen to the Prussian monarchy by inheritance, but strong Austria had systematically refused it to weak Prussia; and then, if Frederick once got it, he could govern it thoroughly, and at the same time turn it into a well-fortified frontier, capable of preventing the Austrians from approaching Prussia. On looking at the question from all sides, we think Frederick was justified. It is true that the claim which he made had lain dormant; but it was because Prussia had been unable to assert it. To some, too, it may seem a shabby thing in Frederick to be the first to stir up war against the beautiful and noble-hearted Maria Theresa; but to Frederick, the Prussian state, its prosperity and advantages, threw into the shade all things else, whether man or woman. We may add, that, if we were to view the acquisition of Silesia as a mere conquest, Frederick stands among the most lawful of conquerors; for under Austria Silesia had been a neglected province; its interests had not been attended to, and especially the poor Protestants had suffered frightful persecutions, and their privileges had been taken from them by the dominant Roman Catholics. Frederick put all things right: he sent ministers to the Protestants; he was just to Roman Catholics, and prevented Protestant retaliation; and, as he says himself, he did as much work in Silesia in nine days, as the Austrian government had done in nine years.\*

\* Macaulay's ill-will to Frederick has led him into assertions which we were surprised to find in the writings of a man whose character for historical accuracy is deservedly so very high. He cannot find terms strong enough in denouncing the base conduct of Frederick. He accuses him of violating his plighted faith, and of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend! He concludes his remarks with the following sentences:—"To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and memoirs he took a very different tone. His own words are, 'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me,

The peculiar idea which Frederick had of his relation to the state was frequently

carried the day; and I decided for war." We cannot understand how Mr. Macaulay could write these lines. Frederick most unquestionably pretends to a good deal more virtue than is allowed him by the historian. We do not know what he said in his conversations, but his memoirs are before us, and he devotes several pages of them to prove the justness of his cause. In reference to his claim to Jülich and Berg, he says: "By means of good economy he" (the king himself) "raised fifteen new battalions, and he awaited in this position the events with which it might please fortune to furnish him, to do for himself the justice which others refused to him." In reference to Silesia, he writes:—"He resolved to reassert his claim to the principalities of Silesia, to which his house had incontestable rights, and, at the same time, he prepared to support his pretensions, if it were necessary, by arms. This project satisfied all his political views; it would be a means of acquiring reputation, of augmenting the power of the state, and of terminating all that concerned the disputable succession of the duchy of Berg." Frederick never denied that he was ambitious, and that ambition and a desire of glory mingled with his other reasons; but surely a desire for glory may lead a man to do right sometimes as well as wrong. It is merely a *motive* power; but whether the direction is good or bad, depends upon other circumstances. When Frederick was in the midst of his distresses, he was inclined now and then to judge of himself too harshly, and to attribute his sorrows to a vain desire of glory. But the utterances of a man in deep distress are not to be taken as the truth, while his calm statements are to be rejected as lies. The worst of these outbursts of Frederick is the following to Jourdan:—"You will find me more of a philosopher than you believed. I have always been so, more or less. My age, the fire of passions, the desire of glory, curiosity itself, to conceal nothing from you, in fine, a secret instinct, have torn me from the sweetness of repose which I enjoyed, and the satisfaction of seeing my name in the gazettes, and afterwards in history, has seduced me." The "secret instinct" which Frederick mentions had a vast deal to do with his movements, if we may judge from the difference that appears between what he would like to be, and what he really was. The words quoted by Mr. Macaulay are found in none of Frederick's works, and rest entirely on the authority of the veracious memoirs of Voltaire. Voltaire says, that he received Frederick's manuscript of his memoirs, and that, seeing that sentence along with another, which Macaulay does not quote, he was so astounded by the frankness of the confession, that he urged the king to omit them. Whether they were ever written by Frederick, cannot now be determined, as Voltaire's authority is worthless; but we think that it is not unlikely. Frederick was evidently determined to be candid, and he did not wish to avoid the mention of a motive which had doubtless agitated his mind. But, as he had already alluded to his ambition, he might think that the expelled sentences would give a wrong impression of the state of his mind. The first of the expelled sentences began thus: "Add to the foregoing considerations," &c.; the foregoing considerations being those which we have assigned as his reasons for the war.



used by him as a guide in cases of doubtful morality. The whole political conduct of the age was characterised by duplicity, (even yet diplomacy is a nest of unclean things; witness the conduct of the great diplomatic state, Austria;) and Frederick felt that, unless he were to act roughly and resolutely, without being too scrupulous, he had better at first resign his claim to the throne. If he could not play the fox, he might at once allow himself to be swallowed quietly. The principle, consequently, which he adopted in such cases was this: that, as all treaties were entered on for the good of the state, they might be broken when they stood in the way of that good. Thus, in the first Silesian war, Frederick entered on a treaty with Bavaria and France; in opposition to that treaty, when he saw that France was likely to be but too successful with his assistance, he formed a secret treaty with Austria for his own advantage. He did not expect that Austria would long keep the treaty a secret, and he had epistolary evidence that France had been looking after her own interests, without the slightest reference to him, by consulting with Austria. Then, in the year after this, Frederick concluded a peace with Austria, without consulting his allies; but his reasons were, that the allies had been acting all the time for their own advantage, that they had not given him the slightest assistance in his victories, and that, at one time, through their want of faith and negligence, he had nearly lost his army and his crown. Viewing the whole of the Silesian campaigns, his aims and his political dealings, we think Frederick appears remarkably clean, considering the heaps of mire through which he had to pass; and transporting ourselves into his circumstances, we do not see how he could have acted more wisely or more honorably. Though hypocrisy had been inculcated on him from a mother's lips, and though the circumstances of his youth had forced him to act a part, he hesitates not to affirm, (and we believe with substantial truth,) in the preface to one of his memoirs: "I have never deceived any one during my life; much less shall I deceive posterity." The result of the war was the accomplishment of the object at which he aimed. He gained by it a name over all Europe; that respect which had been denied the father was universally granted to the son; and Prussia not only appeared a veritable king-

dom, but held the balance of power on the Continent.

The civil administration of Frederick is too extensive a subject for present treatment. We shall merely glance at a few of its most prominent features. His administrative powers were not fully displayed until an occasion calculated to draw them forth occurred. It was the desolation consequent on the Seven Years' War that brought the whole energies of his wonderful mind into activity. In managing that war, he had acted on the principle of always having his treasury full at the commencement of a campaign. In consequence of this resolution his poor subjects were drained to the utmost, though it is worthy of notice that they shared in the heroic determination of their king, and oftener than once turned out as militia. He had, moreover, and with less mercy, extracted immense sums from Saxony. But all his resources were inadequate to supply his needs, and he felt himself compelled to debase the coin of the realm—a measure which, he said, only extreme circumstances could justify. At the conclusion of the war, he had in his exchequer all the money which he was to devote to the ensuing campaign. Large sums of this he gave to the impoverished provinces, and he furnished them with grain, horses, and all the other requisites of agriculture. Before the year had closed, he had paid all his debts, the base coin had been recalled, and things had been set on a fair footing. Frederick then devoted his whole attention to the prosperity of his people. He levied almost no taxes on them; he derived his revenues from the royal demesne and monopolies. A few of these monopolies gave great offence at the time, but in all of them Frederick had moral as well as governmental reasons. By far the most oppressive was the Coffee Monopoly. The people of Pomerania took coffee to breakfast, coffee to dinner, coffee to supper. Frederick felt that such a use of this article was detrimental to the health as well as to the commercial interests of the people, and it was to check this inordinate consumption of a foreign product that he selected coffee as a monopoly.

In his civil administration he aimed at rendering the country productive. He argued that, if the country produced less than it consumed, it must necessarily pay out more money than it received, and that, if this state of matters were to con-

tinue, it would ultimately leave no bullion at all. Consequently, he endeavored to make his kingdom support itself, and, if possible, export a good deal. For this purpose, he paid very great attention to agriculture, and strove by every means in his power to introduce new crops, to reclaim waste land, to increase the number of peasant proprietors, and to induce the nobility to take an interest in the culture of the soil. There is many a large tract in the sandy plains of Prussia, now waving with rich crops, which owe both their soil and their seed to Frederick.

Though laying main stress on agriculture, Frederick was not indifferent to other modes of production. He invited artisans from all countries, and established manufactories, which are now prosperous and lucrative.

Frederick's great aim in these exertions was to make his people happy. By happiness he did not mean mere physical comfort; he invariably looked to the moral character. Even in patronising trades he considered their moral tendencies; and he at once gave up any of his schemes, if it seemed at all probable that they would tend to demoralize his people. A notable instance of this was his withdrawal of a French secret-police scheme, on being informed by the police-director that it could not be carried out without sapping, in some measure, the morals of the community. Indeed, Frederick's internal policy well entitles him to the beautiful appellation which old Homer gives to the kings—the Shepherd of his People; for he stands almost alone, among modern kings who have come to their thrones by birth, in his unceasing anxiety, his earnest endeavors, his disinterested labors to spread happiness and contentment throughout his dominions. And his labors were eminently successful, if we may judge by the results, and by the warm affection and intense admiration which the whole German nation have for dear old Fritz.

One of Frederick's first maxims in government was, that the state was not to be intrusted to the hands of a minister. The minister is not the *real* representative of the state; he cannot therefore feel its interests inextricably wound up with his own; he is sure to make his power an instrument of aggrandizement; and all the specimens of the class whom Frederick had seen were signal instances of rapacity and meanness. Accordingly, Frederick

did the whole work of the state himself; every person could apply to him; he read all the foreign and civil communications himself; and he kept four secretaries continually employed, writing out the answers which he had indicated on the back of the paper by some decisive word, such as "no," or "yes." Nevertheless, when he did observe a notable man adapted for the civil service, he soon found a proper work for him. Many are the instances of this that might be mentioned. The names of Coccei and Carmer are best known.

It could not be said that Frederick's people were free; yet, owing to the peculiar character of the monarch, the people had something very like freedom. They had perfect religious liberty. The press might also be called free, as the censorship was nominal. Frederick himself was frequently lampooned, the bitterest satires were published against him in Prussia; and he read them himself, but never attempted to hinder them. With regard to personal attacks he seems to have been quite indifferent.

Then, in the administration of the laws, Frederick took great care that no respect should be paid to any particular class, but that justice should be done to all, without partiality. Indeed, Frederick was very suspicious on this point. He was continually afraid lest the judges, belonging, as they did, to the higher ranks, should take advantage of their position to oppress the poor. One time he thought he saw a clear instance of this, and his conduct on the occasion created quite a sensation. A miller refused to pay to a count the rent of his mill, because, as he said, the water which drove his mill had been very much diminished by the formation of a pond. The case was brought before the district judges, and the miller was found liable. He managed, however, to attract the notice of the king, who sent an officer to examine into the particulars of the case. This commissioner pronounced in favor of the miller. On this, the king brought the matter before the highest law court in Berlin, but it confirmed the sentence of the inferior court. Frederick suspected unfairness. He called Fürst, the great chancellor, and three councillors of the Berlin law court, before him. He then addressed them very sharply: "You must know," he said, "that the meanest peasant and beggar is a man as well as the king. A bench of judges," he added, "that

practises iniquities, is more dangerous and wicked than a band of thieves. From the one people can protect themselves; but from scoundrels who use the mantle of justice to carry out their evil passions, no one can protect himself. They are worse than the greatest rogues in the world, and deserve a double punishment!" Fürst was dismissed from the chancellorship, and the three councillors were sent to prison. There can be no doubt now that Frederick was deceived by his commissioner, and that unintentionally he acted unjustly and harshly. At the same time, we suspect that Fürst was not undeserving of his punishment, as his partiality to the higher classes had become notorious. Though Frederick was wrong in the particulars, the occurrence was an impressive lesson to all other judges; and it is easy to see how, when a poor man felt that, as a member of the state, he was entitled to perfect justice, and was on a complete equality with the highest in the land, that man was on the very borders of the feeling of a genuine freeman.

Frederick never interfered with the personal rights of his subjects. In building his palace of Sans-Souci, a windmill stood in his way. He offered to buy it; the miller refused. He offered to set it up in another place, and give him a large sum of money besides, but the miller would not hear of it, and Frederick had to let it alone; and there it is to this day. In the building of the same palace, the king wished to take in a piece of ground that belonged to a widow. The widow would on no terms come to an agreement; and again he had to alter his plans. The very fact that a miller and a widow could resist an absolute monarch, and the greatest general of the time, gives us some idea of the liberty which the Prussian king allowed his subjects.

Frederick was thoroughly convinced that in governing it was of essential consequence that the merits of a man, not his birth or any adventitious circumstances, should be his claims to high offices. He had the utmost contempt for counts who boasted of their birth, but could do nothing. Many, too, of his most illustrious officers had risen from the ranks. Yet, after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, he allowed none but nobles to become officers in his army. He believed that strong original genius would force its own way, but that, as the great body of men had no

such strong original impulses, adventitious circumstances ought to be brought to act on them, so as to render them fit for certain offices. Accordingly he encouraged old families, because he expected that young men, destined from their birth to hold high offices, and connected on all hands with families whose honor was precious to them, would be sure, on the whole, to turn out better and more thorough men than adventurers, who had no family honors to stain, and nothing to lose if they failed in their duties.

There may be a good deal of truth in these reasonings of Frederick, and his experience may have urged him to follow a plan, apparently, if not really, at variance with his principles; yet we think that there was another reason. Frederick in spite of his philosophy, was in some respects very aristocratic. When Voltaire made love to his sister Ulrica, he frowned upon the philosopher, as if the great writer had not been a match for any princess on the face of the earth. And we cannot exculpate Frederick in his behavior to Baron Trenck, though how far it may have arisen from indifference to love concerns, and consequent ignorance of their nature, as well as from aristocratic prejudices, may be disputed. There was also a despotic tendency in his later government, but here it was as much a necessity as choice. He sympathised with British liberty; but Britain had shamefully deserted him in the hour of his greatest need and distress. So he formed an alliance with Russia, and it was this alliance that led him into the partition of Poland. He has been blamed for suggesting the division; but Dohm has satisfactorily shown that the idea did not originate with him; and when the whole circumstances of the case are considered, Frederick's share in the transaction cannot be severely censured. His conduct was a great blessing to the part of the country which fell into his hands; for, immediately on his getting possession of it, he established schools, and did everything for its agricultural improvement which a wise prince could do.

We could not do justice to the character of Frederick, if we did not glance at his military qualities. Frederick had been trained as a soldier, and consequently knew a good deal about war before he had occasion to fight. Nevertheless, the reader of his letters and autobiographical sketches is struck with the circumstance

that he had no strong military predilections. His ruling passion was certainly not a warlike one. He becomes the greatest general of the day through the thoroughness of his working powers. The interests of his state demand that he fight; it is his own determination to do nothing by halves, that elevates him to the first rank of military leaders. This circumstance may give the clue to the statement of Napoleon, that Frederick had done nothing in war which others had not done before him. We do not pretend to judge of these matters; but we think there are reasons to suspect the correctness of Napoleon's opinion. For it is certain that Frederick's generalship attracted gentlemen from all quarters of the world to his army; that soldiers gloried in having served under him; and that his military manœuvres and schemes were the subject of great curiosity and discussion during his life. At the same time, Frederick was too much devoted to the interests of his own state to engage in mad schemes of conquest. He had no desire to spread wild-fire over empires and continents; he had no ambition to scatter desolation and trample on nations; and consequently we find no vast schemes such as an unprincipled Napoleon might devise. Nay, he did not even retain provinces which he had conquered. Once and again he had Bohemia and Saxony quite under him; but he laughed at the idea of keeping them. At first, indeed, we find that the influence of his French teachers has inspired him with a love of glory; yet he is scarcely a year engaged in the Silesian war, when he is sick of the visionary fame that he fancied, sick of the carnage by which it is won, and he longs for a philosophic and quiet life.

The genius of a general is, perhaps, more powerfully shown in the inspiration which he can breathe into his men, than in the skillful arrangements which he can make on a field of battle. When there is a man who can throw unity into a conglomeration of separate interests, and stir up around him a bravery which scorns death, it is then that we see the victorious leader. The most perfect instance of this sort is Cromwell. His Ironsides were invincible, because they were knit to their leader and to his cause by a sympathy that no suffering could diminish, and no obstacle resist. Frederick had the same power in an extraordinary degree. His army was for the most part composed

of rapacious thieves, gamblers, and drunkards. It was the focus of every kind of scoundrelism, as all armies then were. The soldiers flocked to the standard, as vultures to dead bodies, that they might have unlimited liberty to plunder and indulge in all their favorite vices. They were ready to change sides at the slightest notice, and actually they often did desert in whole battalions after a defeat. Now such men Frederick fused into a body as impenetrable as steel. So thorough sometimes was the state of discipline into which he brought these men, that he could honestly say, "the world rests not more securely on the shoulders of Atlas, than Prussia on such an army." On one occasion he seems to have worked up his men to a holy patriotic enthusiasm. It was before the battle of Leuthen. Frederick saw that his kingdom depended on success in the engagement. His mind exerted itself to the utmost. He called his officers together; made a speech to them which moved them to the heart; and they in their turn harangued the soldiers. Every one was resolved to do his utmost. As they marched along, they sang their old Protestant hymns. They would die for their king and country. At last they met the Austrians, about 30,000 against 90,000. Frederick's arrangements were admirable; "such," says Napoleon, "as to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank of generals." In an incredibly short time the proud Austrian army lay low; its soldiers were flying in all directions; the victory was complete. But Frederick always followed up his victories. That same evening, therefore, he hastened with one or two batallions to an important Austrian position not far distant. Somehow the army heard that Frederick was off, and they resolved not to stay behind. The night was cloudy; the wind blew cold and chill over the battlefield; the dead brothers and foes lay around them; the sighs and moans of the wounded mingled with the wild and eery whistle of the wind. A strange, reverential, not unjoyful awe stole across the minds of all; the hardest sinner amongst them felt tender as a child; and when an old Calvinist grenadier, unable to restrain his deep emotions, gave utterance to them in a hymn, there sounded forth from that solitary, dark, blood-stained field of Leuthen the voices of ten thousand brave men, singing:



"Now let us all praise God,  
With heart, and mouth, and hand,  
Who great things for us doth,  
For this and every land."

The secret of Frederick's success lay in the confidence which his presence inspired. While engaged in war, he was a thorough soldier; he exposed himself to all the inclemencies of a camp life; he had no indulgence which the meanest soldier did not enjoy; and frequently his toils were far greater than those of any other. His personal bravery, too, was undoubted; his creed assisted him here. "The ball that strikes me must be directed from above," he replied on one occasion, when he had escaped, while vast numbers had fallen. His self-possession had power over his enemies. One time as he was passing through Moravia, he had separated from his men; only a page was near him. At the same moment several Pandours showed themselves, and one especially had his musket cocked at Frederick. The king merely lifted his stick, as if he were scolding a mischievous boy, and said "You, you." The pandour's musket fell mechanically, and then he took off his hat, to show his respect for the great king. Thus one with the soldiers in occupation, he was always on free and easy terms with them. To them he was dear old Fritz; they could say anything to him; they were never afraid, if they did their work thoroughly.\* Just before the battle of Luthen, Frederick was riding past the first battalion of the guard while marching to the fight. All were silent. At length one of them cried out, "I say, Stephen." "Well, what now?" was the reply. "Make a collection in thy company." "Pooh! who for?" "Stupid, can't you see? Why, Fritz's coat-lining is all to pieces." And then they all set to discussing the king's dress. One thought his hat too shabby; another, that his waistcoat was worthless; a third, that his breeches wanted brushing; and so they went on, until the word of command was given, "Halt! shoulder arms!"

On another occasion, when the Prussian camp was surrounded by Russians, Frederick used to sit up all night in the battery. One night he was seated on the ground near the fire, evidently worn

out and sleepy. A soldier, seeing this, said to him, "I will make your majesty a pillow;" and immediately took off his knapsack, and placed it in such a way that the king could lay his head on it. But he could not sleep, and so he amused himself with talking to the soldier.

"If your majesty should ever be taken prisoner, how would you be obliged to ransom yourself, as you are a king?"

"As general, nothing more."

"How? I cannot believe that you are not more than general."

"No; no more. With the army I am merely general."

The soldier shook his head.

"But," said he, "they would find a handsome booty about you."

"No, indeed; I have not a groschen about me."

"Your majesty is only joking. No money about you, indeed!"

"No, I tell you, not a kreutzer." Here the king turned his pockets inside out.

"There, you see I tell you the truth."

"That is curious; but you have a beautiful ring there; that must be worth something."

"Well, and what do you suppose it to be worth? Guess."

The king held out his hand that the man might examine the ring.

"That ring cost, perhaps, ten thousand dollars."

"Stupid fellow! you shall have it for five hundred, and then I should have profit on it."

"That's what I never can believe; it is not true."

"Nothing more true. Look here, I will show you: these small stones are worth three hundred and some odd dollars; the large one in the middle is a table-stone, which cost at the most thirty dollars, and that is all, except the metal, which is of little value."

"Upon my word, I could not have thought it."

On this an aid-de-camp came up, and Frederick ordered him to give the soldier a gold piece.

"There," said he, "don't you see that I have no money."

On another occasion, a soldier, who was acting as guard in the king's garden at Potsdam, was blessed with a visit from a fair maiden in whom his heart rejoiced. The chance was swift flying, and he employed his time diligently in examining

\* Several of the military anecdotes that follow are taken from the *Life of Frederick*, to which Campbell wrote a preface.

the eyes of his beloved, kissing her rosy lips, and saying the sweetest things in the world. Suddenly the girl shrieked, and, as fast as lightning, took to her heels. The lover looked round, and saw the king just at hand.

"What have you been at, fellow! You must know how strictly I have forbidden such doings."

"For God's sake, your majesty," said the soldier, shaking all over, "don't tell my captain. He is too severe; he would certainly have me flogged to death!"

The naïve appeal of the man pleased the king, and he allowed him a shilling extra every pay-day out of his privy purse.

At the battle of Targou the Prussians had to fight in different detachments, much separated from each other. The decisive stroke was effected by Zieten and his grenadiers. After the victory, the king approached a blazing watch-fire, around which some of these were seated. He entered into conversation with them, and one of them asked the king where he had been during the fight. "You used always to be at our head, but to-day we saw nothing of you." The king told him he had been at the left wing, and consequently could not lead his regiment. At the same time, he happened to unbutton his coat, when a ball fell from it. It was a spent ball that had been stopped by the silk lining of his vest. No sooner did the grenadiers see it, than the ball was picked up, and handed round, and they exclaimed, with one voice, "Indeed, thou art still our old Fritz; thou sharest every danger with us. Cheerfully will we die for thee! Long live the king!"

Such stories are thickly scattered over the life of Frederick, and give us a glimpse into the secret of his success. He was also exceedingly ready to advance merit; and he drew around him a vast number of brave, bold, and active generals. With them he was on the most intimate terms; many of them he loved as his dear personal friends, and frequent were the honors which he showered upon them.

The characteristics of Frederick's mind, which were seen in all that he did, whether civil or military, were intense activity, clear, cool wisdom, a thorough appreciation of what ought to be done, and of the best way to do it, and an invincible resolution. There was an immense fund of vitality in the man. His restless mind delighted in

thorough work, and the amount of labor through which he went is most astonishing. Yet he seems never in a hurry; on the contrary, he has time for amusements, he has time for theatres and concerts, he has time for reading, and time for writing.

His resolution demands a few words. The history of the Seven Years' War is of thrilling interest, owing to the heroic determination with which Frederick supports himself amid reverses, distress, and disease. The very prospect of a war with all the continental European states was enough to shake the nerves of any man. But Frederick stands unquailed—Frederick, as he says himself, will act, live, and die as a king. His kingship he will never give up; he will rather poison himself, than live to see his Prussia trampled on by Austrians and French. "Never," he wrote to D'Argens, "shall I see the moment which shall compel me to make a disadvantageous peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, can bind me to sign my own disgrace. Either I shall let myself be buried under the ruins of my country, or, if this consolation appears too sweet to the destiny which persecutes me, I will put an end to my misfortunes when it will be no longer possible to sustain them. I have acted, and I continue to act, according to this inner reason and the point of honor which direct all my steps; my conduct in all times will be conformed to these principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my father, my manhood to my country, I believe I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, never will my hand sign a humiliating peace. I will, without doubt, finish this campaign, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate resources, in order to succeed, or to find a glorious end." Such are his own words in reply to D'Argens, who wished to dissuade him from his purpose; and the fact that he carried poison about with him during these campaigns, fills the mind with suspense as we follow him through the clouds of misfortune by which he was encompassed. In 1757, after the victory of Prague, he is defeated at Kollin. Six times did he urge his men forward; as he saw them retreating, he cried out, "Blackguards, do you intend to live for ever?" and a seventh and least time he rallied them. Only fifty or sixty could he get; he advanced to charge a hostile battery.

He was rapidly moving on, when an Englishman, who with only one or two other men had remained beside him, said to him: "Your Majesty, do you intend to charge the battery alone?" Frederick retreated. That night he was seen sitting beside a fountain, in great distress, and drawing figures with his stick in the sand. The defeat was most complete. Immediately after it, he heard of the death of his much-beloved mother; then the enemy got into his capital, and all seemed gone. But Frederick was soon up: that same year he defeated the Austrians and French; next year he defeated the Russians. But reverses came again: a severe defeat awaited him at Hochkirch; some of his bravest generals were slain there, and soon after the news came that the sister to whom he was most attached—the Wilhelmine with whom he had played in infancy—had also passed away from this earth. Next year, before the last gleam of success shines on him, he suffers a most tremendous defeat from the Russians. He writes to his minister in Berlin that all is lost; he appoints his brother Henry generalissimo, and bids an eternal adieu to all his friends. For two days he remains shut up in savage despair; on the third day he is up—he has collected all his army that he can; he is prepared to prevent the Russians from advancing on Berlin. Next year he defeats the Austrians twice; and then for two years he has to continue shut up in camps, distracted with countless cares, worn out in body, once obliged to be carried about, as he is too weak from fever to ride, his hopes apparently blasted, Austria, Russia, Sweden, France, having their troops at one time in his dominions; till at length fortune favors the brave, and he is restored to his country, with all his territories untouched. The ups and downs of this notable war—the strange mixture of the bad and good fortune—the great number of antagonists against whom Frederick must be on his guard—and the altogether fortuitous occurrences which ultimately bring the war to an end, give an interest to this part of Frederick's history which is thoroughly dramatic.

We have but one subject more to notice, and we have done. Frederick, it has been said, had a cold heart—that there was not one spark of true friendship in his whole life. Such a statement is utterly false: Frederick had a warm heart,

and had likewise warm friends. His letters to Jourdan are full of sparkling gems of genuine affection; those to D'Argens indicate the same warmth, though in a quieter way. Frederick was free and open-hearted: as far as his circumstances would permit, his friendship was thorough. It is important to notice the modification—Frederick was a *king*; and however much of ease *he* might feel in writing, however easily *he* might cause distinctions to vanish, his subjects could not so readily forget their position: neither Jourdan nor D'Argens can forget that they are writing to Frederick, King of Prussia. Then, again, Frederick's ruling passion was to serve and glorify the Prussian state: nothing must interfere with that; no friendships must stand in the way of that, and as most of his friends held offices of importance, neither he nor they could forget that the duties of the state were paramount; that they might expect the full force of the law upon them, if they ventured to abuse the attachment which he felt for them.

Before the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, his character underwent a change: he became more lonely; he was more subject to ungovernable bursts of anger; and he was now so old that he cared little about forming new friendships, or conciliating the affection of rising men. We need not wonder at this; there he was, keeping at bay all the continental states of Europe, reserving in his solitary breast the trouble of the whole struggle. Often, when his heart was sinking within him, when despair was his companion, did he appear among his men with smiles on his face, and often did he try to cheer them with hopes which he could not persuade himself to trust. He was harassed and fretted; disease had worked upon him; cares had worn him out. "My dear marquis," he writes to D'Argens, "I am old, sad, and fretful. Some gleams of my old good-humor return to me by fits; but these are sparks, that vanish for want of a fire to nourish them; these form the lightning-flashes that pierce the stormy and gloomy clouds. I tell you the truth; if you were to see me, you would recognise no traces of what I was formerly. You would see a grey-haired old man, who has lost half his teeth, without gaiety, without fire, without imagination."

On his return from the war, Frederick felt sad as he entered his capital, and re-

tired as soon as he could to Sans-Souci. There he ordered the singers and musicians of Berlin to come, that they might perform a *Te Deum*. They expected a large audience, and were astonished to find Frederick walk in alone. He gave the signal to commence, placed his head on his hands, and gave vent to the deep emotions and remembrances that passed through him in a flood of tears. This is characteristic. Frederick was now alone; "all great men are lonely," say some, and certainly Frederick is no exception. Not that he had not plenty of affectionate friends; but people felt an awe of him: he was the most famous monarch on earth—his fame had spread over the wide world. The King of Morocco and the Khan of Crimean Tartary alike paid their respects to him. He was everywhere recognized as a veritable great man. Of course the German people adored him—to them he was Frederick the Only. When he went into Berlin, the peasants all came to their doors, and bowed and waved their hats in honor of their dear Fritz. As he rode into the streets, the boys gathered round him, threw their caps into the air, and followed him with shouts and jubilation. and some would go nearer him—they would vie with each other in wiping the dust of his boots, or doing any bit of service that he might need. Sometimes, too, they would be a little troublesome, and Frederick would lift his staff and threaten them. One time they were quite disturbing him, and, getting angry, he told them very roughly to go to school. "Sure enough," said the boys, "you were born a king, or you would know that all boys have a half-holiday on Wednesday afternoon." And then, when it was known that he was to attend the opera, all the great were sure to be there; as the orchestra struck up a martial air to announce his coming, every one in a moment was on his feet, and the greetings were loud and long.

If we were now to take a trip to Sans-Souci, to catch a glimpse of the great king, we should be astonished. We should find that there is no one to hinder our roaming about his gardens; nay, we may approach his dwelling-house, and find no trace of a king, no sign of a soldier. All is quiet and secure. And if we have the good luck which one man had, we shall go up to a person who looks like an old pensioner. He is a short man, and

his head leans to the right, as if he were playing the flute; his coat is shabby, (it has been on his back for many years;) his buff breeches would be none the worse of a tailor, and his three-cornered hat has its ribbons hanging in tatters. But if you notice his face closely, the blue sparkling eyes will attract you; there are life, keen insight, and genial glances there; and in his mouth there are firmness and resolution. We go up to him, and ask him about the great king; and as he seems to have nothing to do, he takes us round the gardens, and shows us the best sights. As we retire, we meet a man much better dressed than our guide, to whom, indeed, we should not like to speak freely; that is the king's gardener. "Do you know to whom you were speaking?" he says. "No." "It was the king."

Occasionally, we might witness very interesting scenes. Frederick's kindness had not passed away. If he has not so much versatility as he had in former days, if he cannot adapt himself to all newcomers, he rejoices in the old generals who accompanied him in all his wars. Especially there is the Lord Mareschal Keith—a Scotchman—now old too, and who alone of all his friends has been able to feel on terms of perfectly equal friendship with him. With Keith, Frederick passes the time pleasantly. And then he has attendants to befriend; and he is fond of dogs and horses.

One time Frederick rings his bell; no one answers. What is ado? Frederick peeps into the next room. His page is asleep, a paper hanging out of his pocket. Frederick takes the paper, reads it. It is a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanks her kind son for the attention with which he looks after her comfort. Frederick moves quietly to his chimney-piece, takes off some gold coins, puts them into a bag, and places the bag and the letter in his page's pocket. Then he rings violently; the page awakes, and, rushing in, is asked by Frederick, "Have you slept well?" In utter confusion, and muttering alternately a yes and a no, he puts his hand into his pocket, turns pale as he feels the money, and in tears protests that he does not know how it came there. The king explains all, and provides henceforth for the mother of the deserving young man. Frederick's life is rich in such examples of beneficence.



Frederick is now passing away; all his companions are already gone. But though feeble, though for weeks he has not slept longer than an hour or two at a time, though his body is so pained that he cannot lie in bed, such is the restless activity of the man, that he transacts all the kingly business as usual. His last despatch, dictated on the 15th of August, 1786, is clear and forcible. On the 16th, his secretaries wait on him no longer; only a general comes to receive the orders for the reviews. Frederick recognises him; with

a struggle moves his head; his mouth opens; the thought is there, but the frail body refuses to work—he cannot utter it. Early next morning, on the 17th August, 1786, passed away the greatest monarch of modern times, surrounded by two attendants and one doctor. He was not buried in his own Sans-Souci, though that was the strict injunction of his will. The spot was deemed too humble for so great a man, and his body was conveyed in grand procession to the church in Potsdam.

---

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## BRITISH FIELD-SPORTS;

### A FEW REMARKS ON THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### SHOOTING.

OUR mode of conducting this sport, as contrasted with the system of our forefathers, has been a frequent theme for writers. They appear with one accord to give the advantage to our go-ahead school, and seem to mention with a sort of pity the slower practice of our ancestors. I am by no means certain (and it requires some boldness to avow the doubt) that we have benefited by the change.

In the olden times alluded to, a man would take his health-inspiring walk with his "dog and gun," and congratulate himself if, in addition to the exercise and excitement, he secured a pleasant variety for the table in as much as he could carry home in his jacket pocket.

The descendant of this reasonable gentleman professes to be much wiser than his ancestor, whom he deems to have been a slow-coach. A cart-load instead of a pocketful is often the result of his day's work. When he succeeds to the estate he proceeds in the most approved way. He fills his kennels with three times the number

of pointers and setters that are necessary; and instead of the merry spaniels are substituted a troop of well-broke biped beaters.

A little army of keepers and watchers is organized. He "feels high" with the double purpose of keeping his own pheasants and alluring those of his neighbor—for this is a sensible bird, and will reside where he is best entertained. These expenses, joined to compensation to tenants, make a heavy cost. Then arises the cry of complaining moralists and discontented farmers; the former lamenting the temptation to idleness and poaching, and the latter the injury done to their crops—and, after all, here are not the advantages which were enjoyed in the olden time, for there can hardly be as much exercise and excitement in having game driven to you as in looking for it yourself—in finding it within a few acres instead of in as many miles. In place of being a profit it is, as I have shown, a loss; and though the table may be better supplied than of yore, yet it is clear that in proportion to the scarcity of a thing is it prized or otherwise.

It is plain, therefore, that the despised ancestor had altogether the best of it.

Shooting is said to tempt proprietors to reside on their estates, and that it provides amusement for their friends. Granted: but I have never understood that the country gentlemen of fifty or a hundred years ago was less resident or exercised less hospitality than his successor of the present day. Though the *battue* was unknown, a reasonable share of amusement was no doubt provided. The youngest or most active of the guests were dispatched on the widest and wildest beats, which has a charm for the true sportsman; and by moderate perseverance, a tolerable day's sport was secured, for those who were unequal to strong exercise.

The present Game Law has in many respects worked ill: it has caused a too great increase of game, and a proportionate increase of poaching. Were the market again shut against him, the proprietor would be obliged to reduce his stock and dispose of the remainder as formerly—in the supply of his table, as presents to his friends, and in exchange with the fishmonger and poulterer. The occupation of game-breeder and game-stealer would alike subside to their former limits.

The small proprietor, or rational and moderate preserver, has been much injured by the existing law. His pheasants have been enticed away by his feeding neighbors. The hares also draw off to where they are the least disturbed, and the few that remain furnish sport for every ploughboy who may wish to gratify his love of mischief and of marbles by snaring puss, certain of a ready sale with every passing higgler.

There is another objection connected with preserving which is commonly overlooked—I mean the cruelty of trapping. This would be objectionable even did keepers examine their traps every morning; but I have no doubt many days are often allowed to elapse without this being done, and the barbarity of subjecting the captured vermin for so long a time to pain and hunger is manifest. As a proof of the idleness of some keepers in this respect, I will instance the case of a valuable setter, which having been inveigled from home by another dog, and missed for nearly a week, was found in a keeper's trap apparently at the last gasp; but was, however, restored, and the limb amputated. I will observe, in parenthesis, that

the dog is now doing good work upon three legs, and having been before as much too fast as his master was too slow, the accident has fortunately resulted in a fair handicap, and brought them on better terms with each other.

I am a keen sportsman, but were I ten times as much so, I would not have a steel trap on my premises. For rabbits, the *wire* is equally effective.

There has recently been an appearance of a reaction against high preserving. I trust this will continue. A fruitful source of heart-burning between landlord and tenant would be removed, as would in a great degree the incentive to the bloody nocturnal encounters which we every day see recorded.

#### HUNTING.

The chase of the Fox is in the highly artificial state which now characterizes our field-sports.

It had its origin in this country in the desire to prevent the over-increase of a wily and mischievous animal. This, in time, came to be effected by the aid of hounds and horses, and it was found that while the above mode was as effectual, perhaps more so than any other, it at the same time furnished a highly exciting, manly, and healthy sport.

The object at present is to increase instead of diminish the number of foxes, and the excitement attending the running down of the wild animal, is consequently in a great degree diminished. This may account for so many persons now hunting to ride, instead of riding to hunt. For these a gallop seems the one thing needful, which, could they accomplish after a thing of clock-work, wound up to go for twenty minutes or so, it would as well answer their purpose!

The Squire Westerns of old, whom we see depicted with their long coats and stout bob-tailed horses, would be much surprised could they come to life and see how things are managed.

"Before the sun rises away we fly  
To sleep in our downy beds scorning,"

was their song. I have often wondered how those four-bottle fellows could have come to the scratch in such good time!

They would now be much astonished to find hounds meeting at ten instead of six.

Many hunt four or five times a week, instead of the rational twice as formerly, and they would perceive that, to meet such a demand, there must be preservation, and increased supplies of foxes, even though drawn from foreign countries. Also, it would take a good deal to convince the resuscitated John Bulls that a *French* cross could furnish sport!

It appears to be an open question as to whether the fox is now on the same terms with his pursued, as he was in the times I have alluded to. On the one hand, it is argued that the speed of hounds is very greatly increased, [also improved scent seems to accompany improved agriculture, and hounds can now *fly* a low, narrow, well kept fence where it would have taken them twice the time to struggle through an old-fashioned one. To this it may be added that Reynard isseldom in such good training as his ancestor was.

The game preserves which abound, furnish him with ample and luxurious fare, without the trouble of going far to seek it. His board is generally pretty handy to his lodging, and in consequence he is too often, in racing parlance, "short of work."

On the other hand, it is maintained that the old-fashioned hound had a superior nose, which compensated for his deficiency in speed. The early hour of the meet was also in his favor.

The fox, as I have observed, had often to travel very far for food. After a long circuit, he returned to his kennel tired, perhaps gorged to repletion, and had hardly taken an hour's repose, when he was forced to fly before fresh and vigorous foes, directed to his retreat by the unerring morning trail.

The afternoon fox, however, of that day, must have been a difficult customer, recruited by many hours' rest, and in good condition through his hard nocturnal training.

Taken as a whole, landed proprietors of the present time are supporters of fox-hunting, even when they do not themselves partake of the sport.

Their game-keepers, however, are not always to be depended upon. Some of these fancy they are not sufficiently feed by the hunt; other ill-conditioned fellows take a liberal fee, but destroy the foxes all the same, and in either case it is difficult to persuade the public that the masters do not connive at their delinquencies.

A friend of mine once told me that he

had been to pay a visit to a nobleman in one of the Midland counties. It was at the time when the game-preserving fever was at its height, but the peer in question, though he did not hunt, and took the greatest care of his pheasants, had given strict orders to his keeper to respect the foxes, it being a good hunting country, and the master of the hounds very popular and anxious to show sport.

Shortly after the party had assembled, they shot one of the best covers, and my friend was standing at the angle where he had been posted, when he was accosted by the head-keeper. From constant annual visits he was well known to the man, who now told him in a sort of confidential manner, that the cover usually held a fox, "and, sir, he always breaks at this corner, and if you could just knock him over *by mistake*, I should be greatly obliged to you."

Now my friend, though fond of shooting, and a clever shot, has no taste for fox-hunting or sympathy with fox-hunters; nevertheless, he was about to remonstrate with the keeper on the imprudence of the act he meditated, when the latter exclaimed, "here he is sir! here he is!" and as fine a fellow as ever wore a bush, broke in gallant style, pointing for a splendid open country in a way which would have warmed the very heart of a follower of the "noble science." "Now then, sir, *now!*" said the keeper. *Nemo mortalium, &c.* No one is always wise, and my friend putting up his gun covered the animal, though still quite undecided. Another and more urging "now sir," proceeded from the keeper, and in an evil moment, he pulled the trigger, and over rolled poor Charley!

No sooner was the deed perpetrated than the vulpecide was seized with remorse. He felt that he had been wrong in thus aiding a servant to disobey the command of his master. Conscience also whispered, that the slight pressure of that fore-finger had perhaps spoilt the future sport of hundreds. However, it was done, and could not be undone. The keeper had sprung forward, thrown Reynard into a ditch and kicked some leaves over him, little dreaming he might rise up in judgment against him.

The cover having been beat out, the usual assemblage took place at the end of it, and the usual discussion commenced.

There was the announcement of success,

and the softening of failure, and there was the wondering what had become of the woodcock which everybody had fired at, and every one had a good excuse for missing, "sun in the eyes," &c. An immense heap of the slain lay before them, which the head-keeper now proceeded to reckon up. He was in high spirits. He had shown an excellent head of game, and had got rid of a hated enemy by such indirect means as would enable him still to look his master in the face, and swear he never trapped foxes. He was just beginning to sum up the list of killed, when a *toot-tooting* was heard, and up came the master of the hounds with a goodly array of scarlet at his heels.

The usual compliments having passed, the master proceeded to explain, that having drawn his fixture and other coverts blank, he had trotted away to this wood under the erroneous impression that the noble owner had already shot it. The excuse having been received, the summing-up, which had been thus interrupted, was resumed, the Nimrods looking on and congratulating the "*Ramrode*" on their day's sport having been more successful than their own.

The keeper had just got to the "tattle of the whole," when a little urchin, who had been scaring crows in an adjacent field, and who, free from *mauvaise honte*, had intruded within the circle, squeaked out, (unfortunately during a lull in the conversation :) "Where is the thing with the great long bushy tail, which one of the gentlefolks killed?"

The master of the hounds evidently pricked up his ears at this, as did also the more acute of his field.

My poor friend sincerely wished the earth would open and receive him! The keeper was in agony, his presence of mind seemed quite to forsake him, as he darted a withering glance at the luckless lad. A quicker-witted beater, however, came to the rescue. "Is it the squirrel you want, my boy?" said he, "you will find it somewhere in the ditch;" which, with a *fundamental* application of his toe, sent the youth scampering. It was evident, however, the master of the hounds was not altogether satisfied with this plausible explanation, and, declining the invitation to refresh himself at the castle, he trotted away with brow as black as midnight, giving another instance of the sins of a

keeper being visited on the head of his unoffending master.

Croaking persons have predicted the decline of this manly sport; at present it seems to flourish, and it is my hope and belief that, amidst the changes of taste and caprice of fashion, it may never entirely cease out of the land.

I place stag-hunting second, as it is generally so classed. I doubt whether it deserves the honor. It has, however, the advantages of a sure gallop, and generally a good pace. Many will ask, What more can be desired? but the question will not be put by a sportsman, and one who is not such might not understand the answer. Perhaps this chase, as now conducted, may better suit the sporting man than the sportsman.

To draw up to the lair of the wild-stag, and go away as with fox-hounds, must be fine, but this exists rather in romance than in reality, and we must now look to the cart for *our* find. Such a one as that described in Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*" is grand:

"The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;  
But ere his fleet career he took,  
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;  
A moment looked adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry  
Which thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
Then as the headmost foes appeared  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And stretching forward free and far  
Sought the wild heaths of Unim Var."

Then follows, in the Apperly and Radcliffe strain, but elevated by noble verse, a glowing description of the run, till—

"The headmost horseman rides alone."

This horseman, who has distanced or "planted" all the field, turns out, as every one knows, to be the king himself.

Stag-hunting has always been a royal recreation. The kings of France were much addicted to it. It has been revived under Louis Napoleon, and a gallant train of ladies and gentlemen may sometimes be seen sweeping along the glades of Fontainebleau to the sound of the horn, which as of yore accompanies the chase, and headed by the Emperor, who is never more at home than in the saddle, and who used to hold his own even in Leicestershire.



It is said, that so late as when he was President, he appeared *incog.* with the Quorn, and, as usual, in the foremost flight, a place which he seems destined to occupy in all fields!

The pursuit of the stag was the ruling passion of our cannie King Jamie I., and a *couteau de chasse* the only weapon he could bear to look upon. With this, and his sleeves turned above the elbow, he would perform the last offices of the chase with the greatest gusto, and in the most scientific manner.

As for his horsemanship, we are told he was so trussed and tucked up in the saddle that it was difficult for him to fall off; however, he was generally the first in at the death, the courtiers feigning to be distanced.

The appetite for flattery seems to grow as it is fed, till nothing is too gross to swallow, and thus we see this learned scholar, and (as he loved to be called) this "second Solomon," gratified in the simple mode in which a nurse would please a child.

George III. was the last of our monarchs who have shown a predilection for the sport. I presume that his majesty was not in the habit of "living very long" with the hounds, though doubtless they were not so fast as the royal pack of the present day.

The following anecdote was related to me by an ancient gentleman, who delighted in talking of the "good old times when George III. was king." This gentleman was himself in those days a "mighty hunter," and had in his stud a horse of perfect shape and make, but cursed with an infirmity of temper which, though he was at times very tractable, at others rendered him so extremely dangerous that my informant, although a good horseman, was obliged at last to part with him.

Some time afterwards he had an opportunity of seeing the royal hounds.

They met on Ascot Heath, and there was a large concourse of horse and foot; but it was not the company, nor the hounds, nor yet the sovereign himself, that rivetted the attention of my friend. It had been immediately fixed on his majesty's steed, in which, to his astonishment, he recognized the brute he had discharged! Yes, there sat the good old king, for whose safety a nation prayed, upon an animal whose eye and ear denoted the approach of one of his periodical

fits of vice, which would probably send the monarch like a sky-rocket though the air!

The gentleman lost no time in informing one of his majesty's suite of his danger, and the royal person was quickly transferred to a steed more deserving of the burden.

My old friend would then describe, with great satisfaction, how he was called up, and most graciously thanked by his majesty for the service he had rendered him.

Lord Bateman (I do not mean him who with the fair Sophia is immortalized in song) was at that time Master of the Buck-hounds. It is said that his lordship, when about to be displaced, went in happy ignorance of the fact to ask the king where he would like the stag turned out. "Stag, stag?" said the sovereign chuckling, "I don't know about the *stag*, but I tell you what my lord, *you're* to be turned out!"

It must have been a little hard for the peer to give the expected smile of approval at the royal facetiousness thus indulged at his expense; and by none would this be felt more than by a practical joker and teaser of others, as was Lord Bateman. Witness among other freaks, his sending a haunch of jackass to the Corporation of Leominster: the worthy gourmands drinking, with great enthusiasm, the health of the nobleman who had thus honored them.

I believe Prince Albert has not much taste for hunting. He is in other respects a first-rate sportsman, and few can excel him with the gun and rifle.

It is a wonder that in one of the periodical fits of economy to which the nation is addicted, the buck-hounds have not received their death-blow, especially as none of the present royal family patronize the sport. It seemed a tempting object for the late Joe Hume to tilt at. It is probable that the patronage will tend to preserve the hunt. Should it ever be abolished, the royal pageant at Ascot would lose much of its appearance.

Mr. Davis has for a long time most ably filled the post of huntsman. It is a treat to see him ride. He is my *beau ideal* of a seat. He cannot be "last year's bird," nor even one of the year before, but time seems to pass lightly over him, and he truly still continues to

"Witch the world with noble horsemanship!"

Hare-hunting appears to decline in popu-

larity. There are several reasons why this should be the case. The modern Nimrod seems daily to care less for hunting than for riding. A good straight burst is required. Harriers seldom furnish this. It is true they have sometimes done brilliant things, but these are few and far between.

The decline of this sport must, however, be chiefly ascribed to the progress of agriculture. When the land, though perhaps imperfectly cultivated, returned to the farmer a remuneration without much exertion, he received in good part the visit of a pack of harriers. The late free-trade measure, however, has shown the agriculturist that nothing but the greatest care, economy, and high farming will enable him to compete with his rivals. It has in truth been an interesting and exciting race: having the world as spectators, the late Sir Robert Peel the handicapper, the British yeoman carrying the top-weight, and the foreigner a feather. The latter was for a long time "the favorite," the former being considered "badly in." For myself, without pretending to the prescience of "the prophets," something whispered to me to "get upon" the Yeoman, and the result seems to justify my judgment.

The farm now begins to appear like a large garden, and a pack of harriers, with their horse and foot attendants spending the day in running rings round his grounds is not so likely to be regarded with approbation by the occupier.

On the fox-hounds he looks with more benignity. The fixture will most likely come round to him but three or four times in the season, and when it does occur he knows they will probably find and go away. From the rise to which he has gone to view the start, he sees the last "bit of pink" disappearing in the distance, and in the course of a few minutes himself, and men and maids, and startled Dobbins, have all settled down to their work again.

Hare-hunting will flourish longest in the countries where there is a happy mixture of hill and vale, as on the borders of Wales and Scotland, and some parts of England of like character.

After rains, the upper country furnish meets without much injury to the farmer; but even here the Enclosure Act has of late years encroached, much to the disgust of the follower of the chase, and the

lover of wild scenery: the former often sees his progress impeded by (to his stead) an invisible wire fence which renders horsemanship of no avail.

It is a mournful truth that the hand of improvement—or change—is too often raised against our national sports. Perhaps the period of modern times when they most flourished was between the years 1820 and 1835. These were the palmy days of Osbaldistone and the Quorn. The period of the run from Ashby Pasture, described in the deathless pages of Nimrod, when "the Squire," and Lambton, and Musters, when Warde and Conyers, and other heroes of the day were "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Steam had not swept away our beautifully-appointed coaches, then just arrived at perfection, and various of our sports seemed in their prime, or in their vigorous youth. I was not "entered" until towards the close of that glorious era, but the vivid recollection lives and forms

"A green spot on memory's waste!"

**OTTER-HUNTING.**—There is perhaps no sport which, though not particularly popular, is more likely to be kept up than this, for while it furnishes what many deem an exciting pursuit, it at the same time checks the increase of an animal whose depredations, though perhaps exaggerated, are the source of much trouble to the minds of anglers and fish-preservers.

Neither can the supply of game for it ever entirely fail, for the otter is difficult to trap, and the immense rocks in some parts, and our large lakes and rivers, form fastnesses which must ensure the breed from extinction.

The mode of pursuing this animal has varied but little; the rough Welsh or Scotch hound is the best: the thoroughbred fox-hound is sometimes used, but he has too much dash and too little patience.

A good terrier or two will be found very useful—indeed, in some localities, indispensable.

The fair sportsman employs only the dog and the spear.

This has, generally speaking, never been an aristocratic sport, but has been patronized chiefly by the lower orders, who are much devoted to it, probably because it is more within their reach than most others, requiring neither gun, horse,

nor certificate, but merely a spear and a moderately good pair of legs. I confess I like it—the exciting drag, and the crash of the “find” would alone make it interesting while the early hour of the meet and balmy morning air, especially grateful in summer, give an indescribable elevation to the spirits. But in good truth, the thorough sportsman finds none of the field-sports dull, though he may prefer some to others.

The otter is the shyest of animals, and except when hunted, is seldom seen. During a life much passed in the country, I had never but once an opportunity of seeing the creature employed in its piscatory occupation. This was in the middle of the day, and he was in the centre of a large pond. It was interesting to watch him, but seemed so busily engaged in fishing that he remained but a moment at a time on the surface, appearing there at very regular intervals.

In fact, this animal cannot stay under water so long as is generally supposed, though he can instantaneously catch his wind again. In the case I have mentioned he seemed to have but poor sport, for I waited in ambush for some time in the vain hope of seeing him take a fish, on which occasion he will bring it to the bank to discuss at leisure. I had for some days being much dissatisfied with my own exertions in the same water, but the fact of witnessing the ill-success of this superior piscator showed the scarcity of fish, and reconciled me to myself.

A few of our aristocracy fancy this sport. The Duke of Beaufort has some very good hounds, under the famous old Huxley of Leominster. The Duke of Atholl has also an excellent pack. In this latter hunt the spear is banished.

The otter is a great epicure, frequently eating only certain parts of his prey which he deems the tit-bits, leaving the remainder to excite the ire of the angler, whom I have frequently seen, after a day of ill-success, driven nearly frantic by this apparently wanton waste on the part of his quadruped rival!

#### COURSING.

The lovers of the leash are a much-abused and long-suffering class. They seem a race set apart—a mark for the sneers of the rest of the sporting world. They form

themselves into a sort of brotherhood, and patiently and calmly pursue the even tenor of their way—gradually, however, gaining converts, for this sport will bear an analysis, being based on sound sense.

The expense attending it may be trivial, unless its votary should will it otherwise. In the former case, the courser may spend little or nothing, and still have great entertainment. He may have his single greyhound or two running about the house, and when in need of recreation he takes them out. If unsuccessful, he has, at any rate, had an object, which in a walk is a primary consideration. If he “finds,” he enjoys the excitement of the course, and should it result in a *kill*, an acknowledged delicacy is brought to the table in its most delicate state, for there can be no doubt that a coursed hare is the best. It has infinitely the advantage of a shot one, and it must be a depraved taste which can prefer the sodden flesh of a hunted hare to this.

Or the courser, being disposed to be sociable, arranges a meeting with his neighbors, when they have a friendly trial of speed between their greyhounds, on which occasion the winner will regard his dog with all the pride and complacency with which the owner of a “Flying Dutchman” or an “Alice Hawthorn” sees his favorite return to scale.

On the other hand, if it suits his taste or his pocket to embark more extravagantly, he may put his dogs into regular training—compete for the stakes and cups at the upper or provincial meetings, and have all the excitement of the turf with half its expense—certain that the race will be fairly run, and that his greyhound will not *sell* him as his jockey might.

It seems to me the love of coursing and racing should coëxist, so similar are they; and, accordingly, we find this often the case—witness Lord Stradbroke, Eglington, John Scott, and others.

The greyhound has a perfect temper and endearing ways. It is the most beautiful of animals, with movements graceful in the extreme—the adaptation of the frame to its purpose wonderful to behold.

This sport is often the occasion of meetings which the peer and the peasant may share with like enjoyment, when the coursing of the morning is succeeded by the *courses* of the festive board—the latter being often found not the worst part of

the day's entertainment—and which any one with a decent coat and a few shillings in his pocket is privileged to partake of.

The village Boniface finds the sport of all others the best adapted to his purpose, as he can keep the company under his eye, prevent shirking from the feast, and, being moderate exercise, it brings them to

his table in the best possible tune to appreciate the good cheer.

I know an innkeeper who, after many successful coursing meetings, was so unwise as to determine to vary his annual entertainment by a hunt, and procured a bagged fox and the assistance of a neighboring pack of harriers.

---

From Dickens's Household Words.

## A TALE OF A POCKET ARCHIPELAGO.

OPPOSITE Paimpol, on the coast of Brittany, is a little cluster of islands known by the ambitious name of the Archipelago of Brehat. It is quite a pocket archipelago. The whole number of the inhabitants is not above fifteen hundred; but (as is natural, it seems, to insular people) this diminutive nation is famous for pride and exclusiveness. The man of Brehat will not admit that he is a Frenchman, or even a Breton—he is a man of Brehat. High and low—for there are such distinctions even there—not only think themselves superior to all the rest of the world, but look upon strangers with dislike and contempt. The women carry this prejudice so far, that if an unlucky being of their sex accidentally comes over from the continent to seek employment, every back is turned upon her, and there is not a single word of greeting. She is soon compelled to go and seek a livelihood elsewhere. The men are more cosmopolitan, for they are all sailors, almost from infancy. But however far they may go in their voyages, they always return to seek a wife on their native soil; and when old age compels them to settle down, they return to their national bigotry and exclusiveness.

The Archipelago of Brehat is composed of one large island or rather two joined together by a causeway, constructed by Vauban, and a number of islets and rocks, now completely uninhabited, but

formerly covered with buildings of various kinds, fortresses or monasteries—it is not certain which. When I first saw Brehat, it was from the rocks above Paimpol. The great ocean-tide was coming in, accelerated by a violent wind, and seemed to threaten to bury the pocket archipelago in the vast foaming waves. There was nothing in the reputation of the place to induce me to visit it; and I should have been content with this distant view, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances which I am now about to relate.

I had just arrived—wandering through Brittany without any special object—from St. Brieuc, in the coupé of a diligence, or, rather, in what was called the coupé of what was called the diligence. It was a sort of miserable omnibus, with two aristocratic seats in front, divided off by a ragged leathern curtain. Peasants and their wives, with children, dogs, and fowls, occupied the hinder compartment. I had secured one of the places in front; the other was occupied by a good-looking, bright-eyed young man, whose dress and demeanor at once pointed him out as an officer in some stout merchant-ship. From his conversation I learned that he belonged to that part of the world. On the other hand, he seemed far from inclined to be communicative about his own affairs; and when he leaped to the ground, in front of the Hotel de Rennes, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a farewell nod, and



disappeared, without any intimation that it was likely we should meet again.

My walk along the coast took place on the morrow; and after having admired a scene which is always admirable—the coming in of the Atlantic tide against a rocky shore protected by outlying islands—I had begun to think that my presence was no longer absolutely required in that part of the world, and that I might as well go back over the hills to Saint Brieuc. It was in this mood of mind that I saw coming towards me, walking with an uncertain step, my travelling-companion of the previous day. I at first thought that he was doing as I was, namely, admiring the prospect; but it soon appeared, from his awkward and confused manner, not only that he was no student of the picturesque, but that he was working up his courage to speak to me on a point which interested him personally. The salutation was more cordial on my side than on his. We talked a little, of course, about the prospect, and about the weather; and then he said, quite timidly:

“Have you no intention of visiting our Archipelago of Brehat?”

“None in the world,” I was about to reply, but the word “our” struck me. “You are then from Brehat?” I inquired, answering the question by another.

He seemed glad of the opportunity to tell his story, being evidently in a different mood from that in which I had previously seen him. We sat down on a wall belonging to a ruined cottage, with our faces to the wind; which sometimes compelled us to be watchful lest our hats should be blown away, and brought the taste of salt to our lips.

“Yes,” said the young man. “I am from Brehat; a wild country for strangers, though worth visiting for a day, but to all those born upon it as dear as if it were one of the sunny isles of Greece. You must go and see for yourself, however, what kind of place it is. I shall try to tempt you, for I have a selfish interest to satisfy. It is now exactly a year since I left it. I went to Nantes, and joined my ship, bound to Trebisonde, in the Black Sea. We have traded ever since in the Mediterranean—a fine piece of water. Have you ever been there?”

I replied that I had; but added, smiling, that this was a very meagre outline of a story. He admitted that it was. After all, he had nothing particular, he said, to

tell. The fact was, “he loved somebody,” a very plain, simple, and common fact, quite uninteresting to a stranger. But, who was this somebody? Madeleine. A very definite description! To him, however, the name had prodigious significance. It meant—as I found when he gradually warmed into confession—the first meeting on the dancing-ground on Sunday evening near the beach when he returned after his first voyage, begun when almost a boy—a desolate orphan—and concluded when quite a man; it meant the admiration and love which had flashed through his frame when he first beheld her coming along beneath some stunted trees amidst her comrades in age, who seemed born only to be her attendants; it meant that whole bewildering evening in which, despite all rules of propriety, he danced only with her, gazed only at her, thought only of her, attended only on her, and disregarded all the anger, and the jealousy, and the chatterings, and the sneers of damsels who thought themselves at least equally entitled to homage from the young and handsome sailor. “For I am rather good-looking to a woman’s eye,” said our young friend, naively passing his fingers through his hair. I laughingly assented, and listened with attention, when, after this explosion of feminine or half-civilized vanity, he went on to relate how Madeleine was the daughter of the richest proprietor on the island, and how her father had promised her in marriage to an old retired admiral, whom fancy had led to establish himself during the latter years of his life at Brehat.

“I was not the man to let this sacrifice take place with the sneaking complacency of your town’s-folk,” said the sailor, (who, by the way, told me that his name was Cornic.) I went and asked Madeleine’s hand, and was of course refused, because my wealth was not sufficient. I objected that wealth was a thing to be got, and that a man who had all his limbs and a strong will to command them, with the hope of Madeleine in the future, was capable of doing wonders. The old man said something about the sacredness of his promise to the admiral; but, as he had resolved not to let his daughter be married for a couple of years, intimated that if I could make a good offer within that time, why, he would take the matter into consideration. So I set off on my voyage to Trebisonde; not, you may be sure, without

having had some private talk with Madeleine, and obtaining from her a promise that she would never marry the admiral until I gave up all claim to her hand. For, as you may imagine, my dear sir, Madeleine did not hesitate a moment between me and the crusty old sea-wolf who had cast his eyes on her, and whose mode of courtship was to watch her through a telescope from his window as she went in and out of her house or wandered towards the fields. I am quite sure she will keep her promise; still, woman's nature is weak. I have heard no news from Brehat since I left; and now that I am so near, I am afraid to go over. I had tried to learn in Paimpol some news of the doings in the island; but nobody knows anything of them. It is true that a wicked old woman has told me that Madeleine Bosc was married to M. Renard a week or two ago; but this must be a falsehood. Neither she nor her father would dare to deceive me so. I am terrible, sir, when I am angry. There is no knowing what I might do. We are not Bretons at Brehat. We come from the south. We are Basques or Spaniards. You know how those people treat the mistress who has betrayed them, and the man who is her accomplice."

Young Cornic had risen, and was walking rapidly to and fro along the edge of the rock, making threatening gesticulations towards the far-out island of Brehat. I now understood that he wanted me, having confidence—I know not for what reason—in my discretion and willingness to oblige, to go over to Brehat and ascertain the truth of the report which had agitated him. He feared that, if he went himself, he might be driven to commit some crime. As my journey had no particular goal, it was not a very great sacrifice on my part to consent. I took his instructions, promised to return on the morrow, went with him to Paimpol, hired a bark, and, the weather having become quite fine, in a few hours reached Brehat.

A wall of crumbling granite encircles the principal island, and allows nothing to be seen from the sea but the summits of numerous small hills, always crowned with rocks. As you advance inland, however, the country becomes more pleasing. In few parts of France, indeed, is the soil more industriously made use of. The fields extend to the very base of the rocks, and are covered with a rich vegetation. Between them run narrow pathways,

quite sufficient for the use of a district which contains not a single cart nor even a single horse. There are a good many cows; and carriage is performed by means of asses. Hamlets, composed of neat and clean houses, and with names ending in "ker" and "ec" are scattered here and there. The most considerable is called Le Bourg; and it was towards this, that I directed my steps from the landing-place.

There was of course no hotel or respectable inn of any kind, but I managed to obtain hospitality in a cabaret, where I saw some sailors drinking. The hostess was a surly old lady, who looked at me askance as I consumed an early dinner, for which I had promised to pay well. She could not make out what I wanted at Bourg; but did not choose to indulge in any inquiries. I was obliged to begin the conversation myself, and soon found that without plump questioning I should never reach the point I aimed at. I had asked who were the principal inhabitants of the island? I had been asked in return, what I wanted to know for? At length, I boldly mentioned the name of M. Bosc, and succeeded in learning that he had gone to France, perhaps to Paris.

"And Madeleine," said I.

The old lady came and stood full before me and looked, with something like fury, in my countenance.

"What business had I," she at length asked, "to speak of the bride of Kerwareva?"

These words at once told me that poor Cornic's fate was, in reality, decided. I remained silent, and the hostess, thinking that she had sufficiently rebuked me, went away to attend to her domestic duties. But it seems that her mind continued to work upon the thoughts I had suggested. She came back to me with a gentler expression of countenance, sat down near me, and said:

"What curiosity can a stranger have about the bride of Kerwareva?"

I replied that I did not know what she meant; that I had once heard that M. Bosc had a pretty daughter; and that I asked about her, simply because I had nothing else to ask about.

"In that case," replied she, "take my advice and do not speak of her to any one else in this island. The friends of M. Bosc are numerous and quarrelsome. I have no time to tell you her story now, but I will say something about it this evening before

you go to bed. If you wish to see her," she added, lowering her voice, "take a brisk walk towards the northern point of our island, pass Kerwareva, just look at the pretty little house you will see built there, and manage to reach the Peacock's Hollow at the time of low tide. Approach it softly; and, if you respect sorrow, do not speak to what you see."

So saying, the hostess—in whom insular exclusiveness had thus yielded to female garrulity—bustled away to attend to some new customer, and I started in the direction she had pointed out. I soon reached Vauban's Causeway, and, having passed a hamlet that immediately succeeds it, entered upon a country totally different in character from that which I have described. Everything wore a wilder and more savage aspect. Rocks more frequently broke through the soil, and rose to a greater height, in strange forms. The vegetation was evidently less active. Heath and brushwood stretched in great masses here and there. The few houses were of a different character, lower and more primitive. Kerwareva, which I soon reached, was composed of mere huts, built of loose stone, and thatched with turf. But, a little way from it, amidst some rocks, rose, as I had been led to expect, an elegant little house, that looked as much out of there, as a London villa in the midst of the Libyan desert. The shutters were closed, and it did not at first seem to be inhabited; but, as I passed near it, I saw a very respectable-looking man—no doubt the Admiral—sitting in the doorway, in an attitude of despondency, but looking with intent eagerness towards the north. Although curious to scan the countenance of another of the actors in the sad story, I refrained from approaching; and continued my walk towards the Peacock's Hollow.

As soon as I had passed the last houses of the village, all traces of human presence disappeared. I entered a realm of rock, earth, air, and water, intermingled. First, came a desert heath, sinking here and there into a salt-marsh; then an inclined plain of meagre turf; then two enormous blocks of granite, rising up like the fragmentary walls of a ruined tower of gigantic magnitude. I looked round for the form I expected to see. All was silent, save when the thousand murmurs of the waves on every side were borne along by a gust of wind. I advanced slowly be-

tween the seeming walls, meeting with no obstacle but some huge stones, rounded by the continued action of the water, which at present, however, was far beneath. Soon a kind of subterranean roar warned me to be cautious and presently I saw a vast abyss open before me, descending to invisible depths, and widening towards the beach below, where the water at its lowest ebb was playing in the light of the sun, now far down towards the horizon. Across the centre of the gulf lay a huge block of stone, like a bridge, which, as I afterwards learned, is ever lifted up by the high tide as it rushes in, and ever falls back into its old place as solid and firm as ever.

It was easy to see that it was impossible to approach the Peacock's Hollow except by the way I had come. The huge rocks inclining inward, rose far overhead; not even a goat could have moved along their surface. I began to fear some catastrophe, but, on looking back, suddenly saw a light graceful figure, clothed in white, advancing by the way I had come. I made myself small against the rock to let it pass. There was no doubt in my mind that this was Madeleine, the bride of Kerwareva. She passed fearlessly by me and drew near the edge of the gulf. I retired a little, but gazed anxiously at her. She took up a pebble, and, having murmured some words that resembled an incantation, cast it below. Then she listened for awhile, clapped her hands joyously, exclaimed: "This year—this year!" and came running back with the lightness of a fawn. I again allowed her to pass; and, having no further curiosity to satisfy at the Peacock's Hollow, slowly retraced my steps.

On reaching the heath that precedes Kerwareva, I was surprised to see Madeleine crouching down near the path, and seeming to watch eagerly for my coming. I affected to pass by without seeing her, but she ran towards me and took hold of my sleeve, smiling in a deprecating manner, as if she feared I might be offended. Let me admit that my lip quivered, and my eyes grew dim. I did not need the revelations of mine hostess of Le Bourg to explain these unequivocal signs. The poor thing had evidently lost her reason. Though what she now said, appeared at first plain and sensible enough.

"You are the first stranger I have met at that false, foolish place," said she, "and,

although I would not notice you then, my heart shrank as if you might be the bearer of evil news. You seemed to look at me, and not to care about the curiosities of our island. This is not proper in a stranger, but if you are a messenger the case is quite different. We can talk together here—and if you stoop down, the admiral will not be able to see us with his telescope.”

I did not know what to say. It was quite evident that an impassable barrier had now been raised between Cornic and Madeleine. To speak of his presence on the mainland would be sheer cruelty.

“What is the reason you threw the pebble into the gulf, my child?” said I, evading the subject she wished to talk of.

“I am not your child,” she replied haughtily. “I am the child of M. Bosc, the richest man on this island, which is the reason why they all want to marry me—all the old admirals, I mean. But, my heart is sealed up, and he who can open it is far away. He will come back, for the pebble speaks truth. All the young girls of Brehat try that experiment; but those that sigh for *him* come away disappointed—looking red and foolish. The pebbles they throw do not go straight down, but tinkle, tinkle against the rock—one tinkle for every year of maidenhood. Mine only makes no noise, so that, of course, Cornic must come back soon. For, how else am I to be married to him?”

I tried to proceed, but she stood in my path.

“All is wrong here,” touching her forehead. “I won’t deceive you; but I am not so mad as not to see you come from Cornic. Why, if you did not know all about my story and pity me, you would be quite frightened! But you only look grave and puzzled. Ha! perhaps you are one of those who say he went down to the bottom of the sea. But this is nonsense. I must be married to him within the year; and drowned men don’t marry. Hush! let us talk of something else; here is my husband!”

I had little time to notice the contradiction of the latter part of this speech; for, the old Admiral, who had approached over the low country, now came close upon us. He walked slowly, as if not to interrupt our colloquy rudely; but evidently was surprised. I looked at him apologetically, and he bowed.

“Madeleine,” said he very gently and

affectionately, “the air is getting cold as the evening comes on. You know that your father bade me be careful about your health.”

She smiled quite kindly at her old husband; and took his arm with a demure look. I went away after exchanging salutes and glances of intelligence with him; and did not turn back for some time. I then saw this strange couple walking sedately towards the little house among the rocks.

“What a sad story I shall have to tell to poor Cornic!” thought I.

The hostess at Le Bourg had very little to add to what I had learned; but, as I kept the secret of my interview with Madeleine to myself, I had to endure a long and confused narrative. The news of Cornic’s death had been brought—probably invented—purposely. Then, Madeleine had been overpersuaded by her father to marry the Admiral. What were the precise means used to influence her, were not known; but on leaving the church she escaped from the company, and was found some hours afterwards, throwing pebbles into the Peacock’s Hollow, and exclaiming that she was to be married within the year. This happened but a few months after Cornic’s departure, which makes it reasonable to suppose that the young man was deluded to go away, simply that the marriage might take place without opposition. From that time forward, Madeleine never perfectly recovered her reason, though she lived on good terms with the Admiral, who treated her rather as his daughter than his wife. He had often been heard bitterly to regret having been the cause of so much misfortune. He built the little cottage at Kerwareva, in order that his poor wife might indulge her innocent fancy without being obliged every day to take a fatiguing walk. He watched over her with tenderness, and the influence of his character was sufficient to prevent her from being disturbed in her wanderings.

“My belief is,” quoth the hostess yawning, towards the end of her story, “that Cornic will some day come back, which will be very unfortunate. If Madeleine sees him, something dreadful will happen. Should you meet a sailor of that name in your travels, tell him to keep away from Brehat.”

Next day I returned to Paimpol. The first person I met was Cornic. He was



watching for me. I held down my head.  
 "Tell me all about it," he said, with manly firmness. "I think I shall be able to bear it."

He little expected what he was to hear: and shed some bitter tears in the little room of the Hotel de Rennes. Once, he was on the point of hastening over to Brehat, and presenting himself before Madeleine.

"She may regain her reason on beholding me," he exclaimed.

"To what purpose?" I inquired.

"You are right," he replied. "I will return to my ship at Marseilles."

This was the best he could do under the

circumstances. I accompanied him back to St. Brieuc, and then we parted. He looked very miserable and agitated; and I was not quite sure of him. But he was a fine fellow, and kept his promise; and here, artistically speaking, this story ought to have an end. Life, however, is a complicated and extraordinary affair and I am obliged to add, that when, a year or two afterwards, the Admiral died, Cornic went to Brehat. His presence produced a magical effect, I suppose; but this I know—that the young widow did actually recover her reason, and was actually married to him, after all.

---

From the Men of the Time.

## B A R O N H U M B O L D T .

HUMBOLDT, Frederick Henry Alexander, Baron, the great German naturalist, was born in Berlin, September, 14, 1769. He was educated with a view to employment in the direction of the government mines successively at Göttingen, Frankfort on the Oder, at Hamburg, and at the mining-school of Freiberg. In 1792 he was appointed assessor to the mining board, a post which he shortly exchanged for that of a director of the works at Baireuth. In 1795 he relinquished these duties in order to connect himself to those pursuits of investigation and discovery in which he has won an undying name. From the earliest period he had evinced a faculty of physical inquiry, which he had assiduously cultivated by the study of chemistry, botany, geology, and galvanism; the latter then a new and incipient science. He now proceeded to condense and arrange his scientific ideas, and test them by the known, before applying them in countries yet unexplored. His next care was to look round for a country whose ill-known natural riches might open to the industrious inquirer a prospect of numerous and valuable discoveries. Mean-

while he made a journey with Hatler to North Italy to study the volcanic theory of rocks in the mountains of that district, and, in 1797, started for Naples with a similar purpose with Bach. Compelled to surrender this plan by the events of war, he turned his steps to Paris, met with a most friendly reception from the *savans* of that capital, and made the acquaintance of Bonpland, just appointed naturalist to Baudin's expedition. Humboldt had only time to arrange to accompany his new-made friend when the war compelled the postponement of the entire project. Upon this he resolved to travel in North-Africa, and with Bonpland, had reached Marseilles for embarkation, when the events of the times again thwarted his intention. The travellers now turned into Spain, where Humboldt, whose great merits were made known by Baron von Forell, the Saxon minister, was encouraged by the government to undertake the exploration of Spanish America, and received promises of assistance in his investigations. On the 4th of June, 1799, Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna, and happily escaped the English cruisers; and

on the 19th landed in the haven of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. They ascended the peak, and in the course of the few days of their stay collected a number of new observations in the natural history of the island. They then crossed the ocean without accident, and landed on American ground, near Cumana, on the 16th of July. They employed eighteen months in examining the territory which now forms the free state of Venezuela, reached Caraccas in February, 1800, and left the sea-coast anew near Puerto Cabella, in order to reach the Orinoco by crossing the grassy stepes of Calobozo. They embarked on the Orinoco in canoes, and proceeded to the extreme Spanish post, Fort San Carlos, on the Rio Negro, two degrees from the equator, and returned to Cumana, after having travelled thousands of miles through an uninhabited wilderness. They left the continent for Havana, and stayed there for some months, until, receiving a false report that Baudin was awaiting them, according to appointment, on the coast of South-America, they sailed from Cuba in March, 1801, for Carthagena, in order to proceed thence to Panama. The season being unfavorable to a further advance, they settled for a time at Bogota, but in September, 1801, set out for the south, despite of the rains, crossed the Cordillera di Quindin, followed the valley of Cauca, and by the greatest exertions reached Quito, January 6, 1802. Eight months were spent in exploring the valley of Quito and the volcanic mountains which enclose it. Favored by circumstances, they ascended several of these, reaching heights previously unattained. On the 23d June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than any which had hitherto been ascended. Humboldt next travelled over Loxa, Jaen de Bracomoros, Caxamarca, and the high chain of the Andes, and reached, near Truxillo, the shore of the Pacific. Passing thence through the desert of Lower Peru, he came to Lima. In January, 1803, he sailed for Mexico, visited its chief cities, collecting facts, and departed for Valladolid, traversed the province of Mechracan, and reaching the Pacific coast near Jorullo, returned to Mexico. Here he stayed some months, gaining large accessions to his stores of knowledge by intercourse with the observant portion of the educated classes of that country. In

January, 1804, he embarked for Havana from Vera Cruz, remained there a short time, paid a visit of two months to Philadelphia, and finally returned to Europe, landing at Havre in August, 1804, richer in collections of objects, but especially in observations on the great field of the natural sciences, in botany, zoology, geology, geography, statistics, and ethnography, than any preceding traveller. Paris at that time offering a greater assemblage of scientific aids than any capital of the continent, he took up his residence there, in order to prepare the results of his researches for the public eye. He shortly commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science; and, in 1817, after twelve years of incessant toil, four fifths had been printed in parts, each of which cost in the market more than \$500. Since that time the publication has gone on more slowly, and is still incomplete. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay-Lussac, and afterward travelled in England in 1826, he returned, took up his residence in Berlin, and, enjoying the personal favor and most intimate society of the sovereign, was made a councillor of state, and intrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829, at the particular desire of the Czar, he visited Siberia and the Caspian sea, in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. The travellers accomplished a distance of 2142 geographical miles, journeying on the Wolga from Novorogod to Casan, and by land to Catharineberg, Tobolsk, Barnaul, Schlangenberg, and Zyrianski on the southwest slope of the Altai, by Buchtarminsk to the Chinese frontier. On their return, they took the route by Ust-Kamonogorsk, Orusk, the Southern Ural, Orenberg, Sarepta, Astrachan, Moscow, and Petersburg. Taken singly, there is not one of Humboldt's achievements which has not been surpassed, but taken together they constitute a body of services rendered to science such as is without parallel. The activity of naturalists is commonly directed either to accumulate rich materials in observations, or to combine such observations in a systematic manner, so as to derive from their diversity one rational whole; Humboldt has done both so well, that his performances in either department would entitle him to admiration. With a mind in which was treasured up every observation or con-

jecture of preceding philosophers, not excepting those of antiquity, he set out measuring the heights of mountains, noting temperature, collecting plants, dissecting animals, and every where pressing forward to penetrate the meaning of the relations which he found to subsist between the different portions of the organic kingdom and man. This latter new and practical aspect of the natural sciences was first presented by Humboldt, and gives to such studies an interest for thousands who have no taste for the mere enumeration of rocks, and plants, and animals. The sciences which deal with the laws governing the geographical distribution of plants, animals, and men, had

their origin in the observations and generalizations of Humboldt, who may be justly regarded as the founder of the new school of physical inquiry. In addition to the general and ultimate gain to humanity of such an advance in science as Humboldt has effected, it is to be reckoned the immediate partial benefit of his observations, according to which charts have been constructed, agriculture extended, and territories peopled. Humboldt is most popularly known by his "Cosmos," a work written in the evening of his life, in which he contemplates all created things as linked together and forming one whole, animated by internal forces.

---

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## DANTE AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

ITALY! it is a word of wondrous fascination. What a clustering host of associations does its mere mention awaken: ancient Rome; her imperial sway; her literature, art, and external refinement; her great deeds and her deathless names. The early struggles of Christianity with Paganism; the collision of northern barbarism with an effete civilization; the brooding darkness of ages; the throes which attended the birth of infant freedom; and the cities such as Genoa, Florence, Vienna, which were at once its nurseries, the centres of commerce, and the sources of modern enlightenment. Italy! it is the home of science, of poetry, of painting, and of sculpture; it is the land of Dante, of Petrarch, of Boeaccio, of Tasso, and Ariosto; the land of Raphael, of Titian, of Michael Angelo, and of Galileo. In a word, the great historic events there transacted; the glory shed over it by its men of genius, and the unsurpassed loveliness of its natural scenery, constitute the triple charm—the lasting fascination

—which attracts the human mind to Italy.

Of all its cities or states during the middle ages, Florence was that which from its central position and its strong spirit of liberty, exercised the greatest influence, and in turn was most affected by the changes in the governments which surrounded it. The pages of Machiavelli unfold the story of its relation to other states, and describe the ordeals through which it passed. And in the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," by Roscoe, we may learn to what a high pitch of refinement and magnificence it ultimately attained.

Our late venerable poet, Rogers, in his poem entitled "Italy," says:

"Of all the cities of the earth  
None is so fair as Florence! 'Tis a gem  
Of purest ray: and what a light broke forth  
When it emerged from darkness. Search within,  
Without; all is enchantment! 'This the Past  
Contending with the Present; and in turn,  
Each has the mastery."

Shelly, too, gives the following miniature picture:

"Florence, beneath the sun,  
Of cities fairest one,  
Blushes within her bower."

Florence was the birth-place, the city, the home, of Dante Alighieri, the author of the *DIVINA COMMEDIA* and the greatest of the Italian poets. He was born there on the 14th of May, 1265. Sprung from an ancient family, he received a liberal education as befitted his rank, and at the age of twenty-four we find that he distinguished himself at the battle of Campaldino, a battle fought between the Guelph, or Papal party, and the Ghibellines, or adherents of the Emperor. Such were the two great parties into which Italy was at this time divided. Pope and Emperor were the watchwords of the age. It was the collision between the rival pretensions of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, which even to this day have received no final adjustment. Dante was a Guelph, and as such fought with his Florentine party at Campaldino. Next year he was present at another battle fought against the citizens of Pisa, and witnessed the surrender of their Castle of Caprona to the Florentine forces. After these military services he seems to have been employed on several important embassies, until in his thirty-fifth year he was chosen Prior or Chief Magistrate of his native city. At this time the Guelph, or Papal party, to which Dante was attached, were in possession of power in Florence. But during his Priorship, and from some trivial cause, the dominant Guelphs split into two minor parties, known by the names of the Neri and the Bianchi. The feud raged between them with the greatest bitterness and severity. In Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," we have a glimpse of the intensity of these Italian semi-public, semi-private quarrels. While Dante, as chief Prior, was striving to unite the contending factions, Corso Donati, with the leaders of the Neri, or Black party, endeavored to introduce Charles of Valois, brother to the French king, into Florence, in order, as they alleged, to pacify the city. The Bianchi, or Whites, enraged at a project so nefarious, assumed arms, and demanded the punishment of their opponents. By Dante's advice, and as the only means of preserving tranquility, the chiefs of both parties were banished.

He seems to have acted with strict impartiality in his banishment of the leaders; for on the one side were the Donati, his kinsmen by marriage, and on the other his intimate and endeared friend Guido Cavalcanti; but he was blamed for favoring the Bianchi, and suspicions were excited against him. In 1302, on the expiry of his term of office, he was induced to undertake an embassy to Rome, with the view of obtaining the mediation of Boniface VIII., and of deprecating the foreign interference of Charles of Valois. The exiles of the Neri faction had, however, in the meantime not been idle. They had obtained the decision of his Holiness in their favor, and while Dante was absent Charles entered Florence, revolutionized the government, and established a dictatorship. Under pretext that Dante was the friend of the Bianchi, his possessions were confiscated, and himself condemned to perpetual exile. Never again was it his lot to enter Florence. Apprized of the calamity that had befallen him, separated from his wife and children, a beggar and an outcast, he took refuge in Sienna, and then afterward in Arezzo. An attempt was made by the disaffected party to surprise Florence; that attempt having failed, Dante, despairing of success and disgusted by the want of agreement among the leaders, left Arezzo, and seems to have commenced that wandering and unsettled life, passing from friend to friend, and from court to court, which was his bitter lot until his death.

In one of his prose writings he complains in very touching language of the poverty and exile he was called upon to endure, when he experienced, as he says:

"How salt another's bread is—and the toil  
Of going up and down another's stairs."

The *Divina Commedia*, although commenced prior to his exile, was chiefly written, and certainly the whole of it revised, during this period of bitter calamity, when sick with deferred hope and with the sense of injustice gnawing his heart and exasperating his temper.

The last of Dante's patrons was Guido Polenta, of Ravenna, himself a man of learning and a poet. Dante seems to have been but too devoted to his interests. Being employed by the prince on an embassy to the Venetians, want of success,



it is said, so affected him as to bring on an illness which terminated fatally. Thus died the great poet at Ravenna, in 1321, severed in death, as in life, from his beloved Florence. The citizens of Ravenna would lend no ear to the repeated entreaties of the repentant Florentines for the dust of their renowned citizen.

Of all the events of the stormy period and troubled career of Dante which affected him both as a poet and as a man, none had such great influence in moulding the character of his poetry as his love for Beatrice Portinari, the daughter of a citizen of Florence. His passion for her began when she was in her ninth year, and continued unabated ever afterwards. In one of his earliest works, the "Vita Nuova," he gives an account of it. There we learn how true, pure, and deep a love it was. Under its influence his whole being became enraptured and entranced. Haunted ever by the image of the fair Italian maiden, it is not wonderful that his fancy enhanced her charms, for he describes her as:

"Divinely tinctured with a pearl-like hue,  
Gentle and sweet to view;  
With looks of scorn where scornfulness were  
meet;  
Meek, unpretending, self-control'd, and still,  
With sense instinctive shrinking from all ill."

And again—

"Onward she moves, clothed with humility,  
Hearing with looks benign her praises sung;  
A being seeming sent from heaven among  
Mankind to show what heavenly wonders be."

We may regret that such love was unrewarded with its object. But Beatrice was destined for another, most probably by the stern law of a father's will. We, however, find no trace of Dante's repining or disappointment. He seems to have resigned himself without a murmur to his lot, content to render at a distance, and in secret, the homage of his heart. Great was the effect which the death of Beatrice had upon her lover's mind. She was now all his own, a blessed spirit in the galaxy of immortals. On the occasion of her death he says,—

"Forth from the lowly habitation where  
Supreme in grace it dwelt, her soul is gone,  
And in its worthy place shines starry  
bright."

Up into these high regions the yearning

spirit of Dante would fain follow the glorified Beatrice. The beloved of earth becomes sublimed to his gaze, and radiant with immortality he sees her bending from her lofty sphere in wistful solicitude, lest the devious paths into which his steps were turned, and the false images of good which he pursued, should destroy the power of virtue over his mind, and deprive him of final salvation. In the thirtieth canto of *Purgatorio*, he makes Beatrice say,—

"Nor aught availed it I for him besought  
High inspirations, with the which in dreams  
And otherwise I strove to lead him back.  
So little warmed his bosom to my call,  
To such vile depths he fell, that all device  
Had failed for his salvation, save to show  
The children of perdition to his eyes."

It is evident, we think, that the primary idea of Dante's great work was suggested by his etherialized passion for Beatrice Portinari. Had she never existed it is probable that neither would the *Divina Commedia*. According to the religious spirit and belief of the times, Beatrice became to Dante a potent and supernal influence. From her and through her were sympathy and succour. Holy desire takes the place of earthly passion, and Beatrice to the weary spirit of her mortal lover typifies and represents the heavenly wisdom. Brought thus in contact with the invisible, the lover's desire and dream supply to the mind of the poet the idea of a journey through, and of gazing with open vision upon the realms of woe, of purification, and of bliss. The idea expanded by the imagination begets the purpose to give it embodiment, and then gradually, line by line, and thought upon thought, CREATIVE GENIUS bids it into existence the fair and finished fabric of the *Divina Commedia*.

The Hell, or *Inferno*, of the poem is an immense circular cavern in the form of an inverted cone, divided into nine circles, and reaching to the centre of the earth. The different grades of the lost spirits are confined in these circles, the punishment increasing in intensity in proportion to the depth. *Purgatory*, again, is the converse of the *Inferno*. It is a great mountain cone rising on the other side of the globe, divided into seven circles, where the seven mortal sins are expiated and souls purged for heaven. On the summit of *purgatory* is situated the terrestrial Paradise, the

connecting link between heaven and the purgatorial realms. Paradise, or the celestial regions, which is the third portion of the universe, consists of nine spheres, reaching upward to the throne of the Supreme. The first heaven is the moon, the next the planet Mercury, the third Venus, the fourth the Sun, where abide the doctors and great luminaries of the church. In Mars, the fifth heaven, reside the souls of those warriors who have died in battle for the Christian faith. The sixth heaven is Jupiter, the seventh Saturn, where are the spirits of those who had passed their lives in holy contemplation. The eighth is the fixed stars. In the ninth heaven is the centre of the great fountain of light, around which revolve concentric circles of cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels.

"Here is the starting-point where first begins  
The course of each revolving orb, in space  
From the great axle to the utmost bound  
Speeding its way. No heaven remains be-  
hind

But the dread presence of the Eternal One,  
That spirit pure, whence everlasting love  
Doth emanate, and kindle all beneath."

Beyond the ninth sphere is the Empyrean, which is mere light; where is the great mystery of the Trinity and of God-Man.

Dante, it is supposed began his great work in his thirty-fifth year; wrote part of it in Florence, and completed it before he left Verona. Written, as it were, with his very life's blood, he was no sooner dead than its power was felt, and its great merit universally recognized. Chairs were founded to explain its allegorical subtleties, and to expound its philosophy and theology.

Succeeding generations have confirmed the testimony of his contemporaries, and pronounced it immortal. The Divine Comedy is to be classed with the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost* as one of the three greatest products of the epic muse. In each of these three immortal poems is preëminently embodied the spirit and manner of the age in which it was produced. They serve thus, as landmarks, to indicate the progress of humanity in its onward march toward the fullness of light and liberty. In the *Iliad* we have nature, pure unaided nature, depicted and delineated; its polytheistic creed reaching no higher than the Olympian heavens, its

rude force and courage directed by no sense of the import of duty or of right. Dante's poem again, after the lapse of centuries, rises as another monumental indicator, faithfully embodying the spirit and belief of the Middle Ages, to signify how vast a stride has been made from the paganism of Homer. Gloom and shade, it is true, still prevail; but they are intermingled with light from the sun of Christianity, which gleaming athwart the mists of superstition, directs and glorifies the song of the Tuscan bard. Milton's epic is, once more, the offspring and embodiment of the Reformation era. A brighter day has dawned—the mists of Middle-Age superstition are dissipated; and the mighty product of Milton's genius, irradiated by the unclouded orb of truth, preclaims the epoch of mental liberation and enlightenment. Thus the facts or spiritual conditions which the three great poems respectively embody and represent are Paganism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism.

In these latter days of ours, we must not test Dante by the knowledge and light which the march of the ages have brought to us. To appreciate, perhaps, even to understand him, we would require to travel backwards to the thirteenth century, and to realise to ourselves the environments of that early period: its semi-barbarism, its fierce political passions, its bitter fends, its narrowness, its stern bigotries, and its scholastic refinings. Dante lived upward of sixty years before Chaucer, and nearly three hundred before Shakespeare. The child of a rude and warlike age, he was contemporary with Edward I., of England; with Charles Martel, of Hungary; and with Philip the Fair of France. He wrote too, without a model, in an unformed language, when the literature of modern Europe consisted only of the lays of the Troubadours, and Trouveurs of France, and of the rapid productions of their imitators, the poets of Sicily and northern Italy. In his day the creed of Rome was firmly credited, unquestioned, all-paramount. The religious excitement of a previous century, which gave birth to the orders of St. Dominic, and St. Francis, produced, not divergence from the Church, but rather tended to increase her authority and to enforce her claims. The intellect of the age expended itself in the refinements of the scholastic philosophy. False science held sway.

The earth was the immovable centre of the universe, and the sun and starry host revolved around it. Aristotle and Ptolemy were supreme. The invention of printing was an event hid in future. Yet it was, nevertheless, a period of intellectual quickening, and of considerable attainment. Seats of learning existed; law, medicine, and philosophy were cultivated, and the ancient writers studied. The great scholastic, Thomas Aquinas, flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century. Dante was accomplished in all the accomplishments of his time, and learned in all its learning. His poem evinces this by its literary illusions, its scientific, theological, and philosophical disquisitions; and in particular do we discover his admiration for, and reverence of, the great names of Greece and Rome. In the execution of his self-imposed task, all Dante's knowledge, flowing as it did from the most diverse sources, was laid under contribution. The ancient literature and mythology, the subtleties of the schools, and the amorous spirit and sentiments of the prevailing poetry—all these enter largely as constituent elements, but they are fused into harmony by the intensity of the poet's mind, and by the force of his genius. The conception of the poem is as wonderful as its execution is vigorous. Originality, power, vividness of description, and intensity of feeling, are its predominating characteristics. Between the three divisions of the poem, there exists a real and inherent connection, which gives to the whole a resulting unity and completeness. The *Inferno* is the antithesis or contrast to the *Paradise*, and the *Purgatorio* the mediating or connecting link between them. From the regions of hopeless woe, the reader accompanies the poet to the realms of bliss, without shock, surprise, or feeling of incongruity, for he passes through *Purgatory* where Hope and Mercy, mitigating the stern awards of Justice, point to happier climes; and he reaches the terrestrial *Paradise*, the highest point of the *Purgatorial* regions, prepared to enter the celestial spheres of light and love. Artistically viewed, therefore, the *Purgatorio* is essential to the unity of the poem. Each of the three parts is the type of a distinct moral state, and have their origin in ideas which lie deepest in the human consciousness. The *Inferno* is the amplification of the idea of reprobation, endless and infinite; as the *Purgatorio* is of dis-

ciplinary endurance, or suffering of that state which hope cheers and sustains. The *Paradiso*, again represents the higher and ultimate condition of security and holy enjoyment. If we penetrate through the Romanist rind of the poem, so to speak, we come to these fundamental ideas, common to humanity. We of course hold Dante theologically wrong as regards the locality of the mixed state of trial and endurance. He believed and accepted the dogma of the Church. Yet he is poetically and morally right in interposing between the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso* a state and place of disciplinary suffering. Had Dante written after the Reformation, and had his mind been affected by its influence, it is probable that he would have transferred the locality of *Purgatory* to this side of time, and discovered the true region of the mixed state, to be this present earthly life. The Dogma of *Purgatory* is an addition of the Romish church to the Christian system of doctrine. Yet the idea of the purification of souls after death, to fit them for bliss, is not only in accordance with mere natural reason, but is clearly unfolded by pagan writers. Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, for instance, minutely describes the purifying process.

Dante, in fact, as appears to us, is not a little indebted to that same sixth book of the *Æneid* for some of his descriptions in the *Inferno*. The account of the journey of *Æneas* through the infernal regions, to visit the shade of his father Anchises, bears a strong resemblance in some points to the opening cantos of the *Divine Comedy*. We have in the ancient author distinct grades of the condemned; the loud wailings and weeping ghosts of infants; we have Minos acting as judge; we have recognition and conversation; Cerberus barking from his threefold jaws; Charon with his boat and eyes of flame, conveying souls across the *Styx*—all this is repeated by Dante: indeed it would seem that the chief difference between the *Inferno* of the Florentine, and the infernal regions of the Latin poet, results mainly from the new ideas which Christianity had imported into the popular mind. Dante does not hesitate to use the ancient mythology as his basis, yet though allowing this, there remains originality and merit enough as the portion of the Florentine.

The reader, as he takes his ideal journey through the circles of the *Inferno*, where the

lost are punished in groups or classes according to the character of their sins on earth, meets with every form of the terrible and the hideous. The vividness of the pictures; the intensity of the language; the tragic power, and the awful sarcasm; the revolting descriptions, commingling or alternating with the sublime, the grotesque, and the pathetic, give to Dante's *Inferno*, a singular hold upon the heart and mind, and render it unique in literature. He is graphic and vivid to excess, the scenes and sufferers are so palpably presented, that the readers feels as if brought into personal contact with them; now he is revolted in disgust, now melting in pity.

The *Purgatorio* is not less interesting than the *Inferno*: to many minds perhaps even more so, from the images being more pleasing, or less horrible in their vivid distinctness; they are drawn with equal force and effect, and many passages teem with poetic beauty. The *Paradiso* again, abounds in theological disquisition; for Beatrice has to clear up the doubts and difficulties of the poet's mind, as they pass onward from sphere to sphere. Lengthened conversations are also held with learned doctors and holy men. Amid much that is difficult of apprehension, there abound many striking sentiments

and profound thoughts. Dante's heaven is an accumulation of material splendors. It is the Romish worship sublimated. His earnest struggling spirit seems not to have reached the highest satisfaction, the true heaven of repose and peace. Hence, the sadness deepening into melancholy, which throughout, pervades the poem. In common with his age he possessed only the pale reflected ghost-like semblance of light, the cold moonbeams, not the vitalizing energy and gladness of the sunshine of truth, which enkindled the genius of Milton, and begot his exalted aim. Yet has Dante powerfully expressed the highest and holiest realities, as they were apprehended by his own heart, and if not without the alloy of error, it was that of his age. His strain is grand and noble, it is the song of the deepest, truest, heart; and like all deep and true things, it is immortal. In spite of its obscurities and defects, it is destined to descend to latest generations, verifying and more than fulfilling his expressed expectation and prophetic announcement that of Florence he would return to claim the wreath due to the poet's temples. Florence and posterity have alike accorded the laurel-wreath which surmounts the melancholy visage, and encircles the brow of Dante.

---

From the Leisure Hour.

## THE MAN OF ROSS.

"Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross."

The true history and character of the individual to whom the Muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave immortality in song, are but little known to the world at large, although every reader of the poet's lines must have felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man of Ross was there represented to be. John Kyrle was the proper appellation of the person whom local circumstances, as will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear the title of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the parish of Dymock, in the

county of Gloucester, and was born on the 22d of May, 1637. He was descended from a respectable family, once possessed of considerable estates on the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, and one of his immediate progenitors filled the office of high-sheriff of the latter county. The paternal grandmother and great-grandmother of the subject of our memoir were both personages of distinguished extraction—the former being the sister of Waller the poet, while the other stood in the same degree of relationship to John Hampden the patriot. Though the patrimonial property of the Kyrles—



or Crulla, or Curls, as they had occasionally been named—had greatly decreased in extent previously to the time of John Kyrle, his father was yet in a comfortable position in society, and able to give the son a most liberal training, and every educational advantage which the country and time could afford. Being intended for the bar, young Kyrle was entered a commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, on the 21st of April, 1654. On his admission, he presented a piece of plate to the College, in the form of a tankard, promising to enlarge this donation when any other person gave a better. Apparently, such an event really happened; since the plate, which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Baliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrle, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighborhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions by purchase to the patrimony that had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence the immortality of his name as the man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrle in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr. Kyrle, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance,

rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person Mr. Kyrle was tall, thin, and well-shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favorite pursuits of horticulture and planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually seen in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards between his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily increased his means, as we have said, and made his income respectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself frequently with his friends, though much company was not agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits became fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on every market-day, and on every fair day, in the town of Ross. Nine, eleven, or thirteen—he seemed partial to odd numbers—were the usual sum of the guests at his invitation-dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss Bubb. His dishes were plain and good, and the only beverages which appeared on his table were malt-liquor and cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly to see his neighbors dropping in upon him in the evening, was cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale, and was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought round the parting hour.

Such were the personal peculiarities and the merely personal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict him in his character of a member of society, and display his conduct in his relations to his neighbors, to the poor around him, and to his fellow-creatures, at large. Did that conduct justify these high commendations of the poet Pope:

"P. But all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:  
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the water flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?  
 "THE MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe replies!  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread—  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.  
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of  
     state,  
 Where Age and Want is smiling at the gate.  
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans  
     blessed,  
 The young who labor, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and  
     gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
 Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue,  
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
 O say, what sums that generous hand supply,  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children  
     clear,  
 This man possessed—five hundred pounds a  
     year.

Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw  
     your blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!

B. And what! no monument, inscription,  
     stone?

His race, his form, almost his name unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to  
     Fame.

Will never mark the marble with his name.  
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
 Of rich and poor makes all the history.  
 Enough, that virtue filled the space between—  
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been."

In every particular item of this pany-  
 gyrie, the poet's assertions were founded  
 in strict truth. Pope acquired his inti-  
 mate knowledge of the circumstances  
 from being in the habit of occasionally  
 visiting a Roman Catholic family resident  
 in the immediate vicinity of Ross. We  
 shall not attempt to tell at what periods  
 of Mr. Kyrle's life, which was extended  
 to the term of eighty-seven years, the in-  
 dividual actions and events to be alluded  
 to took place. Some of these acts were  
 continued, indeed, through a long series  
 of years. The clothing of "the sultry  
 mountain with woods," and the bestowal  
 of the blessing of "water upon the swains  
 of the vale," to which Pope refers, were  
 public acts, performed for the service of  
 the people of Ross, at great private cost  
 to Mr. Kyrle. The "causeway," and the  
 "seats for weary travellers," were matters  
 of a similar character, and the "heaven-  
 directed spire" was another benefit, or

rather ornament perhaps, to the town of  
 Ross, conferred by its indefatigable MAN.  
 Mr. Kyrle thought the old spire in danger  
 of falling, and his humane mind never  
 rested till a new one was substituted, to  
 the erection of which he contributed most  
 amply. These are but one or two of the  
 public benefits which so deeply endeared  
 him to the people of Ross. But higher  
 and nobler deeds are to be mentioned.  
 His care of the poor was incessant. He  
 fed them, clothed them, and cared for  
 them every way, and this not for a time,  
 or to relieve a passing necessity, but for  
 long years—from the time, in truth, when  
 he was in his manhood's pride, to the  
 term when his head was white and hoary.

"Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread."

This was strictly true. Some pious bishop  
 or lord of former times had decreed, that  
 the tolls paid for all corn brought to the  
 Ross market should be the property of  
 the poor, and the grant remained long in  
 force. But the poor, through imperfect  
 management, derived no good from the  
 privilege, until the Man of Ross took the  
 matter under his care, ground the toll-  
 corn, and had it baked into bread, at his  
 own house; after which, he distributed it  
 every Saturday with his own hands in  
 front of the market-house. "Tradition  
 reports in homely language," to use the  
 words of a notice of Mr. Kyrle, "that it  
 would have done one's heart good to  
 see how cheerful the old gentleman  
 looked—for he was then very old—when  
 engaged in distributing the bread." The  
 "alms-house" to which Pope refers  
 was one in reality "fed" daily by the  
 Man of Ross, since every day saw food  
 taken from his own table to that of the  
 charity. But, to speak the truth, any  
 person who claimed this benevolent  
 being's hospitable assistance received it,  
 and that again and again. To poor girls  
 he often gave marriage-portions, and paid  
 the apprentice-fees for poor orphan boys.  
 At his kitchen fire-place was placed a  
 large wooden block for poor people to sit  
 on, and to the poor, also, a piece of boiled  
 beef, and three pecks of flour in bread,  
 were given every Sunday.

"Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans  
     blessed,  
 The young who labor, and the poor who rest."

"Is any sick?" continues Pope, and describes the attention of the Man of Ross to the sick poor; his purse, his medicine-chest, and, what was more, his personal ministrings, being ever ready for their relief. The passage, "Is there a variance," &c., has reference to another feature in the life of the subject of our memoir. Averse to all quarrelling, legal or otherwise, he exerted himself to maintain harmony among his neighbors, and for much more than half a century he was arbitrator in all their disputes—the chosen judge, in fact, of all civil causes in the district. Perhaps, in this character, his influence was more beneficial than in any other. In closing now our comment upon the text of Pope, we come to the most remarkable point in this whole history. Upon what mines, says the bard, did this mirror of benevolence draw to supply the demands of his boundless charity? No princely or ducal estates were his.

"This man possessed five hundred pounds a year."

A truly wonderful instance this is, indeed, of the vast amount of good which prudent management may put in the power of those even of limited fortunes. Yet the whole is but another proof that Will and Skill can accomplish all things.

The town which Mr. Kyrle so long adorned was justly proud of him during his life, and deeply revered his memory,

when he was laid in the tomb. The name of the Man of Ross was not bestowed in the first instance by Pope, but was previously the common and popular designation of Mr. Kyrle in the country around Ross. The subject of our notice never married. The poor of his district were his children and his family. From them he was removed at the venerable age we have mentioned, and the whole population of Ross and its vicinity followed the remains of the good man to the grave. Numerous as were the eyes that beheld the earth closed over the Man of Ross, perhaps not one individual there could not say: "There is the last sight of *my* benefactor." The day of his death was the 20th November, 1724, and he was laid in the chancel of Ross in Hertfordshire. For a long time no other monument marked the place where he lay, than a flat stone with the initials J. K. But in later years a handsome stone has been erected over the body of the Man of Ross. The spot is a hallowed one to the inhabitants, and, indeed, everything connected in the remotest degree with his memory is matter of reverence to the people of the place. One striking proof of this was afforded recently, when the church underwent a repair or renovation of its pews. The community, with one voice, exclaimed against the removal of one portion of John Kyrle's pew. It was left precisely in the position in which it was when occupied by him.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE MESSRS. MASON have published a delightful and valuable work, being a collection of the best portion of the "Humorous Poetry of the English Language." It forms a bulky volume, and embraces the wide interval between Chaucer and the present time. The editor, J. B. Parton, Esq., professes to have incorporated nearly all of the legitimately humorous verse of the language, except what is merely local or obscene, and the long poems, like the *Dunciad*, the *Two-Penny Post-Boy*, &c. Such a collection, it will be readily seen, is highly valuable, and must have cost much labor. The great humorists, like Swift, Pope, Wolcott, Barham, Hood, are fully represented, and the genius of other authors, less known as humorists, are presented. *Punch* contributes a large and most admirable element;

and our own wits, though sparingly used, are not wholly forgotten. The collection, as a whole, does credit to the compiler's taste and industry, and brings, an incredible amount of wit and sense to the enjoyment and instruction of the reader.

A collection of well-composed and thoughtful essays and discourses from the pen of Rev. Mr. Van Santvoord, who will be remembered as the author of a life of Algernon Sydney, and of the biography of the principal English historians, has been published by M. W. DODD. They are mostly what is termed occasional discourses, and were called out by prominent public events. One of them was elicited by the death of John Quincy Adams; another by the death of Henry Clay, and another of Mr. Webster. Each of these contains an elaborate, and on the whole,

genial and eloquent portraiture of these eminent men. The author evinces sound views and good feeling, and presents his thoughts in clear and easy style. They are far above the ordinary type of pulpit performances, and embrace enough of literary element and judicious thought to make them more attractive and valuable to general readers.

A little volume entitled "Treasures from the Old Chest," by the same publisher, groups together a variety of extracts from papers, curious or quaint, valuable or striking, as the case may be. They are mostly of a religious cast, and are generally of a kind that deserves preservation.

"The Last of the Foresters, or Humors of the Borders; a story of the Old Virginia Frontier, by John Esten Cooke," is a work of genuine humor and admirable tact. It is a homely story of everyday life, introducing several characters of decided humor, and making out a plot of no little intricacy. The readers interest is not permitted to flag, and throughout, the evidences of shrewd observation, of witty invention, and abundant good feeling, are visible. (DERBY & JACKSON.)

"Victoria, or the World to Come," is a work of great ability and singular interest, from the pen of Miss Caroline Chesebro'. It is characterized by great tenderness of feeling, and attempts the portraiture of the deepest emotions and sensibilities of our nature. (DERBY & JACKSON.)

The *London Publishers' Circular* contains the following summary of late English literary news:

The forthcoming period of the year being generally considered unfavorable for the publication of new works, our list of announced books is necessarily short, and in the main part uninteresting. Messrs. Longmans are about to publish the Seventh and concluding Volume of Montgomery's *Memoirs* (on July 4); *The Lost Solar System of the Ancients Discovered*, by John Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo; *A Life of Michael Angelo*, by Dr. John S. Harford, 2 vols. 8vo, with an accompanying volume of illustrations in folio; *The Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Sicily*, by A. de Quatrefoes; *Mauder's Treasury of Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political Geography*, by Hughes; a work on the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews, by J. W. Etheridge, M. A., in post 8vo, to be called *Jerusalem and Tiberias, Sora and Cordova*; also, new editions of Horne's *Introduction and Conybeare's St. Paul*. Messrs. Blackwood will publish on Saturday next the new edition of Johnston's *Folio Physical Atlas*, and announce for immediate publication Aytoun's new poem; *The Sketcher*, by the late Rev. J. Eagles; and a new edition of Lady Lee's widowhood, in 1 vol. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce *The Young Lord*, in 2 vols., by the author of the *Discipline of Life*; and Horatio Howard Brenton, a naval novel, by Captain Sir Edward Belcher. There are also in the press, England in the Time of War, by the author of *Balder*; *Our Captivity in Russia*, by Lieut. Colonel Lake; a *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, by Sir David Brewster; a Translation by Mr. Henry Reeve, of De Tocqueville's *State of France before the Revolution*; a volume of *Sermons* by the Rev. Henry Whitehead, called the *Church and The People*; *Kaye's Life of Sir John Malcolm*; and a new edition of Hampden's *Moral Philosophy*.

To create a desire for travelling, and to minister to the desire when created, appears to be one of the chief aims of the publishers at present; thus for the latter purpose we have increased activity in the pub-

lication of Handbooks and Guides, whether in the form of entirely new works, or of new and corrected editions; and of the former a greater proportion of works of travel than of books in any other branch of literature; while the purveyors of railway-reading are pouring forth cheap volumes to an almost unprecedented extent,—a result in great part, of the late sale and dispersion of the copyright of the *Standard Novels*. Of new books of Travel, we have published since our last, Sir John Forbes's *Sight-Seeing in Germany and the Tyrol*, 2 vols; *On Foot through the Tyrol*, by Walter White; a Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, by Dudley Costello; Mr. St. John's *Subalpine Kingdom*, 2 vols; Capt. Burton's *First Footsteps in East Africa*, 8vo; *Mansfield's Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate*, 8 vo; a new edition of Anderson's *Lake N'gami*, and of Whitting's *Pictures of Nuremberg*. The new publications include also Adams's *First of June*; *Salad for the Social*; *The Diary of Mrs. Kate Dalrymple, 1685-1735*; *Lady Scott's Exposition of the Types and Antitypes of the Old and New Testament*; *Walford's Handbook of the Greek Drama*; *The Man of the World*, by Füllom, in 3 vols.; *Compensation, a Tale of Real Life*, 2 vols.; *Ericmore*, 2 vols.; *Diana Wynyard*, 3 vols.; *The Beleaguered Hearth*, a novel.

Among the new publications announced are the following:

The book which recently attracted most attention in England, was the first volume of the "*Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel*." The contents of that volume relate to the Roman Catholic Emancipation Question? It does not exhibit Peel in the light of a statesman; he appears before the world as a mere politician, moving with the current, and that against his avowed convictions.

Messrs. Griffin & Co. recently published a hopeful book, entitled: "*A Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language*; comprising a Scientific Classification of the Radical Elements of Discourse, and Illustrative Translations from the Holy Scriptures, and the Principal British Classics: to which is added, a Dictionary of the Language. By G. Edmonds."

Volumes 5 and 6 of the "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery*," including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on Various Subjects. By John Holland and James Everett."

Mr. Wilson Croker has published a pamphlet in reply to Mr. Macaulay's attack in the *Edinburgh* upon his edition of Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*." The *Athenæum* speaks of it as being a successful refutation of the "great historian's" position.

Mr. George Finlay's "*History of Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination*," has been cordially and favorably received.

A work which is at once instructive and amusing, is G. W. Thornbury's "*Shakespeare; or, Sketches of our Social History in the Reign of Elizabeth*." It presents an eloquent and graphic picture of the Social Life of Englishmen and Women, in the days of the great Poet, and of England's favorite Queen.

*Hints on dress for Ladies*. By Mrs. Adams.

*Ailey Moore: a Tale of the Times*; showing how Evictions, Murder, and such-like pastimes are managed, and Justice administered in Ireland; with many stirring incidents in other lands. By Father Baptist.

*Life of Collini (Benvenuto)*, written by Himself, in the Tuscan Language, and Translated by Thomas Nugent.



